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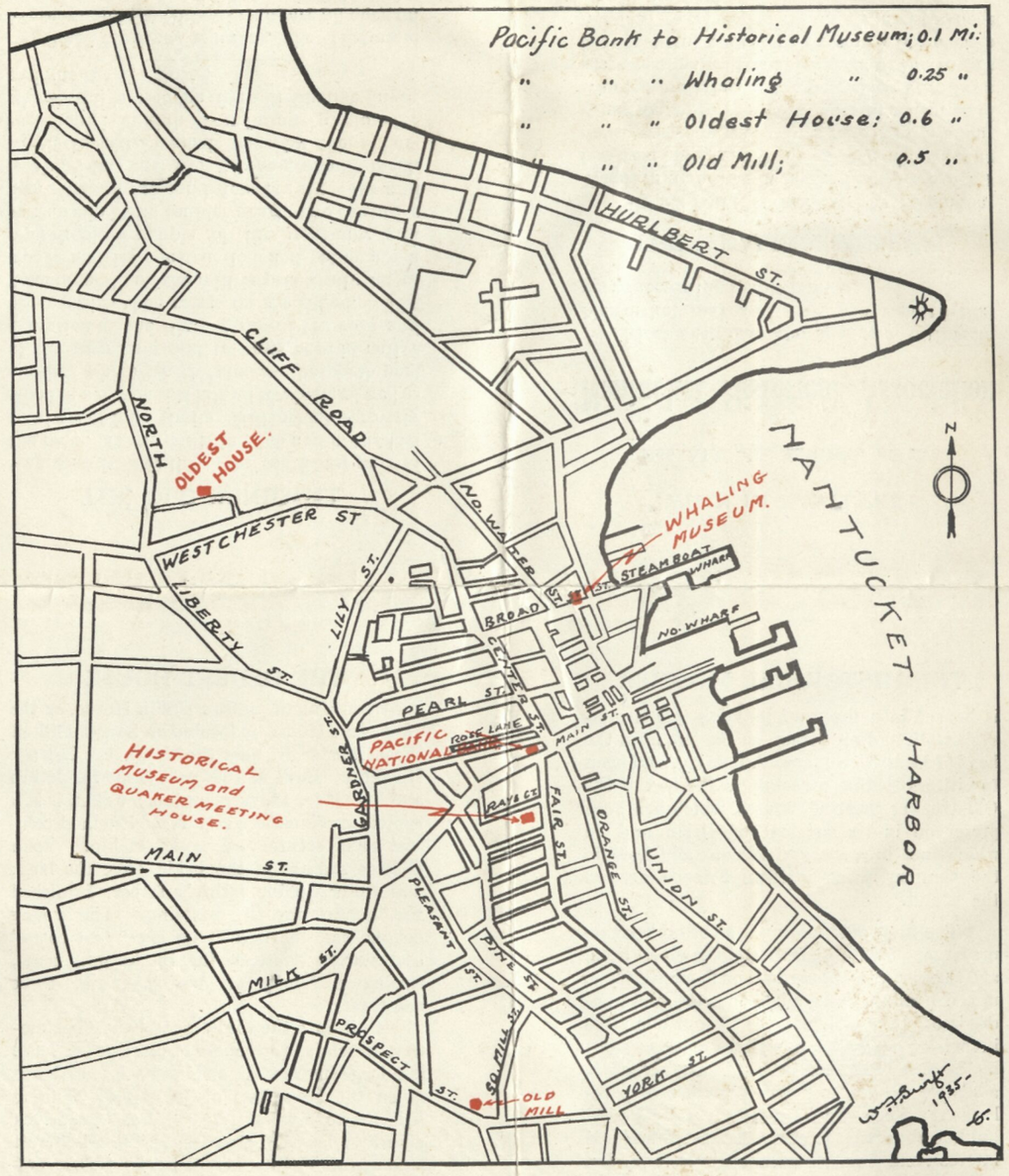

YOU MAY COMBINE ANY PAPER WITH ANY LETTERING IN THIS CATALOGUE

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Nantucket Lore and History.

By Lawrence C. Wroth in New York Herald Tribune. 8-9-42

Lovers of Nantucket are not content to let their affection fade away when the returning boat at the end of vacation drops them at New Bedford and they resume the sterner business of life. All of them, it has been my experience, continue for years to read about its sea and the moors and the town. Most of them, it seems, also contrive at one time or another to write about the place.

Certainly the bibliography of books and articles about the island is an extensive one, and a good proportion, perhaps an overwhelming proportion of the titles recorded by Mr. Everett U. Crosby in his "Nantucket in Print" (Tetaukimmo Press, Nantucket Island, Massachusetts, $5) are by non-residents of the island, persons from "off" who in one or many visits have learned to love it.

Mr. Crosby's book is not solely of a bibliographical charcter. The greater part of it, indeed, consists of selections from books and articles by local historians, travelers, casual visitors and writers native to the soil.

Its first considerable selection is a reprint of the entire poem "A Looking Glass for the Times," written in 1676 by Peter Folger, grandfather of Benjamin Franklin. That jeremiad against Church and State and contemporary life is of Nantucket interest by reason of its author's residence upon the island, and as the earliest Nantucket literary production it is reprinted by Mr. Crosby from the first printed edition of Boston, 1763. The only perfect copy of the book known today is that one in the John Carter Brown Library from which Mr. Crosby has made his facsimile.

The most extensive and most interesting early account of Nantucket reprinted by Mr. Crosby is the group of four letters, with additions, from the "Letters From an American Farmer," in which in 1782 and 1787 the distinguished naturalized American citizen Hector St. John Crevecoeur gave the first important printed description of the island and its people.

Of a number of extracts from various sources relating to the whaling trade, the most curious is that which embodies the plan of L. Coffin to organize a removal of the population from Nantucket to Dunkirk in France, where by royal edict they were to be settled to carry on the whale trade under conditions very favorable to themselves.

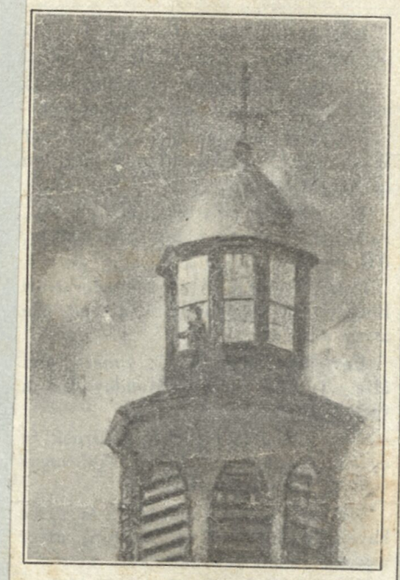
This project of 1786, brought into being because English duty upon whale oil in foreign bottoms was preventing the post-Revolutionary recovery of the trade in Nantucket, seems to have met with faint response on the part of the distressed population.

Passages from different sources relating to the Indians, and other selections of a general character found in early nineteenth-century books and periodicals conclude the first section of Mr. Crosby's book.

Mr. Crosby's well chosen extracts will provide some hours of interesting reading to persons with Nantucket in their blood or in their memories, and its lists of titles will prove helpful to any who wish to go more deeply into the history and lore of the island.

A section headed "Check Lists of Writings About Nantucket," in the form of an author-title arrangement occupying thirty-five pages of the one book, is a contribution to New England local bibliography. The same books, rearranged alphabetically by title, a section of periodical articles, and a brief discussion of early Nantucket maps occupy the remainder of the book.

Honor the Old South Bell.



Reproduced from an original drawing by the author.

I can ne'er forget thy chime,
Heard long since in childhood's time,
  Nor thy tocsin from the tower, at flash of fire!
Thou hast served our island well,
And we heeded every knell,
  When the "great fire" shot its flaming torches higher!

Not a menace to our town,
Bell of ven'rable renown,
  While the night guards at their post peered thro' the dark;
For they scanned with sleepless eye,
Every wrathful, midnight sky,
  To detect erewhile the semblance of a spark!

Summer night of long ago,
With the moon in silver glow;
  Oh how well I now remember that wild night!
The sad accents of thy tongue
From thy metal heart were wrung;
  And the startled doves, bewildered in their flight,

Seemed arrayed in wings of gold;
Ah, the half can ne'er be told,
  Nor my ears quite hush that conflagration's roar!
Nor that weird wail, hour by hour
While within the fire-fiend's power,
  Our dear Trinity* was burned from roof to floor!

Never fate like that compel
Such surrender, precious bell!
  Nor the lurid flames of Vulcan thee enfold;
Safe inside thy oaken tower,
Still proclaim each passing hour,
  Like a minstrel of Time's choosing, as of old.

But the sentinels are gone.
Who, e'er since when I was born,
  Had stood faithful to protect us while asleep;
I fear much we've done amiss,
Let my prayer henceforth be this:
  To restore night watchmen to thy ancient keep.

Oft I watched them from the street,
While they paced their lonely beat,
  To my child eyes, grim and phantom-like they seemed;
But I learned that they were men,
Watchful there, with single ken,
  Thus our townsfolk nightly guarded, slept and dreamed.

Not as then, time-honored bell,
Dost thou waken us to tell
  When the fatal spark may creep on us apace;
In this twentieth century hour,
Comes a new electric power,
  But thy worth in former years 'twill not efface.

Honor to thee, olden bell,
Call to vespers' sacred spell,
  Sweet as Shandon's, ringing by the river Lee;
Long as matin bells shall chime,
Long as souls find voice in rhyme,
  Shall endure our island's gratitude to thee.

ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS.

* Trinity church, a very beautiful edifice in Nantucket, was destroyed in the great fire of 1846.

The Nantucket "Camels."

In view of the present "seventeen-foot-channel" leading into Nantucket harbor, and the prospect of a much larger anchorage area inside of Brant point before next summer, it is interesting to note that it was just seventy years ago that the queer marine institution known as "the camels" made its appearance in Nantucket harbor and was used for transporting whaleships over the "bar," where there was, at that time, a scant six feet of water.

Nantucket was the first (and probably only) place in this country to use camels, but they had been used over in Holland as early as 1688. The shallow water on Nantucket bar was a detriment to the prosperity of the island, and it was owing to this shoal water at the very entrance to the harbor that for several years it had been necessary for the Nantucket shipowners to fit out and unload their ships over at Edgartown.

Peter F. Ewer superintended the construction of the camels, commencing the work in the spring of 1842 and completing it the latter part of August of the same year. The "camels" was really two floating dry-docks, which could be filled with water and sunk, one on each side of the vessel, and then drawn together by means of heavy chains running under the vessel's bottom, the craft thus being made secure. When everything was in readiness, the water was pumped out of the camels and the ship thus brought up out of the water between the two sections. Being flat-bottomed, with a draft of only 2 feet 10 inches, the camels could float in water very much shoaler than loaded ships required, and it was by their use that the whalers leaving or entering port, heavily laden, could be "lightered" over the bar.

Each camel was 135 feet long, with a depth of 19 feet, and a width of 29 feet on the bottom and 20 feet on deck. When "sunk," each section contained 12,000 barrels of water, which could be forced out by double-action pumps operated by 6-horse-power engines, each camel having a separate pumping outfit, capable of throwing 30 barrels of water per minute. Each camel was also equipped with a propellor, so that when there was no ship between them, each could go from place to place under its own steam. The whole arrangement was novel, but entirely practicable, yet Mr. Ewer and the promoters of the Camel Company received all sorts of discouragements on every hand, few persons believing the project would amount to anything. The total cost of construction was $26,000—quite a large sum for an experiment.

The first trial of the camels was made on August 22, when the ship Phebe was ready for sea, and it was not surprising that the first trial was a failure. A plank burst out under pressure of the water and on that account the experiment was postponed until the following Sunday. This trial was also a failure, for the chains beneath the vessel began to snap asunder and it was necessary to abandon the attempt that day, the Phebe finally proceeding on her voyage without "cameling" over the bar.

Heavier chains were then secured and a month later the ship Constitution was run into the camels and towed over the bar in forty-two minutes, the operation being very successful in every way and proving the practicability of the camels—to the delight of Mr. Ewer and his friends.

The first ship brought in by the camels was the Peru, on October 14, 1842, and from that time on the camels were frequently used. The fact that Nantucket's whaling industry was on the decline at that period, however, proved that the camels were actually built about twenty years too late, for twelve years after their construction they were broken up (in 1854). The general appearance of the camels is preserved in a model on exhibition in the rooms of the Nantucket Historical Association.

[Note.—The complete story of the camels forms a chapter in "The Story of the Island Steamers."]

From the Christian Register.

TO NANTUCKET.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Ever since 1857, when my room-mate was a Nantucket boy, I have heard voices advising or entreating me to go and seek, if haply I might find, that island "compassed by the inviolate sea." At length there came a voice that I could not resist. We set out on Monday morning, November 16. I think there had never been a pleasanter day: perhaps the next improved on it a little.

* * * * * *

By Tuesday morning, our company had been increased by the addition of fourteen adults and three little children. It was a merry company; and the "things done at the Mermaid," Ben Jonson's rarest jests, could not have raised a storm of happier laughter than did we. At Bridgewater,—we were going from Boston to Woods Holl to take the steamer,—the village from the station looked precisely as it did twenty-eight years ago, when, with a trembling heart, I stood upon the platform and looked about me on the faces of the boys and girls, all strange to me, who were to be my schoolmates for a time. There were "Normals" now as then standing about; but I looked about in vain for the dear girls of long ago, and wished that for a moment I could bring them back. Of the boys I did not think so much. Pocasset brought its recollection of poor Freeman's mixing up of murder and religion. Did ever train proceed more leisurely? Did I want a glass of milk? I was assured that, if I did, the conductor would stop the train, and get one from the nearest cow. He had done as much before. The story did not seem incredible, so little hurried seemed the world in general and so intent upon our comfort and convenience. If dinner had not been waiting for us at a pleasant house hard by the station at Wood's Holl, by no device of ours, we might have been surprised. But, as it happened, we were simply glad, and not surprised at all.

It was half-past one before the "Island Home" was fairly under way. The western shore of Buzzard's Bay was all aflame with red and golden hues; the Vineyard Sound was blue as any sapphire, save where the sunlight turned a wide surface into a mighty topaz, flashing with a diamond's brightness. At first, we ran across the wind a little; and, as it was blowing a stiff breeze, "the native hue of resolution was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Indeed, some of our party did not abate the attitude of "expectant attention" till we had the Nantucket sand beneath our feet. The shelter of Martha's Vineyard soon smoothed the sea for us, but not so much but that it was still all alive with motion and

"One laugh of color and embellishment."

I had never had such personal conviction that the world was round. If it were not, we might have seen the cliffs of Portugal, the day was so miraculously clear. As it was, we had left Martha's Vineyard a good way behind us before Nantucket began to lift itself above the watery verge. Past Muskeget and Tuckernuck, names that would make a euphuist despair, we trailed our foamy wake, and at four o'clock swept round into the harbor where thirty thousand tons of shipping used to come and go, but where now there is not a ship, bark, brig, or craft of any kind inheriting the old tradition. It is not often that the town-crier, who is better known than any other Nantucket institution, can greet the passenger on his arrival with such news as he rung out to us: "The telegraphic cable connecting Nantucket with the main land has been received here and made fast!" Private enterprise has twice before attempted this benevolent outrage on the proud island's insularity, the last time in 1861. This time, it is a government matter; and, doubtless, it has come to stay.

That afternoon, we made some little exploration of the famous town, and did not like it less because it was more like Marblehead than any other place that we had ever seen. But it has kept its ancient picturesqueness much more unimpaired. It has not been so painted up; and the soft gray of the shingles with which many houses—the majority—are covered, is so beautiful that we could not easily be tolerant of the newness which here and there is desecrating them with lead and oil. The next morning we continued our adventures under the guidance of an islander who knows everything about the town that is worth knowing, and loves every cobblestone of its once busy streets. We went in and out of these and the queer little lanes that make a finer network, from whose meshes the houses seem to have been trying to get out, they jostle one another in such a funny way. Here and there, one seems to have escaped. Even the summer residents have not made the former number good, and the population is only a third of what it was "in the brave days of old." I took off my hat to the house where Lucretia Mott was born, and saw the pump to which she used to come for water when she was a little girl. We admired the railed enclosures on the roofs, where the women used to spy the whalers coming home. We saw the little jail, and wondered if there ever was a cozier. We heard many pleasant stories of the Coffins and the Macys, the Starbucks, and the Swains and Barneys, of the olden time; one, of the woman who could take but four of seven applicants for board, but could "put the other three into Coffin's," meaning a neighbor's house,—but fancy what a grewsome implication! The most affecting story that we heard was that of the old Quaker, the last one of the societies, who went regularly every First Day and sat in the meeting-house alone. Did the Spirit ever move him to address himself? In a few years, the old whaling captains will not be able to muster a much larger congregation; but we saw two or three of them who did not look unhappy, though their former occupation was so irrecoverably gone.

The railroad train to 'Sconset ceased from its jerky flutterings to and fro when the summer residents departed; but its hibernation was invaded by a friendly intercessor, and it was prevailed upon to make a special trip. We stopped at the life-saving station on the way, and saw some of the admirable devices by which imperilled sailors are plucked from the remorseless sea. There is need enough of them, seeing that within the century nearly six hundred vessels have been wrecked upon and near the island. 'Sconset is certainly the quaintest bit of village comedy that my eyes have ever seen. Such Liliputian streets and houses! If there had been no invasion of summer residents, one might easily imagine that a race of dwarfs or gnomes had built themselves this microcosm by the sea. But the men we saw on the steep-shelving beach, fighting the sea that was trying to wrest away their hard-won spoil, were not of the pigmy sort. I had been reading "Gwenn" at odd moments on my journey and in Nantucket, and I hoped that I might see her coming down the beach. It might not be, but there was an interesting group of superannuated fishermen and women huddled together in debate concerning the identity of this or that speck in the offing. The ride to Sankaty Lighthouse across the downs was an exhilarating experience. We went up into the lantern; and the bronzed keeper "spoke his piece"—he put it so—in an instructive manner. The lamp, which has an illuminating power of three hundred and twenty candles inside of the reflectors, burns kerosene oil! This is the most unkindest cut of all. It is enough to make the stout old whaling captains restless in their graves.

"Acadia," "the home of the happy," was the name of the cottage where we had our mid-day meal. It did not belie its name. There were twenty-six of us, all told, hungry and forgetful of all care. When we set out for home, the day had changed and threatened wind and rain. It was hard to turn our faces from the east and from the measureless expanse that seemed a boundless opportunity for going on. The night made good the portents of the day; but with the morning the wind died away, and the soft rain was no impediment to our return upon the boat which was so gracious as to wait an hour or two for us. In a little while, the mist folded the island wholly out of sight. The air was soft as June, and the sea was beautiful with a new and more entrancing beauty. There were many passengers upon the boat of whom the clerk, upon his rounds, made no account. They were our happy recollections of the friends whom we had found so good and kind. Nantucket had shown us nothing else so beautiful as their bright and hospitable homes. God bless them every one! Take it for all in all, it was a very happy, cheerful, pleasant time. But of that part of it which was the pleasantest I have not said a word.

1885

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Correspondence of the Inquirer and Mirror.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23d, 1872.

MESSRS. HUSSEY & ROBINSON:—I read the invitation in the *Mirror* for the old folks to contribute facts of history relative to Nantucket, also anecdotes, &c. of former times. My books and papers have been lost or destroyed in moving about, consequently, what I have to say, will be from memory.

I well remember the arrival of the whale ships, related by Capt. Fitzgerald, in the winter of 1813-14. I well remember the capture of the ship Chili in Tarpaulin cove, I think by the gun brig Nimrod. The Chili was anchored in the cove when the Nimrod hove in sight off Gay Head. The folks living ashore at the cove, knowing her character, advised the captain to get under way as soon as possible. Instead of cutting the cable and getting sail on the ship as soon as possible, they manned the windlass and attempted to heave up the anchor. The wind was strong from the N. W., and while this slow process was going on, the brig overhauled them and altered their course for Halifax, or somewhere else. The captain of the brig admitted that he would not have followed the ship beyond the cove.

Mr. David Barney, brother to Nathaniel, was passenger on board of the Chili. Mr. Barney, I think, was mate of the English whale ship Montezuma, captured by the Essex frigate, Capt. Porter. The U. S. ship Essex, when she arrived on the coast of Peru, fell in with the ship Walker, of New Bedford, Capt. West, then a prize to a Peruvian cruiser, both bound to Callao. The Essex retook the Walker, reinstated Capt. West and his crew, and then made for the Peruvian cruiser. He soon overtook the scamp, threw all his guns and ammunition overboard, also all his light sails, and then cut away his topgallant-masts, putting it out of his power to catch or capture any more whalers. Capt. Porter wrote a letter to the viceroy of Peru, stating what he had done and what he did it for. Spain being in alliance with England, and Peru one of her colonies, she claimed the right to capture American vessels. But Capt. Porter led the Peruvians into a truer way of thinking. I believe the Essex captured the whole of the English fleet of whalers in the Pacific Ocean at that time.

The facts that I have stated, I learned from Mr. Barney in the several personal interviews I had with him. After the war Mr. Barney returned to England and sailed from there several voyages.

The ships Lima, Criterion, Atlas and President, all of which run the gauntlet in the war, made several voyages afterwards.

The Lima died in Rio Janeiro, the Criterion died in Halifax, the President was sold from the place, the Atlas, Capt. George Clark, made a voyage to the West Indies where she died. On the passage the ship sprung a leak, and with much pumping, reached port in a sinking condition. Capt. Clark had an old religious black man, by the name of Wright, with him as steward. Several years afterwards, Capt. Clark and Mr. Wright met; I happened to be present. The conversation turned on the voyage of the Atlas to the West Indies; Wright observed, when the ship sprung a leak, it was his *prayers* that kept her afloat. Capt. Clark was of the opinion that the two pumps kept her afloat, and he called Wright an old fool. These are the facts, you can draw your own conclusions.

I have a fact to relate relative to the Island itself which came under my own eye. When I was quite a youngster, say about seventeen or eighteen years old, I was one day out shooting at the ponds, the south side of the Island. I was travelling from Nobadeer pond, eastward, toward Madequecham. On the top of the bank I observed a whale's jawbone set in the ground, with about eighteen inches or two feet out. Curiosity led me to measure the distance to the edge of the bank, and I found it to be forty-eight feet, or sixteen paces. I thought no more of it, went a voyage to sea, and was absent twenty-six months. After I returned, I was on the same route and with the same object in view. I found the old jaw bone just caving down the bank. In a little over two years the Island had washed away forty-eight feet; the bone showed the depth it was set in the ground, about four feet. At that time the whaling business was progressing. Had the Island washed into the Atlantic Ocean at that time, a grease spot would have marked the place where it once was; should it wash away now, that consolation would go with it. The grease spot would not be left. Still I am proud of my birth-place, and its pleasant associations will never be erased from my memory.

In the year 1820 I sailed from Nantucket in the ship Falcon, as chief mate, Shubael Brown master. We had been out about twelve months, when in cutting in a large whale, the purchase-fall parted and the blanket piece struck the captain as it fell, wounding him so severely that he died in about twelve hours. We obtained a full cargo and returned, making the voyage in about two years. The ship was refitted, and sailed again in February, 1823. We had been out about two and a half years, and had nearly a full cargo on board, all sperm oil. We touched for recruits at the island of Rurutu, in latitude about 23° S., longitude about 150° W. The island had no harbor for anchorage, and the ship was laying off and on with all sail set, and the weather fine. The mate stood in too near the land and struck a sunken rock, which soon ground a hole in the bottom. When I arrived on board, the ship was afloat and six feet water in the hold. I immediately run her ashore, and got out all our provision, it being between decks and near the hatchway. The ship beat to pieces, some of the cargo landed, but most of it beat to pieces on the rocks, or washed away to sea. The natives were friendly. I was on the island about a month, when a schooner from the Sandwich Islands stopped there on her way to Valparaiso. I took passage with several of the crew. As the schooner was crowded, a part of the crew preferred to remain on the island and were taken off by the ship Chili, Capt. Barnard. All arrived home but two, who remained and married there. I was detained at Valparaiso some two or three months and arrived home in April, 1826. The ship was wrecked in 1825,—owned by Cromwell Barnard, John Swain, Zaccheus Hussey, and others. What oil was saved was brought home by the ship Reaper, of Nantucket. My dividend brought home by the Reaper was 19 dollars and 99-100. My insurance was about 600 dollars. This wound up my cruise of three years and a little over.

Yours, &c.,

C.

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IS CATALOGUE

Some Famous Old Ships. 1890

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES FROM THE PEN OF F. C. SANFORD.

The following, from the pen of Mr. F. C. Sanford of Nantucket, was recently printed in the Boston *Advertiser*:

Since my "Reminiscences of Famous Old Ships," to which you gave a place in your esteemed columns, I find I have omitted some which justly ought to have been included in that communication. In 1827., when Cooper wrote the "Red Rover," he laid the scene at Newport, R. I. The young men of that city desired to recognize in a fitting and tangible manner the honor he had conferred thereby on their native city. In the harbor, deeply imbedded in the mud, was the keel of the celebrated ship Endeavor, in which Capt. Cook made his first voyage around the world in 1768-71, At the expiration of that voyage he was freighted with merchandise at London and consigned for Dr. Channing's father of the firm of Gibbs & Channing, merchants of Newport. On her return voyage, while beating out of the harbor, she struck on Brenton's reef and when hauled off was so badly damaged that she was condemned and broken up. The keel referred to, of sturdy British oak from Richmond or some equally noted park, was exhumed from its long resting place. A piece taken from it was manufactured into a beautiful box, ornamented with a silver plate on which, finely engraved, was a representation of an old ship with only lowermasts and bowsprit standing, overshadowed with the rays of a gorgeously setting sun. This, bearing the inscription "To the author of the Red Rover," was sent to Cooper, and duly and appropriately acknowledged. A letter received recently from the son of this eminent American novelist informs me that this box is now in his possession at his home in Albany. N. Y., and cherished as a veritable heir loom from his distinguished father. In 1824 a correspondent wrote:

When we entered the harbors, Cook, Dr. Sirlaader and Sir Joseph Banks had visited, and stood upon the shores upon which they had trod, we had with us descriptions and maps of every important place at which they had touched with their ships. Wherever we went we found every headland, shore, river, rock, even the very trees seemingly just as these eminent navigators and scholars had so accurately delineated 50 years before. Nor were the natives but little changed from what they were when these distinguished Europeans were so happily received in all these places now so familiar and well known.

The Centurion, Lord Anson's ship, in which he made his remarkable voyage round the world in 1739-44, built in the time of old Pepps, now lies at the English dockyards at London. She is 175 years old. She is built of white larch (luck-me tuck) and will never decay. One of her anchors lost in the voyage has just been recovered at the Ladrones, and has been on exhibition. The next remarkable ship that comes to mind is the Resolution, in which Capt. Cook was sent by the English government to explore the Australian continent. Capt. Cook was killed at the Sandwich Islands in 1778. This sloop of war, in which he made his third voyage, is now at Alexandria, Egypt, owned and used by Oriental & Peninsula Steamship Company as a coal hulk. On his voyage around the world Secretary Seward went on board this famous ship. Lord Nelson's old 74-gun ship Victory lies at the dockyard on the Thames just as she returned from her immortal fight. The place where her gallant commander fell is marked by a silver plate bearing appropriate inscriptions. She was built in 1762. Another ship that may be justly claimed to be historic is the True Love of Hull, England, noticed in *The Daily Advertiser*, Aug. 25, 1873. She was built at Kensington, now within the present precincts of Philadelphia, in 1764, for parties residing in Hull, and hails from that port at the present time. Reports of her whaling voyages from Hull and Dundee are to be found in the newspapers of 70 or 80 years ago.

The American custom house records of course do not contain any account of her, as she was built 12 years before the American Revolution. For 47 years she was employed in whaling in the Northern latitudes. I understand that this ship has never required any extensive repairs, and her timbers are as sound as when she came off the stocks a century and a quarter ago. The ship Maria was built at Scituate in this state in 1782. When she came to Nantucket her interior was not finished. Her owners also owned the ship Bedford, which had been laid up seven years. She was immediately thoroughly overhauled and promptly dispatched to London under command of Capt. William Moores, with 488 casks of sperm oil, arriving there Feb. 3. 1783. This ship, as well as her gallant commander, is ever to be remembered as having on this voyage the great honor of first displaying the American flag in England. She was built in Scituate in 1772.

On July 1, 1785, Capt. Moores took command of the ship Maria, fitted for a whaling voyage and went to London. After landing Mr. Rotch and his son, he proceeded on his voyage, Mr. Rotch was not well received by the council and repaired to France, where a merited and most cordial reception welcomed him. Under command of Capt. Moores this ship made many successful voyages. In 1785 she was at the Falkland Islands. I have her journal, that reports her in latitude 79 in 1788. I consider her career very remarkable. She was lost on Vancouver's Island in 1872, being then 90 years old. In conclusion, I refer to two ships with notable records from my own dear island—the Beaver and Dartmouth. After they arrived in Boston from London with their cargoes of teas, which were thrown overboard December 16, 1773, they proceeded to Nantucket, where in the following spring, they were fitted for sperm whaling. They returned in due time with full cargoes, April 4, 1774, the Dartmouth, laden with 1800 barrels sperm oil, sailed from Nantucket for London. On her return voyage she was disabled. Capt. Shubal Coffin took the entire crew from the sinking ship and landed them in Boston,

Interesting Historic Letters.

Through the courtesy of Suel C. Winn we will publish each week during the fall and winter months one or more interesting historic letters taken from a a lot of several hundred which have been left to posterity by the famous firm of Christopher Mitchell & Co., one of Nantucket's most energetic and prosperous firms of the old whaling days. The letters were found a few days ago, by Mr. Winn, among other ancient documents and papers which many years ago came into the possession of his father, the late John Winn, being copied into a "letter book," and covering the firm's correspondence with out-fitters, whaling masters, etc., between the years 1835 and 1843. Some of the correspondence, especially that covering the instructions given by the Mitchells to the masters of their ships, is very interesting reading.

The first portion of the book includes correspondence bearing on the construction of a new ship for Christopher Mitchell & Co., by G. Barstow & Son, at Mattapoisett. We present a few of these letters in this issue, as follows:

Nantucket, 16th Octo. 1835.

Messrs. G. Barstow & Son,
Mattapoisett.

Gentlemen: We will accept your terms of the 14th inst. for building a ship of 330 tons after the model of the Christopher Mitchell, taking the contract for that ship for your guide, with the exceptions named in your minutes, for copper fastening. To aviod leaving room for controversy hereafter, it will be best to exchange contracts, written out at length as we did for the C. M., the stern ports to be finished as expressed in that contract. For the first payment we will forward you a draft on New York at 3 days' sight for $1,000. One other on New York at 4 mos. for $1,000, and pay your draft here at sight for $1,000.

Very respectfy your obt. svts,
C. Mitchell & Co.

—

Nantucket, 1st. Decr. 1835.

Messrs. G. Barstow & Son,

Your favour of 28th ulto. was duly recd. asking for the dimensions of spars & our opinion upon certain improvements. The dimensions of masts, etc., we will send by the next Boat. The improvements which you propose we approve of, viz: fastening the caps with copper bolts instead of iron straps, & altering the contract in the Article of Waterways for the upper deck & substituting white pine for yellow pine, but not for the lower deck. Anchors & caboose knees we like to have as you propose & will send dimensions after it is ascertained that we shall have a use for them—for if we are to have difficulty with France, the Anchor may as well be in bar iron & the ship in the Forest & the men at the Plow. A short time will put us in possession of information which may lead us to have further correspondence upon this subject. We may find it convenient for both parties to keep still.

Yours very respectfully,
C. Mitchell & Co.

—

Nantucket, 1st April 1836.

Messrs. G. Barstow & Son.

Your favour of 2d Feby. was recd. when our harbour opened & as you had made arrangements with your friends for the Anchors, we did not think necessary to disturb them; neither did we think it necessary to say anything about plugging the decks or upper works, as these were not in the contract & we did not wish it done. When you are finishing the stern above deck, we wish you to have it done as near to the contract as it can be, without any regard to your own opinion of beauty. We have put on board Capt. Sturtevant's vessel two block-tin chambers for the pumps.

Herewith you have our draft on Josiah Bradlee & Co., Boston, for three thousand dollars at 4 months' on acct. of the April payment, which please to acknowledge, and also say if there is anything else you wish us to attend to.

Very respectfy. your obt. svts,
C. Mitchell & Co.

—

Nantucket, 11th April 1836.

Messrs. G. Barstow & Son.

Your favour of 4th inst. was recd. in due course. You have done right in deciding to finish the stern agreeable to the Contract.

We think the price of salt low enough, & wish you to engage as much as you think we shall want for the ship. We approve of your manner of fitting the chains & channels as the C. Mitchell's were—mizzen chains long, to come above the rail without chainwales. We sent you the dimensions of masts, yards, etc., in December. If you have not received them you must let us know it.

Very respectfy. your obt. svts,
C. Mitchell & Co.

—

Nantucket, 4th May 1836.

Wilson Barstow, Esq.,

The bearer, Mr. John G. Thurber, is going to Mattapoisett in pursuit of stock for us to repair the ship Maria with; if you have any that will suit him, we should be glad for you to furnish it & send your bill to us. If he should not find such as he wants in your yard, you would oblige us by giving him such information as will enable him to get it.

Very respectfy. your obt. servts,
C. Mitchell & Co.

—

Nantucket, 30th May, 1836.

Wilson Barstow, Esq.,

Your favour of 28th was received by the Boat yesterday. The Boat leaves again this morning, before the Bank opens; therefore we cannot send the money this trip, but will send it on Wednesday. We would not have troubled you with the draft on Boston if we had not supposed it would be as good as Cash, less the discount. We will send the money for the Timber by Capt. Sturtevant. The Breasthook we have found here. We shall come with the Boat after the ship.

Respectfy. your obt. svts,
C. Mitchell & Co.

For the Inquirer and Mirror. 1880

CORRECTION.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In your "Life of Comstock," you state that Samuel Comstock returned home from Talcahuano in the "ship George, Capt. John Fitch." When the ship George, Capt. John G. Fitch, arrived from Talcahuano, in July, 1818, Nathan, father of the ill-fated Samuel Comstock, was here on a visit to his much-esteemed friend, Eunice Mitchell. Capt. Fitch told Nathan that he saw his son in Talcahuano, and that he had taken passage in the ship Francis, Capt. Barzillai Coffin, and left Talcahuano in company with the George. Nathan prolonged his stay here some time, hoping the Francis would arrive before he left; but the George had a remarkable short passage, some seventy days, and the Francis did not arrive until some forty days after the George. After learning of the horrible Globe mutiny, Nathan wrote his friend Eunice a letter all aglow with sad and feeling eloquence, of which he was very capable, as he was one of the first-class scholars of his day. He commenced his letter thus: "O, Samuel, Samuel, Heaven-forsaken Samuel!" thus iterating his belief in the Scriptural declaration, "My spirit shall not always strive with man."

Mr. Comstock was a worthy member of the Friends' Society, and was of striking and commanding personal appearance. He came here from Rhode Island, his native state, and first taught the Friends' north school; was afterward cashier of the Pacific Bank, and taught an evening school in one of the large rooms of that large three-story banking house, which stood on the site on which the dwelling house of Mr. Joseph B. Macy now stands. His wife was an Emmett, and her mother was, I believe, a sister of the late venerable Richard Mitchell. The Friends' school, while taught by Mr. Comstock, was something of a High School; in addition to the branches usually taught in a grammar school, he taught the French language and the higher mathematics. He was genial, and somewhat companiable with his more advanced scholars. One of them said to the writer hereof, "Nathan used to challenge us scholars to find a word in the dictionary that he could not spell. We used to search for the most difficult words to spell, and when putting them to him, he would occasionally hesitate a moment and say, 'read me the definition of that word;' we would do so; he would then spell it, and we never succeeded in the whole scope of the vocabulary, in finding a word he did not spell correctly."

How true is the trite saying, "that there is no general rule without exception." The poet has said, "Just as the twig is bent the tree inclines;" but in the case of the "Heaven-forsaken Samuel," the tree inclined directly opposite from the early bending of the twig. W. R. E.

Lettering: Bernhard Fashion

'The Forgotten Man' of Boston's Famous Tea Party.

The annual meeting of Thomas Turner Chapter, Sons of the Revolution, held on Saturday evening last, was on the 160th anniversary of the Boston Tea Party, in which event Nantucket indirectly had quite an active interest. The following interesting historic sketch of that little impromptu affair, which took such an important part in the nation's history, was presented by the Chapter's historian, Edouard A. Stackpole. The article covers a bit of Nantucket history that will doubtless be read with interest as a valuable contribution to the chain that links the Nantucket of the present with the Nantucket of the past. Mr. Stackpole's article was as follows:

Today, December 16th, is the one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of a declaration of rights which has since been known as the "Boston Tea Party". This was an event of great importance in its immediate resultant morale to the colonists from Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantic to the straggling settlements on the slopes of the Alleghenies.

The several factors involved make it of exciting interest. British-owned tea from the East Indies, carried to Boston by Nantucket whaleships manned by Quaker seamen; the tea mixed with the salty water of the New World by a band of patriots disguised as Indians. It all provides a mixture of sentiment and cross-purposes which directly declared the spirit of a new era in the history of this continent—the Revolution.

History supplies a needed place in the balance of life. The greatest service which the sons of the Revolution can perform as an organization is to combat the present-day tendencies of the professional "history debunker", so-called. A debunker is a strange person. He applies his own life-time to the problems of a previous century, and forms opinions that are based upon his own experiences with his fellow-men.

Our forefathers of the Revolution need no champion. Their deeds tell their stories, their purposes, their accomplishments. No better illustration of this can be given than the Boston Tea Party. Although the Nantucket of those days played a prominent part in that pre-Revolutionary event, the island's chief actor in the scene has been entirely lost sight of by the historian. This islander was Joseph Rotch, son of William Rotch, the well-known Quaker merchant.

A perusal of the lives of individuals of those days gives a true version of the intensity of feeling that pervaded and animated the people. The excitement of rightious indignation that followed the tax on tea had its outlet in several stirring scenes, the burning of the "Gaspee", for instance; but the most famous was the Boston Tea Party—a truly purposeful and deliberated act.

Tea was the means to satisfy the British principle of the right to tax. and it became the colonial symbol of the right to refute that principle. The sturdy New Englanders resolved, with all their strength of character, that tea, as a symbol of British tyranny, should not be allowed to sell itself on Colonial shores. The words of the old verse ran:

"Columbia's spirit can't stoop so low
As three pence a pound for tea!"

It was the breaking point of that view that climaxed in the Boston Tea

Continued from First Page.

Party. Right was all the New Englander cared about, and the results of their resistance prove that they were eager to fight for that right.

Today, Boston, as a city, has little if anything but a bronze tablet, to observe that famous 16th of December in 1773. But Nantucket is much closer to the past. The flag floats above the brick building on the lower square known as the William Rotch counting house, because it was from this sturdy structure that the Nantucket whaleships which carried the cargoes of tea sailed from this harbor for London, one hundred and sixty years ago.

Nantucket, in those days, was the greatest whaling port in the world. This fact is directly responsible for the feeling with which Nantucketers were regarded by the rival ports in New England. The islanders were a race apart from other seamen, inasmuch as they were the greatest exponents of the whale fishery existant, and their religion—that of the Society of Friends—tempered their courage with wisdom. The island was practically an independent unit, then. London was the best customer for the whale oil, and England was in many ways closer to the Nantucketers of those days than the average Colonial seaport.

Time came, later, when Nantucket found she could not remain independent—a neutral bit of the world as she had wished—but must choose between the stern and short-sighted parent and the indignantly lusty brothers. We all know what side the island finally chose.

The three ships which cleared from the Rotch warehouse in 1773 were the "Dartmouth", Captain James Hall; the "Beaver", Capt. Hezikiah Coffin, and the "Eleanor", Captain James Bruce. The first two were owned by William Rotch & Sons.

When they arrived in London to discharge their cargoes of oil they were held in port there until a return cargo of tea was put aboard. Because of the threats against any ships bringing tea to America, it was at first difficult for the British East India Company to charter vessels. Whether they believed the colonists would be less vindicative with ships of their own is not known, yet the great London Company was only too glad to consign the tea to the Nantucket ships.

When the ships arrived in Boston harbor, on the 28th of November, 1773, the citizens of Boston became active. Joseph Rotch, who was quartered on the "Dartmouth", was summoned before the Boston Committee headed by Samuel Adams. The Committee demanded that the ships return the tea to London. Joseph Rotch, true to his Quaker principles, gave Adams no promise other than that he would not land the tea. A twenty-day truce was declared, during which time the Committee thought that the Collector of the Port would grant the ships clearance papers for the return voyage.

The days passed with the ships still at their berths at Griffins wharf. On December 11th, Rotch was again called before the Boston Committee. When he was asked why the ships had not sailed, the Nantucket merchant replied:

"It is out of my power. The Collector denies me clearance."

"The ships must go", replied Chairman Adams, "the people of Boston and neighboring towns absolutely require and expect it."

But those were shrewd times. The three ships remained. Joseph Rotch walked about the streets of the city with as much safety as on the deck of the "Dartmouth". The people met in their coffee shops and private gathering places and denounced the menace of the tea. The leaders kept their own counsel. One of them was John Hancock, merchant, patrotic smuggler, and man-about-town, who was intimate with the Rotchs as well as other Nantucket merchants.

Bancroft says: "On Tuesday afternoon, December 14th, a meeting of the people again directed Rotch to apply for a clearance before the Collector of the Port—Rotch did so, accompanied by Kent, Samuel Adams and eight other witnesses."

Of course, the Collector refused to give an immediate answer. The assemblage repaired to their homes. On Thursday, the 16th of December, (the last of the twenty days) the climax rapidly approached. Joseph Rotch was biding his time. He knew the character of the Boston patriots just as he knew the merchants that comprised the British East India Company, secure behind the King's ministry, and he knew the motives that kept the Port Collector hedging and Governor Hutchinson backing and filling. Like a student of human nature he waited the sequence of events.

The sixteenth of December was one of the most exciting days in Boston history. At ten o'clock that morning the people of Boston and out-lying towns met in the Old South Meeting house. Joseph Rotch was on hand. He informed the Committee that the Collector had referred him to Governor Hutchinson for authority to grant the clearance. Here was a Revolutionary example of "passing the buck".

The Committee declared to Rotch: "Protest immediately against the custom-house and apply to the Governor for his pass, so that your ships may proceed on the voyage to London this very day!"

But the Governor had stolen away to his country house in Milton.

At three o'clock that afternoon, the meeting reformed in Old South. It was addressed in words of fire by Adams, Young and Quincy. The entire assemblage—seven thousand—voted that the tea should not be landed.

The December twilight settled over Boston's gabled roofs. A few candles made a feeble glow in Old South, but they gave enough light to bring out the silent rows of faces—faces of tradesmen, farmers, artisans, shopkeepers, merchants and seamen—all set with a single purpose.

Rotch suddenly appeared. He spoke in a low voice to the Committee: "I have done all I can. The Governor has refused me a pass. He claims the ships were not properly cleared at London."

It was evident that the Nantucket merchant's honesty was unquestioned. He stood before the hostile assembly in his Quaker garb, quiet in speech, sober in mien, deliberate in movement. The inference of his message was plain, also. Governor Hutchinson, in turn, had lost his courage.

Samuel Adams arose. The flutter of sound that followed Rotch's words became instantly stilled. In the flickering candle-light, Adams looked alone as he stood on the platform,

"Fellow citizens", he said, "this meeting can do nothing more to save the country!"

Then, as if from some pre-conceived plan, an Indian war-hoop resounded from the rear of the hall. It was a signal. The scene shifted quickly, and from Old South a band of Indians, garbed even to war-paint, led by John Hancock, Adams and others, started away, sending the echoes back through the streets as they made their way to Griffin's wharf.

We all know what happened—how the "Indians" boarded the tea-ships, hauled up the boxes and bales, broke them open and dumped the tea into the habor.

But, in the back-ground an important figure has been almost lost. It is the figure of Joseph Rotch, and he must have been smiling at the antics of the "Indians". And is it not true that, aside from a few splintered hatch covers, not a single ship was harmed by the painted savages?

On this one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of that stirring Tea Party we may hearken a bit to the echo of those principles that were "called out in meeting" in those times. Let it be noted, too, that there were active patriots among our Nantucket forebears, but let us remember that many of them saw beyond the conflict, and, like Joseph Rotch, believed that:

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

Mum

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A LIST

Nantucket 1791

BEAVER ship Paul Worth, Capt. Pacific ocean August- Mar 25, 1793. 1,100 sperm, 200 whale.
Built 1791, the first American whaler in the Pacific. She was ordered out of Lima without supplies and ordered off the coast be the Spaniards.

WASHINGTON ship George Bunker, Capt. Pacific ocean arrived April 8 1793. 800 sperm oil, 400 whale oil.
The WASHINGTON was the first vessel to hoist the American flag in a Spanish Pacific port. Built in 1791.

REBECCA ship 175 Joseph Kersey, Capt. Pacific ocean arrived Feb. 21 1793. The first New Bedford whaler in the Pacific. Built in New Bedford in 1791.

NANCY ship Swain, Capt. Built in New Bedford in 1798.
She was the first American whaler at Desolation, there was only one English there before her. She was captured homeward bound by the French privateer RELIANCE and recaptured by the U.S. brig EAGLE. The value of her cargoe was $50,000.

REBECCA was captured by the French privateer in 1799. She was retaken by an English vessel and sent into Nova Scotia; half of her value and cargo was claimed as salvage.

BARCLAY ship Griffin Barney, Capt. Pacific ocean Oct. 23
Copper bottomed. Sailed in 1798 and returned in 1801.

MOUNT HOPE schooner David Cottle, Capt. Sailed for the Atlantic March 7, 1812. She was the first whaler to fall a victim to the English; she was captured and burned with 170 barrels of sperm oil on board on July 9, 1812. A Nantucket vessel.

EQUATOR Elishe Folger, Capt. Sailed for th Pacific on Oct 31,1818

and returned Dec. 31, 1820. The EQUATOR and BALOENAof New Bedford were the first whalers to visit the Sandwich Islands, arriving there September 17, 1819. The EQUATOR was built in 1818 in Nantucket.

FOSTER ship of Nantucket 1819. The bottom of the FOSTER was pierced by a horn fish and the horn was left there. On sawing it off in the hold, the water rushed thru the opening 1000 strokes an hour. She was built in 1819.

OENO ship 1824 Nantucket Riddell, Capt. Lost on the Fejee islands in 182-. The crew were all murdered by the natives except William S. Cary who escaped after several years imprisonment among them.

FOSTER ship of Nantucket. 1825.

Partly sheathed with leather. So were: GANGES, a ship, and KINGSTON, a ship.

SARAH ship of Nantucket Frederick Arthur, Capt. She sailed for the Pacific on May 26, 1827 and returned April 10, 1829. 3,490 barrels of sperm oil. The largest qu ntity of sperm oil ever brought into Nantucket on one voyage.

CORINTHIAN Upham, Capt. New Bedford.
Capt. Upham and a boat's crew seized by the natives of Frienly Islands only released by giving up the ship's cannon.

* MENTOR New Bedford. Lost on the Pelew Islands on May 21,1832 The first mate and 10 men were lost. See LOWERED BOATS page 70.

AWASHONKS 1833. Attack natives of Namorik. (page 303)

WILLIAM PENN Capt. Lincoln. The mate and two boat's crews captured by the natives of the Navigator Islands.

PERU of Nantucket. ship Joshua Coffin, Capt. Sailed July 11 1839 - Oct. 13, 1842. First ship brought over the bar bycamel.

SAMUEL ROBERTSON ship 421 Daniel S. Babcock, Capt. Sailed for Desolation Island Aug. 23, 1856. Returned Oct, 17, 1858. She was the first New Bedford whaler to visit Hurd's Island.

AMARET brig 91 Quayle, Capt. Sailed for Davi's Strait. on Sept. 7, 1857. She returned Sept. 21, 1858. She was frozen in the ice for eight months. She took her first whale on July 1, and was full by July 22.

Fishing Vessel With Nantucket Men Aboard Feared Lost.

The majority of the island residents were made aware early on last (Friday) evening that the fishing sloop "William J. Landry," of Fairhaven, was in serious trouble some 20 miles northeast of Nantucket. As the skipper of the craft was Capt. Arne Hansen, of Easton street, in Nantucket, and Theodore Poloski and Earl Blount, also of Nantucket, were members of the crew, the news was received with considerable apprehension.

The northeast gale was centered in this area, and the heavy snow added to the danger. All though the long night further reports came in, reporting the vessel's progress into the eastern end of Nantucket Sound at the dangerous Pollock Rip channel.

At midnight, it was reported that the Coast Guard cutter "Legare" had a line aboard the "Landry," but a short time later word came that the fishing craft had broken adrift and had disappeared. No further report of the situation gave any new information.

At daybreak, with the snow clearing away, it was hoped that the big PBY planes searching the area would sight the missing craft, but neither the air nor surface craft in the immediate vicinity saw the missing vessel again.

As we go to press, pieces of wreckage have been sighted off Great Point —a hatch, pieces of planking, and blankets and pillows. Although not identified as parts of the "Landry," it is feared that she foundered during the night and that all hands are lost.

4/8/1950

"THE STORY OF OLD NANTUCKET"

A Brief History of the Island and Its People

By WILLIAM F. MACY.

Every old Nantucketer, every lover of Nantucket, and every visitor will want a copy of this little book. Written by a Nantucketer, who knows Nantucket, it tells the complete story of the Island's past in a concise but interesting and readable way—with a keen and sympathetic understanding and appreciation of all that is best in our history, yet with none of the fulsome, one sided, uncritical spirit characteristic of many such works.

The book contains 120 pages printed in clear type on good paper, with map and 8 half-tone plates of historical interest, is neatly bound in gray cloth, with special cover design in blue, and is sold at the popular price of

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at all local bookshops and news-stands, or by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price by the publishers, Cook & Turner, Nantucket, or of the author, William F. Macy, 1151 Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

FATE OF AN OLD NANTUCKET SHIP.—By late advices from the Arctic, we learn that the ship Three Brothers of New Bedford, formerly owned by and named for the Starbuck brothers of this town, was abandoned in the ice fields near Point Barrow in September, and has doubtless ended her career. The Three Brothers was engaged in the whaling service from this port through a period of more than thirty years, and nearly all of her voyages were very successful ones. She was built in 1833, and sailed on her first voyage in August of that year, under command of the late Capt. George Alley. Her second voyage was in charge of Capt. Henry Phelon; and Capt. Joseph Mitchell, 2d, still living, commanded her on two successive voyages between 1841 and 1850. While under command of Capt. Charles Cleveland from 1855 to 1858 inclusive, she made four successful seasons in the Northern Seas, obtaining about 6000 barrels of oil. She continued in the business from this port until 1865, when she was sold to New Bedford owners. Until now, her good luck has followed her, and she was one of the very few ships that escaped the general wreck in the Arctic season of 1876. 11/3/1877

ettering: Antique Shaded

"The Development of Nantucket."

By Merle Turner, winner of First Prize in Historical Society's Contest.

Sometimes we wonder what the future has in store for Nantucket. If the next three hundred years bring such a great transformation as did the last three hundred, no one can predict what the coming generations will experience. All we can do today is to peruse the pages of history and take pride in the island's glorious past, satisfaction in her present prosperity, and look through optimistic glasses into the future.

Nantucket's early development is interesting. When Bartholomew Gosnold first landed on the island in 1602, on his way to Virginia, he was probably the first white man to ever step foot on the island soil.

Altho Gosnold stopped here, he made no settlement. From the account of the voyage by one of Gosnold's crew, we learn that Gosnold discovered and named Cape Cod from "the great number of codfish" found there.

In 1659 the first white people came here to live, the Macys, the Starbucks and the Colemans. Then came the "ten original purchasers"—Tristram Coffin Sr., Thomas Macy, Christopher Hussey, Richard Swain, Thomas Barnard, Peter Coffin, Stephen Greenleaf, John Swain, William Pile, and Thomas Mayhew, who bought the island first and then sold all but a tenth to the other nine. The amount paid for the island was thirty pounds sterling and two beaver hats.

During the next two years many families moved to the island. John Bishop was the first carpenter and built a number of houses.

The first house, built for Edward Starbuck, stood near Madaket. Then one was built for Tristram Coffin. The site of Tristram's house is today marked by a marble tablet fastened to a granite post not far southwest of Capaum pond. It was placed there in 1881 by Tristram's descendants.

In 1667 Nathaniel and Mary Starbuck had a house, called the Parliament house, on the hill north of Hummock Pond. Around 1820 this was moved to town. The old house on the corner of Pine and School streets is supposed to be this old Parliament house.

During these years the town was called Sherburne and was located between Maxcy's and Capaum ponds. Wood for the construction of houses must have been brought from off island but bricks were made as early as 1720.

When the commerce and business of Sherburne increased it was found necessary to move in nearer to the "Great Harbor" to a place called Wesco, or Wesco Acre. This was somewhere near the Lily pond and covered a section of land west of Center street, north of Main, and south of West Chester. The Lily Pond was then called Wesco Pond. It is a matter of choice in the spelling of Wesco for it has been found spelt with a C, a K, and again with a Q and an O.

Some Nantucket people claim that the Nathaniel Macy house on the west corner of Liberty street and Walnut Lane was one of the first houses to be moved from the site near Capaum pond. The old Macy house is now used by the Nantucket girls for the Monnohanit Club House.

The town of Sherburne seems to have gradually moved eastward to Wesco. What we call the "Oldest House" was built in 1686 on Sunset Hill, which probably overlooked Wesco Pond at the time. The Congregational Meeting House, which had been built in 1711 near Capaum pond, was moved to Beacon Hill in 1765. It is now used as the vestry.

Straight Wharf had already been built, and in 1730 the people started to dig away Quanaty Hill in order to make room for a thoroughfare, now called Union street.

The town of Sherburne, instead of over-looking Capaum pond, had moved a few miles east and now over-looked the "Great Harbor".

In 1723 the first mill was erected and before long there were four in a row on Mill Hills. The one now standing was built in 1746.

About the time the town was fully settled in its new place the whaling business was in full swing and soon there were rope walks, candle houses, grist mills, fulling mills and many other industries connected with whaling.

In 1772 the building that we now know as the "Cap'n's Room" was built by William Rotch and it was from there that the ships Dartmouth, Eleanor, and Beaver cleared when they went to London with oil and returned loaded with tea and became the principal factors in the "Boston Tea Party".

Sherburne changed its name to Nantucket in 1795 and the "Sherburne Turnpike" on the cliff is all that is left to recall old town.

The years passed and Nantucket grew. The whaling business waned and the island later became popular as a summer resort, but there was a long period of inactivity during which many houses were moved to the Cape and a few even moved to California on whaling ships.

The first steamboat was run to the island in 1818, gas installed in 1854, the high school was built in 1856, a water system made in 1880, and electric lights in 1889. The railroad, which ran from town to 'Sconset via Surfside and Tom Nevers' Head, came in 1881 and stayed until 1917, when it was shipped to France; and then the automobiles arrived. Telegraph and long distance telephone cables, sewer system, motor fire apparatus, electric fire alarm, and many other improvements have come, and today no town is more properous than Nantucket anywhere in New England.

Fifty years ago land and buildings were not worth much and tradition says that Captain Coleman once bought most of the Point for $500. Everybody thought that he was foolish to pay so much for a quantity of sand. Now that same piece of land must be worth a million dollars.

One of the best things about the development of Nantucket is that there are no pessimists. Everyone realizes it has been a steady, healthy growth from the time when Edward Starbuck and Tristram Coffin, and the rest of our forefathers, first built their homes until the present time. The future of Nantucket is assured.

"Notable Old Structures of Nantucket."

By Cecil Richrod, winner of Second Prize in Historical Society's Contest.

How many ancient and notable old structures there are on the Island of Nantucket. They are indeed charmingly attractive in their antiquity, fascinatingly interesting to the many hundreds who are constantly visiting the island in search of these historic old shrines.

The next manifest and distinguished of these is the "Jethro Coffin House." Perhaps it is better known to most people as the "Horseshoe House". It is situated in the northern part of the town over-looking the harbor and the vast waters of Nantucket Sound. It is a wooden frame building with a long apex roof, north. It is shingled on its four sides the pitch of which on the south side is considerably deeper than on the and on the roof. On the east side is the old-fashioned well sweep from which swings an "old oaken bucket". On one side of the chimney is a large horse-shoe, also built in the brick, and on the other side the date when it was constructed.

Another among the old structures is the "old Rotch Market." The "old Rotch Market" is situated where it is now known as the "Pacific Club" or "Captain's Room". It is a building of brick and wood, being erected in 1772. It is now owned by the Pacific Club. It was the conspicuous redezvous of captains of whaling ships home on vacations between voyages, also for he "old salts" (as they were commonly known) who had retired from service. Here would they sit and exchange tales of the sea and tell of their exciting experiences. It is in this building that the Custom House was located and here for a long time the weather bureau was maintained. Now it is used as a club-room.

And then we must consider another prominent wooden edifice, the Unitarian Church erected in 1809. Standing on Orange Street, facing Stone Alley, it towers high over the town and is considered one of the quaint relics related to old Nantucket. It is faced with a square tower, overtopped by a round dome tower, on top of which is a much relied upon weather vane. It is one hundred nine feet five and one-half inches from the surface of the sidewalk to the top of the weather vane. Its architecture is indeed very plain, but still it is an impressive building. On the upper tower on its four sides are covered numerals marking off the hours and minutes of the day. This is the so-called "Town Clock." The old bell in the tower was purchased in Lisbon in 1812 by Captain Clasby. It was brought to Nantucket and kept in storage in Captain Cary's cellar. Finally in 1815 it was bought for five hundred dollars and has since been peeling out its melodious call upon the resounding air. The first time it rung was on November 18, 1815.

Still another quaint old relic is the "Old Mill". It is the last one left of the four mills which were similar type and were for many years neighbors on "Mill Hills." It was built in 1746, and is a monument to the honest work of its builders. The exterior of the mill is octagon-shaped with a revolving apexed top, to which are attached by a huge wooden shaft four vanes, ear 34 feet long, extending near the top of this old structure and just grazing the ground. Although not for many years used for the work which it once so greatly accomplished, this old mill yet stands, as it has stood, in its complete construction, from the time when it was originally built. This mill is sometimes called the "Nathan Wilbur Mill." Now that its practical service is over it is a curiosity to sight-seeing tourists. It was presented to the Historical Association (now the present owners) in 1897, by Miss Caroline L. W. French of Boston.

Again as we procede we see that the front one of the two combined buildings of the Nantucket Historical Society, at the corner of Fair Sstreet and Ray's Court is of distinct historic renown. It was erected in 1838, and was originally the Quaker School. After its discontinuance as a school it was obtained for a "meeting house" in 1864, by the more quiet Quaker sect. Now, interiorly the building looks as it did when it was a Quaker Church. It contains an old-fashioned desk on a raised platform, and also stiff-backed, plain, unpainted benches. It is now used for gatherings and meetings of the society. Back of it is a fire-proof building lately erected by the Association in which is carefully preserved, much historic material of great value.

Nantucket people have ever been noted for their literary tastes, also as lovers of good books. The Nantucket Atheneum, or Public Library as it is better known, was built in 1820. It is situated at the corner of Federal and lower Pearl streets. It is of ancient Colonial pattern with large fluted columns at its entrance. The first floor is used by the library and above it on the second floor is a large hall with quite a large platform making it very adaptable for lectures. The grounds at the front are laid out with shrubs and there is a large brick sidewalk leading up to it. About it there are a number of trees which furnish a very luxuriant shade. In the library there are many old and valuable books on history, science, and biography. There is also a large collection of fiction books. It would probably be difficult to find anywhere a more beneficial institution of its character than the Nantucket Atheneum.

Exceptional and distinct is the Nantucket Jail and House of Correction. These too are strikingly plain wooden frame buildings close to each other. They were built in 1805, the House of Correction at Quaise was removed to its present site in 1854. They stand quite a distance in the rear of the home of the jailor and are surrounded by a high board fence. The jail has two floors and is reached on its second floor by very rudely constructed wooden stairs, on the outside of the building around which is a light narrow board railing. The windows are covered over with crossed iron bars, but are now quite unformidable. The House of Correction has two floors and is considerably larger than the Jail. The "reformatory" is very wierd and reminds one, upon seeing it, of a modern prison of steel and masonry.

There are indeed many more old places including the "Elihu Coleman" house built in 1725. The North Vestry of the Congregational Church, built in 1711, and the birthplace of Maria Mitchell, built in 1790, but these are not as important as the others precedingly described.

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Queer Mixup on Nantucket Lots.

New Bedford Dispatch to Boston American.

Men and women who some time since bought houselots on Nantucket island from John M. Hathaway, a New Bedford theatrical man, have lately been sashaying up to Hathaway and complaining that "Miacomet Park" apparently not having been surveyed, they are unable to tell one lot from another down there and so don't know where to begin on the cellar.

Mr. Hathaway, having assumed the "I-should-worry" pose, according to all accounts, the local lot buyers are talking about a test case in the courts. They mention Henry Todd as the likeliest gentleman to start litigation. Todd is mad clear through.

Hathaway does not deny selling the lots. He does not deny that they have not been surveyed. He says he never represented that there had been a survey. He had a certain plot to sell, and he sold it, in lots. His position is that it is up to the buyers to trot down to Miacomet Park and "pick their own lots."

It is said that 180 New Englanders have invested in Miacomet Park lots through Hathaway, whose father is Andrew Hathaway, well known as the owner of theatres at Lowell and in this city.

Twenty New Bedford business men were among the investors. One of these is Henry Todd, the Purchase street candymaker.

"We thought of opening a New Bedford colony down there," Mr. Todd says. "Whenever we met, during the winter, the colony was the subject of our conversation. We had visions of what Purchase street and County street and Pleasant street were going to be like in our Nantucket colony. When Spring came, I was sent down as a Committee of One, to take the lay of the land. I found the park easily enough, but there was no way by which I could make sure of individual lots.

I went to Hathaway for information and was dismissed in a manner that captured my goat. Hathaway wasn't a bit worried. He gave me to understand that I must find my own lot.

When we examined the plan we then observed that this plan was described as having been 'made' (not surveyed, you will note) by a civil engineer of New Bedford.

Hathaway apparently takes the ground that this lets him out. We cannot understand his attitude."

It was said today that the local buyers have sought the advice of counsel and are considering the matter of a suit.

In the meantime Miacomet Park at Nantucket is as desolate as Fenway Park in Boston when the snow is on the ground.

[Henry Todd, above referred to, is the proprietor of Todd's candy kitchen in Nantucket, and on Thursday stated that it was his intention of continuing the fight against Hathaway in the effort to compel him to have the Miacomet lots surveyed. "I am not through yet, by any means," said Mr. Todd.]

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor: 1892

In a late issue of your paper I read with much interest the account of the loss of ship "Joseph Starbuck." A short, crude account of her remarkable and only voyage may not be out of place at this juncture. She was indeed a fine ship for those times. I was on board when she was launched from the shipyard at Brant Point. After a few days she was towed to Edgartown, where we took in our supplies for the voyage, thence around to Tarpaulin Cove, from which place we took our final departure on a fine morning in November, 1838, in company with ship President, Captain Reuben Starbuck, of the same owners. Thirty days from home we took our first whales, somewhere near the Cape de Verde islands. Taking oil occasionally as we worked south, we finally passed Cape Horn and entered the broad Pacific Ocean, arriving at Talcahuano five months from home with three hundred barrels of sperm oil. I remember very distinctly (it being my first glimpse of a foreign country) our passing the island of Carraquina (at the entrance of the harbor) over towards Tome, and beating up the Bay, arriving at dusk at our anchorage well in under Cape Horn, to be partially protected from the fearful "Northers" which prevail at certain seasons of the year. Boats from other ships came alongside, but the visitors were not allowed on board until the Captain of the Port and Customs Officials had made their visit of inspection. At daylight, bum-boats innumerable were alongside, and fresh bread, doubtful milk, cheese, fruit, etc., were supplied to the crew in abundance. From the surrounding hills the sonorous music of the donkeys could be heard, echoing far and wide over the Bay.

After taking in water and fresh provisions we cruised down the coast, stopping at Tombez for some of the celebrated potatoes, and thence to the Gallapagos Islands, anchoring in James Island harbor, where we secured about three hundred of the famous terrapin. The delicious flavor of the flesh of these animals is well known to all Pacific whalemen. It was while cruising on the "off-shore ground" that we struck one of the "eating whales" (so called), which cut two of our boats in halves by throwing his jaw over them. With a spare boat we picked up the crews and started for the ship, which was lying aback about two miles to windward. On our way, Capt. Wilber cast his eyes over the men, and exclaimed, "Where is Billy?" (one of the crew—a native of Tahiti) "Have we let that boy drown?" At the same moment we espied him between us and the ship, in the centre of a school of blackfish. We soon came up with him, and the captain asked him if he was not afraid of the blackfish. "No," said he, "when blackfish spout, me spout, too, make him tink me blackfish all same." After arriving on board, we kept the ship off and ran alongside the whale, killing him with our lances.

On one of our cruises the mate struck another large whale which showed some fight, taking the boat in his mouth, and, settling, took the gunwales and three oars. He died soon after rising to the surface, and at midnight we took him alongside. He made eighty-seven barrels of oil. While in company with ship Wm. Wirt, of Fairhaven, we lowered for a large whale, and the captain of that ship proposed to throw our chances together, but Capt. Wilber, seeing the position of the boats in pursuit, declined, making the remark that "his mate was there, and he was pretty sure of the whale," and the result proved that his confidence was not misplaced, as at sunset a ninety-barrel whale was alongside. Subsequently, Capt. Wilber said to another captain: "When I see my mate alongside of a whale, I count that whale in my blubber-room."

Passing down through the whaling fleet, which was quite large in those days, we arrived at Tahiti, one year from home, with fourteen hundred barrels of sperm oil. While here, a native woman came on board, and accosted one of our crew, whom she recognized, saying, "Where is my boy?" Her son had left his home in charge of this man, in ship Gideon Howland for New Bedford, and was on his return to his native land with us, when he sickened and died when we were three days out, and we committed him to the turbulent waters of the Gulf Stream. His mother, on being told that he was dead, refused to be comforted, and went fore and aft the deck moaning piteously. After a while her friends took her on shore, and in a few days she returned with a canoe laden with fruit and flowers as a thank-offering to the friend of her son. She said, through an interpreter: "I know you did all you could for my son, but my heart is broken."

From Tahiti we went to the coast of Peru again, taking a good cut on the "sixteen ground" and going into Callao to land a sick man. While there a humpback whale came in among the ships at anchor. Being always ready, we dropped a boat instantly and gave chase. The whale passed immediately under the bow of the French frigate Thetis, and the officers of that ship, having a finely-painted whaleboat, joined in the pursuit. Our boat struck the whale, which ran them out to San Lorenzo island, at the entrance of the harbor, followed by boats from the men-of-war. The French officers overtook them, and requested permission to get into our boat and lance the whale, which was granted, and when he was dead the boats all joined in towing him to the ship. The next morning we commenced "flensing," and the captain of the Thetis and officers from the other men-of-war came alongside to witness the process. They seemed much pleased with the (to them) novel operation, and after a short stay on board they left with many wishes for the continued success of our voyage. From this place we wended our way back to the "off shore" ground, displaying our distinctive flag occasionally to other ships. This flag (blue, white and blue) is now flying on one of the largest ships in the world, and on the beautiful yacht Tillie, owned by one of the direct descendants of him for whom our noble ship was named. Long may it wave!

Working off again to Otaheite, back to Paita, and then slowly up the coast, we arrived at Talcahuano, with thirty-three hundred barrels of sperm oil. After refitting and allowing the men a few days liberty, we started on our homeward voyage. Our next stopping place was Pernambuco, where we anchored outside of the Light House, about two miles from the entrance to the harbor. I had the pleasure of going on shore and while there, an Englishman came to the hotel where I was, and said to the landlord, "Did you hear of that Yankee ship off here? they say her cargo is worth ninety-five thousand dollars." The landlord said, "Here is one of her crew, perhaps he can tell you something about her." I was only too glad to answer all the questions he asked, and without bragging any more than was lawful. From Pernambuco home was a pleasant, uneventful passage, and we arrived at Edgartown in April, 1842, bringing the second largest cargo of oil ever brought to Nantucket. On a fine Sunday morning, the Joseph Starbuck glided into her old berth on the south side of Commercial wharf from whence she started forty months before. There being some regard for the Sabbath in those days we were not allowed to take our chests from the ship until the following morning, when all hands were summoned to unbend the sails. The writer of this did not arrive on the scene until all the sails were over the side except the mizzen staysail. True to his professional instincts the mate gave me a scolding for being tardy, and then lent me his jackknife to cut the sails from the hanks. When that was done, Mr. George Starbuck informed the crew that their voyage was ended. Passing down the plank to the wharf, I saw the fine old gentleman for whom the ship was named talking with my father. As I was going by them, Mr. Starbuck grasped my hand and said, "Are you going by without speaking to me; have you had a pleasant voyage, etc.?" The Joseph Starbuck passing by her congeners, lubricating and illuminating as she went, ended her brief career very near the place where she first came into being. The hardy whalemen who built up New Bedford and Nantucket are disappearing from our midst one by one, and but few of the old clan are left.

The separation from friends and loved ones and the hardships endured on their long weary voyages, may have caused them to look permaturely old in some cases, but the longevity of sea-faring men as a class compares favorably with that of men who have followed other vocations. Herman Melville's book, "Moby Dick," gives the most comprehensive account of the sperm whale and his habits of any book I ever read. English critics say that Mr. Melville is one of the American writers whose works are above criticism. I had the honor of entertaining Mr. Melville for a day on board of my ship in mid-ocean, and found him a gentleman in every sense of the word. He was on his way to California, in ship Meteor, of Boston, commanded by his brother. The whales have "struck off" and I must follow their example.

ONE OF THE CLAN.

LETTER TO CAPTAIN KEEN.

Nantucket, 29th Jany., 1842.

Capt. Wm. Keen.

Dear Sir: The ship Rose, Capt. Swain, being now at Edgartown and near ready for sea, we concluded that a line would be acceptable, even if we had nothing to say of consequence, except we say that it is now something more than three months since you sailed and you have not yet been reported; we infer from this that you have not been so fortunate as Capt. Holley, of the Eliza Adams was. He took a sperm whale off the River of Plata, which made him 105 barrels. He arrived a few days ago with 2,500 barrels sperm oil and reports the Phebe 38 months out with 1,400 barrels.

We should hope that it is not for the want of a good look-out that you have not done as well as Capt. Holley did in crossing the Brazil Bank and now is the time for us to repeat to you not to be afraid to buy the people's eyesight.

We have written several letters to you since you sailed—pretty long ones, too—in which we have taken the liberty to give you some important advice in regard to conducting your voyage, particularly that of treating your officers and men in such a way as to make them feel an interest in the voyage; and let them see by your example, also, that you have not gone into the Pacific Ocean to spend two or three years without getting a voyage to remunerate yourself and them for that privation. Presuming that your family will write to you by this ship, it is not necessary for us to say anything further than that we believe they are all well. And now, wishing you health and a prosperous voyage, we are, most respectfully,

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Arctic Whaling Fleet Caught in the Ice. Nantucket Man on the Baylies. 1907

A dispatch from San Francisco, dated November 2, says: "Venturing too far to the westward in the Arctic ocean, in quest of whales, five vessels of the whaling fleet sailing from San Francisco more than a year ago with 225 men, may have been caught in the ice by the sudden closing in of the northern winter, according to Captain Hoffman of the whaler Jeanette, which arrived today. The missing vessels are the Herman, Captain James Tilton, of New Bedford; the Beluga, Captain Porter; the Belvedere, Captain Cottle; the Thrasher, Captain Foley; and the William Baylies, Captain H. H. Bodfish.

None of these whalers was seen by the men of the Jeanette, which once had to make a path through the ice pack with gun powder before the open sea was reached. All of the whalers went further to the northwest this season than usual, the Jeanette plainly sighting Prince William Land. Only one other vessel of the fleet, the Bowhead, reached the sea after the Jeanette escaped. The Bowhead was sighted off this port today."

The news which the Jeanette brings down from the far north is like a thunder bolt from a clear sky, for after the experience of two years ago, when 11 whaleships were imprisoned in the ice east of Point Barrow, friends of the officers and crew of the little fleet, which took the hazard of an Arctic cruise, hardly dreamed of these hardy seamen being again caught in such a predicament.

The experience of that winter in the frozen north with scanty rations for the more than 300 seamen everybody believed would serve as a lesson for the future. Then they came out of the land of the midnight sun without the loss of a single life.

But what are their chances now. Caught in the ice to the eastward, where the fleet was supposed to prosecute late whaling, the show is decidedly slim of getting out, and the only means of safety open to the imperilled men will be to reach the Siberian coast and there live with the natives. The news which reaches this office is so meagre that it is difficult to judge just where the ships have been caught, but, if, as supposed, the fleet was engaged in whaling to the westward, after coming from their early cruise to the eastward of Point Barrow, as stated in the first dispatch from the fleet early in September, it is no use to try to disguise the fact that they are in a most dangerous condition. It was in this locality that the barks Mt. Wollaston, Captain Nye, and Vigilant, Captain Smithers, were caught in a trap never to return home.

At that time, the ice made early to the southward, closed the opening through Behring strait, shutting out every possible means of escape, while the Wollaston and the Vigilant were cruising off Herald island, the best whaling grounds west of Point Barrow.

When the Bowhead arrives in San Francisco, something more definite may be learned. Until then, there will be that awful anxiety so often experienced by the friends of Arctic whalemen in past years.

When the ice closed in on the Mt. Wollaston and the Vigilant in 1879, the barks Mercury and Helen Mar were in company, bound out of the Arctic ocean, and in the passage, both vessels were caught together, and the Mercury had to be abandoned to her fate, when both crews made their escape in the Helen Mar, which was the stronger vessel, and she only after a mighty effort, working day and night in sawing a channel through to clear water. At that time not a man experienced in Arctic whaling but predicted the total loss of the two ships which had taken a chance at late whaling on the Herald island grounds, and these predictions proved too true.

There is one element in this unfortunate occurrence favorable to the imprisoned whalemen. If able to reach land, or if they manage to run into open water near the shore, they know what is to be done, for the men of the Arctic whaling fleet today have a better knowledge of methods of procedure than did the men of 30 years ago, who never had passed a winter north.

Those who recall the experience of the crew of the old ship Citizen in 1853, may have some idea of the hardships to be encountered if the vessels have to be abandoned.

In years past, since wintering north under favorable conditions has been common, there have been several instances of ships being caught in the ice, the two most notable instances being in 1897, and two years ago. In both cases the vessels were close to shore and the crews wintered on board, but lived on short rations.

When the news reached this city that the Bowhead had touched at Nome, October 14th, and had nine whales, there was surprise that Captain George F. Tilton made no mention of the other ships, and some even then expressed surprise that he had nothing to report. He first cruised to the eastward and finished his whaling to the westward of Point Barrow. It was on the last named ground that he took five of the nine whales captured.

If the ships are crushed in the heavy ice of the Arctic, it means a loss, outside of any catch, of about $250,000. The Beluga and Belvedere were known to have taken whales on their eastern cruise.

A strange coincidence of this unfortunate happening is the fact that the first news of the disaster in 1905 reached this city on November 2nd, the exact date that the first word reached the Sunday Standard in the present instance, and it is to be hoped that the termination will be as satisfactory as the experience of two years ago, when only the schooner Monterey and William Baylies made the passage out in safety.—N. B. Standard, 3d.

Shipping and Throngs of Workers. 1914

By FRED ELIJAH COFFIN.

There is a decided difference between faith and imagination. Faith is the more difficult to exercise. Imagination requires little or no base for its support; it may bound away in useful or harmful flights, with no more reality than the mirage of the desert. What I have to mention seems to require genuine faith on the part of those who know the town only in its later history. Intellectual faith may be direct, in reference to the future, or retro-active and have regard to the past. It is the latter which concerns us now.

Who, whether native-born or stranger, passing and repassing the quiet cleanly streets of the town, would believe that in the earlier whaling days its streets in the rush hours of the day—morning, noon, and business close—were crowded with mechanics, workers and business men eager to commence the day's concerns, eager at noon for their home-cooked dinner and return, and contentedly seeking their rest at the day's close? Yet such was constantly the case in the early boyhood of the writer. The resident population then was about ten thousand. Ships deeply set in the water with their valuable cargoes, were arriving often enough to give a perpetual motion to all interests and labors; and other earlier arrival were busily refitting for another voyage. Those were cheerful days, there was "music in the air"—the hum of energetic and satisfying business.

There were no loafers, and only the aged and incapacitated had abundance of time, and they were regarded with respectful consideration. The ship, then, was the driving wheel of the whole industry; and where in each incoming ship was contained the result of the industries of three or four years, and the outgoing ships were preparing for the same period of years—the source and inspiration of this energy was apparent.

Stevedores, truckmen, coopers, sailmakers, blacksmiths, ship-carpenters, bakers of hard tack—all the workers united in one great stream of men, branching off in different directions when the mellow tones of the noon bell rang out: and anxious owners and business men drove their teams toward home with the one intent of utilizing every moment of time. If any one in these days wishes to know something of what this was like, let him try to walk on Broadway, New York, from Fulton street to Bowling Green, from 12.30 to 2 p. m., but he must not compare a town of a few thousands with a city of five millions.

This stream of workers was the daily experience of those times. The world changes, and the closing of old channels of opulence is not a new thing. Some ancient routes of commerce in the Orient, where for long periods wealth-laden caravans have traversed, are now closed. No argosies, as of old, now pour into the coffers of sumptuous Venice their constant tributes of wealth. The changes of evolution are everywhere apparent on the earth—why should they not be here? Here surely have they closed

"A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich."

An effective cause for depletion in the ranks of the workers was the "California Fever" of 1849, as it was called. As the work of the shipping declined, the lure of the golden sand took a positive hold on the active young and middle-aged men, large numbers of whom, during two or three years, started off to meet conditions which had thoroughly aroused their ambition. Only a small percentage of these ever returned to the island. These conditions are aptly described by one who could well interpret what he could have known little of by personal experience:

"The town was a hive of industry. Its streets were busy market places; the paving-stones and the sand were rutted and stained by a constant travel of trucks loaded with hogsheads of oil and other merchandise just arrived or just going away. Its five wharves were lined with whaling ships getting ready to sail, and with merchant vessels loading or discharging cargoes. All day long, coopers, sparmakers, riggers, boat-builders and sail-makers were at work; ironsmiths were forging harpoons, lances and knives; cordage-factories were turning out every kind of standing and running rigging, bolt-rope, wormline, marline, spunyarn, whale-lines, and any other article in their line, of a good quality and on favorable terms, as the announcements stated. Only when the Old South bell rang the hour of noon, and the streets were thronged with mechanics going home to dinner was there a lull in the noises of labor."

"Quaint Nantucket," W. R. Bliss, 1896.

It was during this period of wholesome activity when on a hot summer day a whaleship arrived at the bar with a full cargo, and therefore drawing too much water to cross. The "camels," which were really a large port-and-starboard barge in two sections, box-shaped and empty, of large dimensions and therefore very bouyant, wriggled out to the ship under their own feeble steam-power, supported and raised the ship and cargo so as to reduce the draught by several inches, and with the old steamer "Telegraph" to tow them proceeded slowly over the bar into the harbor. A few of us boys had been allowed to go out on the steamer on this tow. Captain Barker was in charge.

The ship's sails had been snugly furled, for the last time on this voyage; but, as usual, the ship was oily and grimy throughout. After proceeding a little with the tow, when off the Cliff, it was perceived that a spark from the steamers funnel had lodged in one of the topsails, and the smoke indicated surely that only a brief interval would elapse before bursting into flame. The gravity of that fact under the circumstances was too evident for any discussion; the only thing to consider was the squelching of the fire at once. It had been reported to Captain Barker and he was astern instantly. A sailor had already run up the shrouds to the place but did not quite know what to do first. Captain Barker shouted to him: "Put your cap over it and smother it! Put your cap over it and s-m-o-ther it!"

The sailor quickly had his cap over the smoke, pulled his jacket all around and leaned over it—thus quickly smothering it. Other sailors by this time were there, each with a bucket of water, but the smothering had done the business and saved the ship. Had that blaze gained a little headway on those oily surroundings on that hot day no appliances or power at hand could have stopped it, and the rich cargo, the accrued result of four years of active work, would quickly have been turned into uncommercial smoke. The quick way in which it was smothered out was a relief to all; and herein lies a valuable lesson of experience. Anything in our lives or our surroundings which is liable to burst out into a flame of malicious or injurious activity can be best treated by smothering.

These days of glorious and profitable activity which were participated in mostly by our own townspeople, aided by only a few Kanakas and other helpers, were destined to cease. The final results are described also by Bliss in a few terse lines:

"At last the tide turned, and the prosperity of Nantucket began to depart. Its sounds of industry became fainter; its wharves fell into decay; its population decreased in numbers; its marine philosophers drifted away to the unknown sea; and when in the year 1869, the last whaling ship sailed from the harbor bar, silence dropped his mantle on the town."

[Note.—Mr. Coffin's next article will be in connection with "The Great Fire," which devastated Nantucket sixty-eight years ago—July 13, 1846.]

1955

Last Active Island Blacksmith Retires from Nantucket Scene.

"It's an awful handicap not to have an education." This was the underlying thought which permeated my interview with Aquila Cormie, the last, active blacksmith to retire from the Nantucket scene.

"Although I'm very well satisfied with the life I have had," continued Mr. Cormie, settling down into his easy chair, "there is no doubt that if I had had the opportunity of getting a formal education it would have been better. It hurts me to see so many young people today who have a good education doing nothing with it."

Thus began an interview which was, really, a sort of oral picture of the times from 1880 to the present. Mr. Cormie, now in retirement and preparing to move to Florida where he and Mrs. Cormie will make their permanent home, really began at the beginning.

It was in Shaw Brook, Muncton, New Brunswick, that Mr. Cormie first saw the light of day. He arrived the last of nine children. Prior to his advent, his mother, who often read the Bible, said, if she had another boy or girl she had names all picked out for them. The boy would be Aquila and the girl, Priscilla. These two names are found in the 18th Chapter of the Gospel according to St. Mark The Biblical Aquila and Priscilla were contemporary about 52 A. D., were husband and wife, and "makers of tents".

As it turned out Mother Cormie had her wish in one fell swoop, for when Aquila was born he was accompanied by a twin sister. Thus Aquila and Priscilla became an accomplished fact in the little country town of Shaw Brook. It was regrettable that Priscilla passed away in her ninth year.

Education, which gave him his life-long sense of lack, was really by fits and starts. There was a one-room school to which he could go—three miles away—but to really be a school there has to be a teacher. Through most of his early life the teacher for that one-room school were few and far between. And sometimes, when there was a teacher, the weather managed to be so severe it was impossible for Aquila to walk the three miles for the education he regretted not having.

At 12 years of age, Aquila went to work for his board as a farm chore boy. This type of work held him until, at 17 he went into the woods working at a lumber camp as "cookee".

"A 'cookee' was supposed to furnish all the fire wood to the cook at camp," explained Mr. Cormie. "After nine months of that I decided I had seen about all the wood I wanted and gave up the job."

Aquila had turned 18 when he received word from a cousin on Nantucket. His name was Jack Garland. He operated a form in Polpis and he asked Aquila to come to the island and work for him. Aquila arrived on Nantucket March 23, 1898, and worked that summer for his cousin. The following fall he went to another farm operated by another cousin. This farm was known as the "Joe Folger Farm" and the property is now owned by Harry Gordon.

For one year young Mr. Cormie peddled milk from the farm to town customers for the magnificent sum of six cents a quart. He had quite a flourishing business. Who wouldn't at six cents a quart?

In the fall of '99, Mr. Cormie took off again. This time he went to Brockton Fair, and finally Boston in search of a job. One day, in the Hub, he found himself at Joe Breck's employment agency.

"When I went into Breck's I had just two dollars in my pocket," reminesced Mr. Cormie. "It was quite evident I needed a job and needed it bad. I found it cost me one of those precious dollars to register at the agency. I did it but it hurt.

"On the way out of the agency, I met a man coming in. I stopped him with, 'Are you looking for help?'"

The man said he was looking for a farm hand to help his father get in his fall crop in New Hampshire. Right there in the doorway of Breck's, Mr. Cormie accepted the job and left soon after for Hampstead, in the Granite State.

In New Hampshire, he found farmer Emerson and his wife to be the best of people and they treated him just like their own son. When the fall crop was harvested they had no more work for Aquila but suggested he try another farm close by. He did and remained there until after spring planting.

When work in New Hampshire got scarce, Mr. Cormie decided to go back to Nantucket.

It was now the year 1900 and Mr. Cormie was 20 years old as he wandered the streets of Nantucket looking for a job. There is a saying that April Fool's Day is no day to fool with but it was on that day in 1900 that Mr. Cormie happened to go into Clinton Parker's blacksmith shop on Dock Street, back of what is now the Taylor Art Galleries.

"Have you got a job for me?" asked Mr. Cormie of the smithy.

"How much experience have you had?" was the first question.

"None", answered Mr. Cormie, truthfully.

"Well, I'm in need of another man," said Blacksmith Parker, "but I'm afraid I'll have to have an experienced man. Sorry, young fella."

Somewhat dejected, Mr. Cormie started up Dock Street toward the center of Town. He hadn't gone far when he heard someone call. He looked back and the smithy was motioning to him. The smithy said he had reconsidered and decided to give him a try. He could start on the next working day. There was no mention of what the job would pay, but what was the use of forcing your luck on April First?

At the end of the first week he found out how much he was to get—$1 a day. This added up to the munificent sum of $6 a week for 6 nine-hour days! It seemed just a pittance but Mr. Cormie got along. He found a place to live where he got room, board, and laundry for $4 a week. "That left me only $2 but I managed," Mr. Cormie said, with a sly grin.

1955

AQUILA CORMIE AT HIS SHOP.

Mr. Parker's working partner was Tom Warren and Mr. Cormie gives great credit to Tom for helping to make the work pleasant and educational. Mr. Cormie seemed to take naturally to the smithy's trade and the assistance of Tom Warren was most welcome and graciously given.

The following year his pay was raised to $10 a week. At this wage, in 1904, Mr. Cormie married and went housekeeping in a house on Orange Street at the corner of York Street. The two young people managed very well since the rent was $10—every three months—a total of $40 a year.

It was in 1910 that Mr. Cormie took over Blacksmith Parker's business on Dock Street. But Mr. Cormie was not at all satisfied with the location. The only access to his shop from South Water Street was the sort of indefinite street known as Dock. Not being readily recognized as a street the South Water Street end was frequently blocked by carriages and wagons parked there. Somehow there was a way out of this dilemma, thought Mr. Cormie. The answer came when he lacked a piece of iron in his shop.

Over on South Water Street there was another blacksmith shop located where Hardy's Paint Shop is now. It was run by a smithy known by the very Nantucket name of Andrew Swain. Mr. Cormie went over to ask Mr. Swain for the loan of a piece of iron. During the conversation which ensued, Mr. Swain asked Aquila if he would like to buy out his business.

"How much do you want for it?" asked Mr. Cormie.

"One thousand dollars," answered Andrew.

"I'll take it," was Aquila's quick decision.

The next day things did not look quite so bright. Mr. Swain came to say his wife refused to allow him to sell. This seemed to be quite an impasse. Suddenly Mr. Swain saw an answer to the problem.

"Perhaps my wife won't let me sell," said Mr. Swain, "but she can't stop me from leasing the business."

The upshot of the whole thing was that Mr. Cormie acquired Blacksmith Swain's business on a lease basis at $100 a year, the lease to run for five years.

The lease was signed in 1911 and due to expire in 1916. The lease had two years to run when Mr. Swain appeared at the shop and said now he was ready and eager to sell. But now he wanted $1,500.

"That's all right with me," said Mr. Cormie and the sale was consummated.

The first thing Mr. Cormie did on acquiring title to the business and land, was to put it through the Land Court. He Land Courted the property right down to the water.

In back of his shop were two structures, neight very handsome. One was a hen house and the other a pig pen. That certainly needed improving and Mr. Cormie looked around for possible ideas. In the meantime the Town laid out Easy Street and Mr. Cormie was paid $300 for the right to go through his land.

It was shortly after the road was laid out that Mr. Cormie bought a barn. It was located between Miss Wood's real estate office and the Atheneum. Mr. Cormie bought it and had it moved to the rear of his shop. It was sold shortly after that and today it stands as a beautiful house overlooking the harbor and steamboat wharf. The buyer of the barn finally bought Mr. Cormie out and he took his blacksmith shop back to Parker's old stand on Dock Street.

During his stay on South Water Street, the bars were lowered on the admission of automobiles to the island and Mr. Cormie took advantage of it by being the first person to install a Bowser gasoline pump on the curb to supply the new "horseless carriages". He also put in a showroom and office in the front of his shop and offered tires for sale. In the rear of his shop he put up a sort of repair shop.

Mr. Cormie's blacksmith business had also improved greatly. He had four men working for him, one of whom was one Fred Heighton. Fred was an expert horseshoer and he and Aquila got along well together. Augmenting the horseshoeing was work for the quahog fleet which had come into Nantucket harbor.

"This fleet of boats gave us a lot of work," remembered Mr. Cormie. "We were kept busy making and repairing quahog dredges. It is very pleasant to remember that some of our work was contracted for by boats using New Bedford as a harbor."

Back at Dock Street with Fred Heighton the blacksmith shop flourished. But Aquila received a blow in 1930 that hurt him badly. He lost his wife. He just couldn't stay around with his sorrow so, by mutual agreement, Fred Heighton consented to run the business for Aquila.

In 1932, Mr. Cormie bought a farm, which had a small blacksmith shop on it, back in Muncton, New Brunswick. He kept the farm for four years. He probably would still be there if his good friend, Fred Heighton, had not shown up one day and asked him to come back. That's all the inducement Mr. Cormie needed and he sold his farm at auction and returned to Nantucket. He arrived on the island in 1937.

It was while he was on a train in New Brunswick in 1931 going to see his parents for Christmas that Mr. Cormie met a young lady who intrigued him very much. It must has been a fast and furious courtship for they were married the following year.

Back at the old stand on Dock Street in 1937, Mr. Cormie was still not satisfied with the location. To remedy the situation, he acquired the shop on Straight Wharf in 1938 where he remained until his recent retirement.

"Yes," mused Mr. Cormie, as the interview came to a close, "I've had a good life and it is pleasant to look back at the men whom I worked with and remember their great help to me. Without them life would have been very shallow."

Now, after shoeing horses on Nantucket for a good many years and making many of the first wrought iron railings for some of the homes on Nantucket, Mr. Cormie and his wife are now taking residence in Tangerine. Florida. But this does not mean they will forget the Island.

"We'll be back for visits in the future. Many times, we hope." And Mr. Cormie went back to his packing for the latest chapter in his very interesting life.

Irv. Stanley

(The photograph accompanying this article is reproduced through the courtesy of The Four Winds Gift Shop.)

ING SCRIPT

er to Above Prices

ll items on one order

The Sea Engagement Off Nantucket 100 Years Ago Today.

[Continued from First Page]

up, boarding nettings were set up above the bulwarks, and one 12-pounder was shotted with a bag of musket balls. This gun later did fearful execution, sinking one of the attacking boats containing 43 men, but two of whom were rescued.

Accounts differ materially regarding the details of the fight, but all agree that it was short, fierce and sanguinary, and all concur as to the result. The attacking force consisted of five barges containing 120 men including officers, in charge of First Lieutenant Hawkins.

At about nine o'clock p. m. the sound of oars was heard, and, it being so dark, that the position of the boats could not be distinguished, guns were fired hoping for a return fire, but the ruse was not successful. Soon after, the barges made the attack, one at each side, one on each bow and one at the stern. A portion of those at the bows succeeded in gaining the deck, but Capt. Ordronaux and two or three men fired one of the main deck guns, loaded with canister and bags of musket balls, into their midst, killing many and driving the rest overboard. At the close of the fight it was found that one barge was sunk and only two men saved out of the forty-three that started in it, three boats drifted away with no living soul in them apparently, the fifth was captured with its officers and crew who survived. Total loss of the attacking party, 33 killed, 37 wounded, 30 prisoners, 11 missing. Of the crew of the Neufchatel but 8 remained fit for duty. 6 had been killed, and 15 severely wounded. Besides these Hilburn, the pilot, from Nantucket, after being several times wounded, was finally killed at the helm.

So weakened was the force on the Neufchatel, that they were obliged, after removing the arms and oars from the barge, to keep fifteen of the prisoners in it, astern, all night. To parole and land their prisoners in the morning was a difficult task. A sail was hung abaft the main hatches to conceal the quarter deck, and two boys were kept there, one drumming and one fifing, and both tramping heavily on deck, to give the prisoners to think a strong force was there, while five or six men manned the launch. In this way sixty-seven prisoners were carried ashore on Nantucket and delivered to the United States Marshall. Capt. Ordronaux also landed many of his own wounded. Five or six prisoners were paroled and kept on the Neufchatel to assist in navigating her to Boston.

The Boston Daily Advertiser of October 15th, 1814, contained the following account of and statements incident to the engagement, and as much of it is compiled from the log of the privateer and interviews with survivors, it is presumably authentic and reliable if not so elaborate as might be desired:

"Port of Boston, Saturday, October 15th. Arrived, this morning, privateer brig Prince of Neufchatel, Ordronaux, of New York, of 311 tons, 14 guns, from a cruise, the particulars of which follow: Sailed from Cherbourg, 4th July. * * * * Made in all 15 captures, many in British and Irish Channels; burnt and scuttled most of them. Among others, Sept. 6th, captured ship Douglass, of and for Liverpool, from Demarara, cargo rum, sugar, cotton and coffee, 420 tons, in latitude 41½, longitiude 45 degrees. Kept company with the Douglass; made Nantucket 9th inst., in company. On the 11th (this we presume is taken from her log, which will explain the apparent discrepancy of dates, as the afternoon of October 10th would be the 11th, sea-account.) Nantucket bearing N. about a quarter mile distant, discovered a frigate off Gay Head, which gave chase and came up with a fresh breeze while we were becalmed. At 3 p. m., we took the breeze and took the Douglass in tow, the frigate then about 4 leagues from us. At sunset it died away calm. At 7 p. m., was obliged to come to anchor; and supposing the frigate would send her boats to attempt to capture us, prepared accordingly. At 8 p. m., signal was made from the prize that the boats were coming; soon after, discovered them, five in number, and in a few minutes, they were alongside. The action commenced and continued for about twenty minutes, when the enemy were repulsed in every attempt to board, and obliged to surrender.

"When the launches and barges left the frigate, they had on board 104 souls, including officers. One launch having on board 48 men, was sunk and only 2 men saved; one which had 36 men on board at the commencement of the action, was taken possession of—she had 8 men killed, 20 wounded, and 8 unhurt; the other three drifted from alongside the brig, with the current, without a man to be seen in them (supposed they must have been killed or wounded.) We had not a boat to go after them, and had only 8 men left, not killed or wounded. (!)

"The barges and launches were from the Endymion frigate. Kept the launch with the prisoners alongside all night, not daring to let them come on board, as we had only 8 men left for duty. In the morning, permitted Mr. F. Ormond, 2d Lieut., 3 Midshipmen and 1 Master's Mate to come on board, and after they had signed a parole, pledging their honor for themselves and the rest of the prisoners (25 seamen and marines) that they would not serve against the U. S. during the war until regularly exchanged, sent them ashore at Nantucket, not knowing the situation of the place with the British. At the commencement of the action, the Prince of Neufchatel had 38 men at quarters (and had 37 prisoners on board) of which 6 were killed, 15 severely wounded, 6 slightly, and 8 unhurt. The next day sent 17 prisoners on shore and put them in the hands of the Marshal and also sent on shore all our severely wounded men.

"Left Holmes' Hole yesterday, and saw our prize ship Douglass off the East end of Nantucket, apparently ashore—saw the Edymion also at anchor in Tarpaulin Cove. She had sent a boat to Nantucket to inquire what had become of her barges and men.

"Saw nothing in the Bay.

"The Prince of Neufchatel has brought in 20 prisoners, and a full cargo of goods, consisting of 140 bales, 164 boxes and 156 trunks of dry goods, 23 casks and 174 boxes sweet oil, and a quantity of coffee, rum, and a variety of other articles too numerous to mention.

E. C. H. B.

"Sunday, Oct. 16th. The dead on board, nine in number, were brought ashore and buried.

"Tuesday, Oct. 18th. By a gentleman who left Nantucket on Friday afternoon, we learn that in the action between the Prince of Neufchatel and the barges of the Endymion frigate, the British lost, as near as could be ascertained, 33 killed, 37 wounded, and 30 prisoners; that the 1st lieutenant of the Endymion frigate and one master's mate were killed; that the 3d lieut., two master's mates and one midshipman were wounded; and that Capt. Hope stated that he had lost as many men as if he had been engaged with a frigate of equal force to his own. The gentleman also states that the Douglass was run ashore on the East end of Nantucket, the prize-master having received the incorrect information that a number of barges were coming to take her; that her cargo consisted of 421 hhds., 2 tierces and 1 bbl. Sugar, 190 puncheons Rum, 6 hhds. Molasses, 254 bales Cotton, 412 bags Coffee, 3 bags Ginger, and 28 logs of Mahogany; and that about one half of the cargo has been landed and stored."

Maclay's History of American Privateers devotes a number of pages to a graphic account of this battle, of which it says:

"It was a desperate and bloody strugle in which men fought like wild beasts and grappled with each other in deadly embrace. Knives, pistols, cutlasses, marlinspikes, belaying pins—anything that would deal effective blows—were in requisition, while even bare fists came into play. Captain Ordronaux himself fired some eighty shots at the enemy. Springing up the sides of the vessel, the British would endeavor to gain her deck, but every attempt was met with deadly blows by the sturdy defenders of the craft. A few of the British succeeded in gaining the decks and took the Americans in the rear, but the latter promptly turned on the enemy and dispatched them.

It was well understood by the crew of the privateer that Capt. Ordronaux had avowed his determination of never being taken alive by the British, and that he would blow up his ship with all hands before striking his colors. At one period of the fight when the British had gained the deck and were gradually driving the Americans back, Ordronaux seized a lighted match, ran to the companion way, directly over the magazine and called out to his men that he would blow the ship up if they retreated further. The threat had the desired effect. The Americans rallied for a final effort, overpowered the enemy and drove the few survivors into their boats."

On his arrival in Boston October 15th, Capt. Ordronaux retired from the command of the Prince de Neufchatel, of which he became part owner. His first officer in the fight off Nantucket succeeded to the command, after promising never to surrender the craft. Her subsequent history as an American privateer is briefly told. After refitting at Boston, she evaded the vigilance of the blockading fleet off that port and got to sea December 21st. On the fifth day out she encountered a terrific storm which lasted several days and seriously crippled her. In her disabled condition she was sighted and captured by Sir George Collier's squadron, in search for the Constitution, which had eluded them off Boston.

While the engagement lasted only about half an hour the noise of the firing was plainly audible and the flashes of the guns visible to the people of the town. The first-lieutenant of the Endymion, who commanded the expedition, was among the slain with several subordinate officers. The frigate having lost fully one-third of her fighting force in this disastrous affair, stood westward, and went into Tarpaulin Cove, where she remained several days.

The Endymion was a forty-gun frigate, with a broadside of twenty-fours, and, notwithstanding her severe losses, had quite men enough left to work her batteries. Three months later, January 15th, 1815, she sustained a desperate fight with the frigate President, Com. Decatur off Sandy Hook. She got the worst of it, the President being a heavier ship, and probably, would have been obliged to strike her flag, but for the arrival of her consorts, when the President was captured and both ships sent to Bermuda. Before reaching that port, both were dismasted in a gale, and the Endymion came near foundering, being obliged to throw overboard all her upper-deck guns.

Charles J. Hilburn, the pilot from Nantucket, who was killed on board the Prince de Neufchatel, was about 36 years of age and left a widow and several children. That more Nantucket men were not engaged in the affair was due to failure of negotiations involving a few dollars. The late William H. Macy, in an interesting account of the fight published in The Inquirer and Mirror, January 4, 1873, says:

"An old ship-master, who is still hale and vigorous, with his recollection clear, tells us that he, with other young men, went on board the Neufchatel to carry a pilot, but found she already had one on board (Mr. Hilburn, as before mentioned, whom she had taken out of some vessel.) He says that he and others tried to make a bargain to go to Boston in the privateer, but asked twenty-five dollars for their services, while the captain offered only fifteen. He was informed that the Neufchatel had then only 42 men belonging to her, on board, while there were 40 prisoners to be taken care of. These prisoners were at large, but when the British boats were discovered coming to attack, they were all confined. At the request of the Captain, the boat in which our informant left the privateer, hooked on ahead of the Douglass, and towed her for some time, but afterwards let go and came ashore, shortly before the fight began, and while the British boats were approaching."

The Captain of the Neufchatel is described as a very short man; in fact, dwarfish and uncouth in his appearance. He was a Frenchman. The first-lieutenant was a Swede, and there were several languages employed among her motley crew. But of whatever nationality they may have been, it is evident that there was plenty of fight in them, and the master-spirit who commanded them must have been a man of indomitable nerve and pluck.

The wounded are said to have been landed at Sesachacha, then a village of thirty or forty houses, where some of the more severely injured died, while those who were able to bear it were brought to town. A correspondent of The Inquirer and Mirror forty years ago and more, giving his recollections of the affair, says:

"I was 16 years old at that time. The next morning the privateer was still at anchor with a barge astern, and the stripes and stars flying. In the course of the day the wounded men were landed and brought to town. I saw five or six in one cart, not able to stand up, but were seated on the floor of the ambulance. I looked in and saw the blood of these poor fellows oozing from their wounds. They were carried to Dixon's by direction of the Collector of Customs, Daniel Coffin. I suppose the Collector to have been the Marshal spoken of in the Mirror."

As before stated, the Douglass got under way after the fight and stood to the eastward, but was eventually run ashore at the east end of the island and wrecked. Regarding her the same correspondent continues:

"Now for the Douglass, ashore on the island. I was on board of her the next day. She was beached about half way between the village of Sesachacha, and the pond of that name. How she got so near the shore loaded I don't know. The spare spars reached the dry beach from the ship's gang-

way. The ship was upright, with plenty of men discharging cargo, which the first day was landed dry. An easterly wind set in when about half the cargo was out, and the ship heeled off. This put an end to landing cargo. The most of the inhabitants helped themselves to sugar and other cargo laying on the shore, under the motto that it was all privateering."

The foregoing account, compiled at request of The Inquirer and Mirror upon rather brief notice, has been prepared under conditions which found the writer handicapped not only for time, but by the pressure of otherwise engrossing duties, which is his apology for resorting to somewhat copious excerpts from the writings of others, as well as for any defects and shortcomings in his own. Though agitating the subject through The Inquirer and Mirror some weeks ago, it was his desire and, until a day or two since, his expectation that some pen other than his would chronicle for this anniversary number of the Inquirer and Mirror the story of the only instance in the history of our peaceful island when war, in all its grim reality and horror, was brought to its very shores one hundred years ago.

Arthur H. Gardner.

[Correspondence of The Evening Post.]

A NANTUCKET INCIDENT.

WHALE-FISHING AT HOME—THE CHASE OF LAST APRIL—OLD WHALERS AT WORK—GOING AFTER A BOUYED WHALE—CUTTING UP AND TRYING OUT.

1887

NANTUKET, Mass.

The summer visitor at Nantucket this season has a new fund of entertainment in listening to the story of the unprecedented catch of whales off the western end of the island in April last. There were five, some say six, of the cetaceans captured by Capt. Clisby and his crew of Tuckernuckers. I heard a pretty graphic story of the affair from an old summer resident who, as good luck would have it, was on the island at the time. "On a Monday morning in April," he told me, "it was the 19th, to be exact, the Arcadian quiet of Nantucket out of season was broken. A whale-boat with five sturdy rowers on thwarts and Capt. Clisby of the whale schooner *Era*, of New London, at the steering oar, shot round the jetty at the mouth of the harbor, and in a few moments drew along-side the barnacled timbers of Macy's wharf. The Captain betook himself to an outfitter's shop, the men stopped to talk with old cronies on the street corners, and in a few moments, without the intervention of Billy, the town crier, all Nantucket knew that Capt. Clisby and his crew had taken a whale the Saturday before off Tuckernuck. The monster was expected to rise that day, and the crew were now after the necessary 'gear' to take off the blubber and try it out. The news met me as I came out from breakfast at 7.30 A. M., and I hurried down to the wharf to investigate. Half-a-dozen men were loading into a cart an iron trying pot, whose size I can best indicate by saying that it held 180 gallons and weighed 600 pounds. Two others were coiling in the street about fifty fathoms of rope that was being slowly paid out from the dim recesses of Macy's ship store, while as many more were rolling to the head of the wharf huge casks; holding seven barrels each, whose pickled staves and huge heads gummed with oil told more than one voyage round to the Pacific.

"I had made a study of the off-shore whaling as prosecuted on the eastern end of Long Island. I had enjoyed the personal acquaintance of Capt. Edwards, Capt. Downing, and other veterans of the chase in that cradle of the whale fishery, but I had never yet had an opportunity of seeing the landing and trying-out of a whale; hence I determined to witness the one in hand. Capt. Clisby, a clear-eyed, wiry, stout Nantucketer of perhaps thirty-five, told me he intended to land the whale on the north beach of Tuckernuck, a large island lying to the northward of Nantucket, and I readily gained permission to accompany the party going out to Tuckernuck to transport the casks and other appliances. So after the try-pot, the four casks, the coil of rope, two lances, two harpoons, several spades, a mincing-knife, a boarding-knife, and a huge iron skimmer has been loaded on the little *Vesta* (which visitors to Nantucket will recognize as one of the fastest of the fleet of pleasure boats belonging to the town), we began beating down the harbor, and were soon at sea. The 'crew' comprised Capt. Jernegan and mate Horace Cash, both old whalemen of a score of voyages, and I was sole passenger. Away to the westward nine miles the island of Tuckernuck, our destination, rose dimly out of the haze. It was not exactly a contrary wind that befell the *Vesta* once outside the harbor, but no wind at all—a dead calm. She lay for an hour under the windows of Eastman Johnson's cottage, 'like a painted ship upon a painted ocean.' The 19th day of April will be remembered at Nantucket as a July day for heat and calm. By and by, lying helpless, we saw the whale-boat shoot out beyond the jetty and come up at a spanking rate, the oars rising and falling with the precision of a man-of-war boat. It reached us just as a light breeze sprang up from the westward, the men hove a line aboard, and the *Vesta* took the lighter boat in tow, part of the crew clambering on board her, and part remaining in their own boat. Capt. Clisby was among the former, which gave the passenger an opportunity to inquire about the taking of the whale.

Capt. Clisby was inclined to speak modestly of his exploits. 'We first sighted a whale off Tuckernuck,' he began, 'last Tuesday morning. I was visiting my mate, George Coffin, on Tuckernuck at the time, and that morning about seven he came running in with news that whales were blowing off the the island. Sure enough, there they were, beauties, showing heads and flukes in the surf and spouting columns of water in the air. Of course, there was a little flurry. We hurried together our 'scratch' crew —there was but one whaleman in the lot except Coffin and me—and put to sea without a compass on board or a bite of anything to eat. I took the steering oar, and Coffin stood in the bow with the harpoon. Soon we drew up to a sixty-barrel whale, and Coffin buried his iron deep. At once the brute shot forward like a rocket, towing the boat so swiftly that the water rose up on either side of her like a wall. These spurts lasted perhaps for half a mile, when he would stop and sulk a while, then start off again. Those stops we improved by getting nearer him in order to use the lance. I was now in the bow with my lance poised, having exchanged with Coffin as soon as he struck. "It needs skill and caution as well as nerve to approach a whale in this condition. If you get a little too far on either side he will see you. If you get directly in his wake he knows it by some means, we cannot tell how, and sounds at once. You must come up quartering to get within lancing distance. By and by we were so near that I thought it best to strike, though the boat was not where an experienced crew would have put her, and as I struck the men backed water so quickly that the lance was left in the wound. It stayed there an hour and a half before the old fellow quieted down so we could strike again. The last blow touched the life; he spouted blood in torrents, stood up on his head and fairly shrieked, and lashed the sea till foam and spray deluged us from stem to stern. Then off he went, heading seaward. We followed for hours, expecting the death flurry every minute, but by and by, night coming on, we were forced to cut the line and let him go. We were in a nice position then, twenty miles from land, in our one open boat; fog so thick you could cut it; darkness only a few hours distant; with nothing to eat, and faint from having eaten nothing since morning. We discovered, too, that we had no compass, and the only way we could tell where the land lay was by the surges rolling in; however, we followed them, and at 7.30 landed at Muskeget, close by the life-saving station, where we spent the night.

" 'Last Saturday morning, four days later, we raised another school of whales, and put out better equipped and with a better crew, struck a whale, and in fifteen minutes he was lying dead on the bottom in eleven fathoms of water. We marked it by tying a buoy to the harpoon line with a red flag upon it, and secured it with an anchor attached to the same, then took our bearings and rowed in. A whale rises to the surface when his gall-sac busts, which occurs in from forty-eight to seventy-two hours. Ours was killed Saturday morning, so he ought to come to the surface some time to-day.'

'Odd about whales sinking,' said Capt. Jernegan. 'I've known whales to sink that never rose. A whale that sounds in two hundred fathoms is apt to stay down. I remember once on the coast of Chili we lost nine whales in three days in this way. Estimating a whale at eighty barrels, we sunk on that coast twenty-two hundred barrels for the two hundred we stowed in the hold. Four thousand fathoms of good rope and our irons went with 'em too.'

"By this time the *Vesta* was off Maddequet Harbor, taking short tacks in the narrow, intricate channel that winds among the shoals in that part of Nantucket Sound. She was only a light pleasure craft, but she required a skillful pilot to take her among those shoals, some of which were bare at low water, though miles from land. From this point we looked out over "the Rip" (the narrow channel dividing Tuckernuck from the western end of Nantucket), into the open Atlantic. There was a thundering surf pounding on the bar and covering it with foam. A sailboat came speeding down the passage, doubling and twisting with the channel, its white wings sparkling in the sun. Mate Coffin seized the glass. 'I believe it's Uncle Dunham,' said he, 'and he acts as if he wanted to speak to us.' Sure enough, when the boat came up, its master, a tall, spare man, leaned over the gunwale and shouted through his hands: "Whale up at six o'clock this morning; dragged anchor and drifted in two miles; lies just outside the Rip.' 'Who's watching him?' shouted Coffin in reply. 'The whaleboat's out there,' was the reply, and the little boat drew away towards Tuckernuck, leading us and coming to anchor with us about three o'clock near the beach. The men will not go out after the whale until the tide gets to eastward, that is, begins to come in from the sea, when it will help float the leviathan in; so they have ample time to unload the *Vesta's* cargo, the shallow water not allowing her to come close inshore. They do this in a novel manner, by throwing the casks overboard with a turn of rope around each, and so towing them ashore, while the try-pot is next fastened to the stern of a dory, hollow side up, and made to ride ashore on the waves like a duck. At four the daily mystery of the tide begins. The surf thunders more fiercely on the bar, the patches of sea-weed that have been pointing out to sea turn soundward, flecks of foam come in. In fifteen minutes, a boiling, eddying torrent is rushing like a mill-race through the passage into the sound. Then the boat goes out. The long oars rise and fall in a way that would charm a college crew. This is no boys' play, however. They head on right into the surf, rise and fall a few times with the breakers, and then ride easily on the long swell of the Atlantic. We see them join the other boat, which has been watching the prize, then both set their sails and begin towing it in.

"All goes well until they reach the bar; there the huge beast grounds, and the rear boat, to escape being swamped in the surf, cuts the line. Then both boats dash inside the beach, and the men run along the sand-hills to watch the whale. The rising tide carries it over the bar in twenty minutes, but before they can get into the boats and make fast to it, it has been whirled down nearly to Maddequet Harbor; but from there it is easy to tow it across and beach it on the south shore of Tuckernuck Island, and secure it by a stout line fastened to the flukes and then carried round a fish house standing on shore. When this was done the men went to their homes, and the visitor trudged off a mile over level, sterile, sheep pastures to the house of farmer Brooks, where he found a good supper and a clean bed with the unwonted luxury of woollen sheets awaiting him.

"Three o'clock next morning had been set as the hour of meeting to cut up the whale, but when the visitor reached the scene at five, the men had only begun to arrive. Capt. Clisby called it a whale of 35 barrels, a small specimen compared to one of 250, such as is sometimes caught, but to us it seemed a monster. It was nearly forty feet long, and as it lay on its side, fully six feet above the water, the latter being five feet deep, the fin or flipper, upright, proved to be as tall as a man when one stood up beside it. The Captain began operations by cutting with the spade a deep incision in the neck just forward of the fin, and continuing until he reached and unjointed the huge vertebrae as neatly as a surgeon could have done it. Then the lip of the head was taken off, exposing the upright row of whalebone lining the cavity of the mouth, with its hairy filaments, used by the whale in straining from the water the minute sea animals, called by the men "britt," on which he feeds. Meantime half-a-dozen men, under the guidance of Mate Coffin, using the whale boats as a staging, had attacked the body, cutting through the black, shiny skin and peeling off the blubber—which was about ten inches thick—in large square pieces. These were fastened together and towed ashore in readiness for the try-pot, which was set on an improvised fireplace of brick. The men worked busily, intending to strip the upper half of the whale that tide, and then at the next turn strip the other side.

"When the head and all the blubber that could be gotten at had been taken off, the process of trying-out began, the scraps being used as fuel, and continued till the last piece disappeared in the try-pot. 'What's she worth?' I asked Capt. Clisby, as we stood surveying the prize from the shore that morning. 'Well,' said he, 'there's six hundred pounds of bone, worth from two three to dollars a pound, and the thirty-five barrels of oil—well, say from sixteen to eighteen hundred dollars as she lies.'"

C. B. T.

Romance of American Industry —The Whalers.

1921

From The National Republican.

Bullen's popularity with readers of today is not greater than Herman Melville's was in his time. Sixty years ago "Moby Dick, or The White Whale," was the delight of boys from fourteen to forty and even their grandsires did not disdain to read it. Melville had made long cruises, he could tell a story well, and it was no fault of his—it was simply an instance of limitations that he was inferior to Cooper and Marryat. It would be ungenerous not to say that he might be inferior to them, and yet far superior to the average writer of fiction.

A scientist's triumph is in telling what the world has not so far known. The novelist may find something new, but he is more likely to make a success in combining and bringing out what thousands knew, and yet had not thought of using as the raw material of a book. All the features of life in the Tennessee mountains were familiar to multitudes who were startled at the power with which a brilliant woman told the tale. The banks of the Hudson seemed to burst out into a new existence after Irving had written. On our Atlantic coast the whaler antedated the Declaration of Independence, and many a barrel of oil had been filled before Melville sat down to write. History more forceful than his stories has been written by Davis in "The Nimrod of the Sea," by Starbuck in the annals of our whale fishery, by Scammon in his chronicle of the same great industry, and by Winthrop L. Marvin in "The American Merchant Marine."

Never can we afford to forget Roosevelt's observation, "The Indian is the oldest American of us all." If the paleface learned many a lesson in hunting from his red brother, he also learned that a whaleboat should borrow from the aboriginal canoe. Off Cape Cod and in the waters of Long Island whales often came, and the daring of the Indians in their light craft amazed the early settlers. John Smith enjoyed good whaling six years before the Mayflower crossed the ocean.

Blackstone mentions among old laws and usages the following: "A tenth branch of the king's ordinary revenue, said to be grounded on the consideration of his guarding and protecting the seas from pirates and robbers, is the right to royal fish, which are whale and sturgeon, and these, when either thrown ashore, or caught near the coast, are the property of the king, on account of their superior excellence. Indeed, our ancestors seem to have entertained a very high notion of the importance of this right; it being the prerogative of the kings of Denmark and the dukes of Normandy, and from one of these it was "probably derived to our princes." He also mentions what is stated in many ancient chronicles that the king was to have a sturgeon in its entirety; whereas "de balena vero sufficit, si rex habeat caput, et regina caudam" (of a whale it suffices if the king have the head and the queen the tail). The reason of this whimsical division as assigned by our ancient records, was to furnish the queen's wardrobe with whalebone: "The reason is more whimsical than the division; for the whalebone lies entirely in the head."

What a curious illustration of old usages reappearing in a new land follows. The worthy settlers of Eastham, a Cape Cod town, may not have had enough whales to warrant loading a vessel for his majesty, Charles the Second, but in 1662 they voted that a part of every whale cast ashore could be appropriated to the support of the ministry. Before the seventeenth century had run its course Cape Cod was celebrated as a region for expert whalers, and Nantucket had sent thither for Ichabod Paddock to come to the island as an instructor. He was a good one, for the industry grew apace. By some, colonial shipping was deemed a benefit to the mother country, while others watched it with jealous eyes.

What Burke Said.

The famous speech of Burke in 1775 was justified by the facts. He said of the colonial whalers: "Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than cold. While some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries, no climate that is not a witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dextrous and firm sagacity of English enterprise ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people—a people who are still, as it were, in the gristle and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood."

Often as these words have been quoted they are yet regarded by some Americans as illustrative of Burke's imagination. Burke certainly had imagination but he drew it from facts. If he saw a barrel of oil, a greasy jacket and a ship's log book he could fancy that he was on deck looking at the boats and watching the whale's furious plunge into the depths of the sea. Maps, reports, columns of figures, acts of Parliament, did not merely instruct Burke, they drove him mad with poetic enthusiasm. We have had nearly a century and a half since the Declaration of Independence, we have the Bancroft to write our history, we have had Webster to speak of colonial glory, we have had our poets and artists, but no one has set forth our colonial achievement, no one has so brilliantly painted our future as the marvelous Burke. There was not a man on a Bay State fishing boat who did not know that Burke's language was literally true, yet the

men who made these cruises did not know what feats they had performed until Burke told them.

Nantucket Whalers.

Suppose that we had had a man of Burke's eloquence to recount the pathos of the Revolution. John Adams wrote home that whenever the British took an American vessel, they searched for whalemen and forced them to enter the British whale fishery or to go on board the men-of-war. Seventeen whalers under the British flag were officered and manned entirely by Americans. Mr. Adams would not have said this had he not believed it. Still he was an impetuous person.

It occurs to some of us that if any of these whalers had had a John Barry, or an Edward Preble on board she might have made a speedy flight and reached a neutral port. At all events the Nantucket whaling industry of 1783 reported a loss of more than one million dollars, as compared with the valuation of 1775. Of 150 vessels 134 had been taken. In 800 Nantucket families there were 202 widows and 342 orphans. Had Burke read the logs of the captured ships, had he conversed with a few of the bereaved, had he walked along shores of Nantucket and seen the homes in which husbands and fathers were mourned there would have been a narrative like unto the saddest pakes in Thucydides. To Burke the disasters on the coast of Nantucket would have been what the sorrows of Athens were to the mighty Greek.

Hardly was the Revolution over before Nantucket was trying to re-establish herself on the sea, and in the year of George Washington's inauguration Nantucket whalers cruised profitably off Madagascar. Before Washington's first term was over six Nantucket whalers had entered the Pacific. The intelligence of the crews was remarkable, and every man had a share in the profits.

New Bedford, Dartmouth, Mattapoisett, Marion and Falmouth were noted as whaling posts. Nova Scotia managed by liberal bounties to win some of the New England whalers, and even larger bounties tempted some to enter the British service. Marvin says: "The Enderly Brothers, the famous whaling firm of London, and the only English house which seems to have been able to maintain itself in the hunt for the mighty cachalot, made a practice of engaging expert Nantucket whalemen for each English ship which they sent out."

Again came war with Great Britain, and Nantucket, beginning the contest with forty-six deep sea whalers, had twenty-three in 1815. On the other hand, the American frigate Essex dashed into the Pacific and cut up the British whale fishery until the underwriters went into convulsions. Porter's favorite midshipman, Farragut, said that some of the British whalers surrendered with little show of fight because more than half the crews were impressed Americans, glad to be again under their own flag.

Once more came peace, and the whaling industry grew apace. Here were daring cruises off Japan. In 1849 Charles Enderly, at a London banquet, said that the United States had 596 whalers with a tonnage of 190,000 and 18,000 seamen, while Great Britain had only fourteen whalers afloat. In the late forties it was reckoned that our whale fishery, counting the allied industries, furnished support to seventy thousand persons. Daring, skill, perseverence, and a love of speculation showed in the men who loved this hazardous calling.

Off the Cape of Good Hope, along the shores of Patagonia, around the Azores, on the coast of Greenland, wherever there was a chance of striking oil the whalers made their way. Fearful stories are told of fights with angry whales, of boats that drifted beyond recall, of wrecks, and of castaways on islands tenanted by savages. Sometimes there were mutinies, and later came the days of the Alabama and her consorts, supplemented by costly war insurance. In the terrible ice jam of 1871 New Bedford lost a million dollars. In 1876 we had twenty whalers in the Arctic seas, and only eight came back.

While the decline of the whale fishery is generally attributed to the discovery of the oil wells, experts lay stress on the growing scarcity of whalers and the increased cost of equipping and maintaining vessels. In 1790 it cost twelve thousand dollars or less to equip a vessel with a capacity of 1,900 barrels of oil for a two years' cruise in the Pacific.

By 1858 a good ship could not be got ready for less than sixty thousand dollars. As the profits were less probable the old-time New England seaman was less easily obtained, and the morale of the crews declined. The decline of the industry after the Civil War is melancholy reading; still it would be fiction, not history, to write without mentioning, that in some ways we have gone backward rather than forward. Men whose grandfathers were in the whale ships are now on western farms or in New England factories. Still the memory of the deftness and daring of our countrymen on their perilous cruises will last as long as the stories of Paul Jones off the British coast or of David Porter in the Pacific islands.

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Nevins Tells Some True "Whaling" Yarns. 1912

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

You certainly should feel proud of your souvenir number. Everybody else does, and they treasure it, as well they might.

I notice Macy discovered an error. You can't beat him. And I've been waiting for your issue of the 21st, to see if someone hadn't discovered an "omission" in your "Last Whales" stories. I notice that no one has said anything about it, and for a time I have wondered if I dreamed that there was another whale tried out at the wharf around '70. Then I thought of an incident in connection with it that seems to have settled all doubts.

No, sir, I couldn't forget that whale if I tried. Alex. Dunham and "Stee Rey" (Stephen Reyes) towed him in. He was stripped of his blubber by Captain Obed Swain and crew, on board the bark Amy, which lay in the slip between Perry's coal T and the outer T of the wharf. The bark was headed to the westward, and the whale lay between the vessel and the wharf. I have a picture somewhere, I am sure, of the whale and Captain Obed as he stood on the planks over the port side, with a rope about his waist, whale-spear in hand. Tom Nickerson, whom, I think, is still living was at work with a whale-spade on the carcass.

I was very young and it was my first experience as a truant. In fact, I didn't go home to dinner, but sat on the cap-log of the wharf until the men returned from their noon-day meal. I asked Nickerson, who knew who I was, to give me some whale-scraps, as I had seen the larger boys, who lived under the bank, eating some the night before. He gave me three, each about the size of an average man's hand. I ate one and was saving the other two for the morning, to take to school; but here an error of judgment crept in which threw my plans all askew and created a scene which is indelibly fixed in my memory.

I don't know that I carry any scars of that affair, and if I did 'twould be extremely difficult to single them out from the many that I possess from the same source. At all events, my sainted mother put me to bed on the night in question, and all would have been well if I hadn't asked her to hand me my pants, as she was about to leave (being afraid someone might discover my delicacies). There was an argument about the request, but she finally lifted them from the chair, intending to hand them to me.

They were heavy, no doubt, for, setting the little brass lamp down, she quickly put her hand into the pocket and more quickly withdrew it, at the same time issuing a "hurry call" to my father, who was asleep, after supper, on the kitchen couch. I've often thought it was a shame that he didn't have eight flights to climb instead of one. There might have been some chance of his being winded. As it was, he was in perfect trim, and he rushed into the room. My mother threw him my pants and he emptied the contents of both pockets on the floor (expecting, evidently, to discover tobacco).

And such a sight! The oil from the scraps had saturated the pockets, coming through to the outer surface. My mother was too disgusted to do anything except stand guard at the closed door. My father had his boots off and his whip was out in the barn, which seemed to be his chief lament as he chased me over and under the beds, occasionally "landing." Do you wonder, Mr. Editor, that this whale seems fresh in my memory?

When I read your "last whales" stories, I looked for an account of the one tried out aboard the Amy, and when I didn't discover it, I tried to convince myself that the one tried out on board the Abbie Bradford was the one. But this couldn't be so, as the Abbie lay at the extreme upper end of Straight wharf, on the south side.

Ten years later, surely, while I was an apprentice in The Inquirer and Mirror office, about 4 o'clock one stormy afternoon, while Clark was looking for the steamer, he reported a vessel bottom up near the Cross Rip lightship. On account of the storm early in the day, the steamer did not return. The report of the overturned vessel spread rapidly, and as soon as our day's work was over (6 o'clock), Herbert Parker, also of the Mirror office, and myself, ran down to Steamboat wharf. There were several boatmen in the vicinity of Captain Adams' boat house, but, as night was fast approaching, and the weather looked bad, no one made any attempt to go out in the sound.

Herbert was part owner of the whale-boat "Wonoma," Capt. Wallace Brown, and we soon had five boys together, ready to go. Everett Swain was one, but I cannot recall the other two. Capt. "Johnny" Freeman steered us. It started to rain before we reached Brant point, and by the time we crossed the bar we were drenched. Soon after we lost sight of the bug light over near Burgess' Pines, and Brant point light was getting more dim with each stroke of the oars. The lightship was showing up nicely over our right shoulders.

When about a mile and a half to the eastward of the lightship, we came up with the object of our search. We lay on our oars for a minute—the first time since leaving the wharf—but in the darkness could not make out just what we had found, as it rose and fell in the long easterly sea. Finally we rowed around to the leeward of it, and the odor settled all doubt. 'Twas a whale that has been killed, had gone to the bottom, and had arisen to the surface. His tongue was "blasted," and rose high and large above the top of the carcass.

We soon rowed out from under his lee, and Capt. "Johnny" suggested we lay by until morning, when we might secure some rope from the lightship and tow him in. There was danger of a mutiny right away, and our captain decided to abandon our find and start for home. We were

without food or water, and our strength was about gone, with fully twelve miles of water to cover.

We arrived at the wharf at midnight. During the early morning a breeze sprang up from the northwest and drove the carcass ashore at Capaum pond, where George Robinson secured it. He sold it, as it lay upon the beach, to Cape Cod parties, who towed it to Chatham. It was reported, and, in fact, it was published in the Barnstable Patriot, and copied in the Mirror, that a small quantity of a substance resembling ambergris was found in the process of trying out the carcass, which was sold to New York parties for $3800. Maybe we weren't sick when we saw those figures.

I haven't been in 'Sconset for more than twenty-five years. I read every line of the 'Sconset story, however, and am not surprised at the changes and the growth of the village. It is as near being a perfect watering place as any I have ever seen or heard of.

S. J. Nevins.

Brookline, Dec. 23.

"The Path Along The Bluff"—An Unusual Island Trust.

By Edouard A. Stackpole.

The recent revival of questions relevant to the legal lay-out of the "Path Along the Bluff" has again brought attention of the public to this unusual and extensive foot-path which runs between Sankaty Head and the village of 'Sconset.

Situated as it is at the top of the bluff, always commanding intriguing glimpses of the sea and the heathland on either side, the "Path" curves and dips as its follows the conformation of the bluff, and provides an entirely unique opportunity for a stroll to and from the famed lighthouse at Sankaty.

Undoubtedly, the most unusual feature of this way is that it is public (being owned by the Town) and yet that it leads directly across the front yards of all those owning property fronting on the bluff. Twenty years ago there was an attempt by one property owner to close that section of the path running through her front lawn, but a decision rendered by the late Judge Davis of the Land Court upheld the Town's contention that the "Path" was a public way.

The owners of the adjacent fronting property have, in most cases, had their grounds landscaped, so that the stroller apparently is walking on and across a series of front lawns and gardens, with only a gap in the hedges to locate the actual "Path." In other instances, the Path winds through natural terrain and thickets and in one case wanders through a thicket of Scotch broom. For at least half its mile-length, however, the adjoining property owners have actually maintained the Path for public use.

But the fact that it does lead into and across private property has not created a nuisance to the owners of the residences along the bluff. This result has been occasioned by a comparably simple fact, which is that those who take advantage of the opportunity to walk the mile-long Path are too deeply appreciative of the experience, and it is rare, indeed, that private property is not respected.

* * * * *

The story of the origin of the "Path Along the Bluff" is interesting from both the legal and esthetic viewpoints. It began three quarters of a century ago, when a summer resident of Nantucket, William J. Flagg, decided to invest in a real estate development at the east end of the island.

It was early in 1873 that Mr. Flagg obtained title to a large section of land between 'Sconset and Sankaty, in that portion of the island laid out by the original Proprietors as "Plainfield", bordering on Sesachacha lots. Although the original title gave him ownership to the foot of the bluff, itself, the "Proprietors" reserved for themselves the beach land from the foot of the bluff to mean high water.

At the same time, or soon after, Mr. Flagg acquired other land at the east end and made plans for dividing the section into house lots. He was careful, however, to run the easterly boundary of these lots at what he no doubt considered a safe distance from the edge of the bluff.

The "Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Land," controlling as they did the outlying land on the island, were petitioned in July, 1883, by Mr. Flagg for another set-off. The petition requested the Proprietors to:

"....set off to him (Flagg) by metes and bounds, all the common land lying eastward in the Plainfield division, and by the Atlantic house. Also, all lying between these lines and the lines of Squam division, except the Pond."

The Proprietors duly convened to consider this petition, but it was some months later—Dec. 8, 1883—that they agreed to "set off the land to said Flagg" at the same time requesting him to "account said Proprietors with an equivalent of ten sheep commons;" also, "to secure to said Proprietors a roadway two rods wide, over and across those portions of land by him reserved as set forth in the quit claim deed from Flagg."

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This set-off by the Proprietors is entered in the Town records under date of Dec. 8, 1883, although it was decided upon three months previous. The grant reads:

"Pursuant to a vote of the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket, passed Sept. 26, 1883, we have this day set off to William J. Flagg, of the city and State of New York, as follows:

"All the common land lying Eastward of the east line of the Plainfield Division and of the extension of said line northward and between the extension eastward of the South line of said division of Plainfield on the South, and of the south line of the Squam division on the North, with the understanding said Flagg will reconvey a certain portion thereof to said Proprietors, to be held in trust by them."

This was signed by Andrew Myrick, William C. Folger and Allen Coffin as lot-layers.

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The "quit claim deed" referred to as given by Flagg is recorded in Book 68 of the Town's Registry records. It conveys the land requested by the Proprietors, with exceptions, as follows:

"First, all the land lying eastward of the land conveyed to me and Eliza Flagg, my wife, by deeds respectively of Frederick M. Pitman (see Book 62, Page 464), and James H. Wood (See Book 66, Page 498), and between the extension of the northern boundary line of the said land purchased of Pitman and the southern boundary line purchased of Wood.

"Second, all that tract of land lying eastward and between the extension of the northern and southern boundary lines of a certain tract of land conveyed by me and Eliza Flagg to William Ballantyne, by a deed recorded with the town records.

"The land hereby released to be forever held in trust by the said Proprietors and their successors for the *purpose of roadways and other public uses and purposes* and not to be granted or set off by them in severalty to any individual person or persons.

"And I also convey to said Proprietors a right-of-way two rods wide along the shore above the high water mark over and across the tracts of land hereinabove excepted and reserved, said right-of-way 2 rods wide being forever secured to said Proprietors notwithstanding any changes that may hereafter take place on the beach affecting the position of said line of high water mark."

There can be little doubt in the established purpose for the land that Flagg re-conveyed to the Proprietors, and which that corporate body agreed to guarantee.

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It was in the spring of 1892 that Mr. Flagg sold to a Mr. Heath the most northerly of the lots which he had laid out ten years before. It was then recorded for the first time that the easterly boundary was "a foot path along the top of the bank." This lot was later owned by the Grice family.

Mr. Flagg called his real estate development "Sankaty Heights." He was aware of one fact that has not been fully appreciated—that there had been in existence for many years (perhaps as long as 'Sconset had existed) a foot-path along the bluff-top, which was used by the villagers and by farmers and fishermen.

Sheep grazed here by the hundreds, sometimes straying down the bluff. Fishermen used the gullies from the village to 'Sachacha Pond to haul up their dories and their catch of fish. The "Path" probably ran all the way along the bluff to the Pond. The government's erection of Sankaty Lighthouse in 1849 literally cut the length of the "Path" in half.

Mr. Flagg must have recognized this fact, for on August 11, 1892, he entered the following petition:

"The undersigned requests the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of Nantucket to accept a certain tract of land in that part of Nantucket known as Sankaty Heights, but in perpetual trust nevertheless, for the *residents and visitors of Nantucket*, and to be used as a *foot-path* or foot promenade and for no other purpose or purposes whatsoever.

"It is provided, however, that the same Proprietors may, when they choose, to convey and transfer the said land in like perpetual trust and for the purpose above-named to the Town of Nantucket or other corporation or body known to control the highways of the Town of Nantucket.

William J. Flagg."

On Sept. 1, 1892, Mr. Flagg sold a block of three lots to the late Mary K. Mitchell, and the warranty deed stipulated that the easterly boundary was the foot path along the bank.

On Sept. 3—two days later—the Proprietors voted to accept the tract of land offered by Mr. Flagg as a foot path, and on Sept. 21, 1892, Flagg conveyed the tract to the Proprietors, the tract including that land lying between the easterly tier of lots on the west and the beach upland belonging to said Proprietors on the east, excepting certain lots previously sold and not material to this controversy; the strip of land so conveyed to be held by the Proprietors in trust for the purposes of a foot path along the bank, with authority to convey the land to the Town. This deed was recorded in Book 76, Page 342.

On Sept. 22, 1882, Mr. Flagg gave the Mitchell estate a quit-claim deed of all interest in the land lying eastward of the lots theretofore conveyed to her, with the condition that all of the land lying between the east line of said lots and the edge of the bank be kept open for a foot path along the bank; and further reciting:

"This deed being subject to my deed of Sept. 21, 1892, conveying the same premises to the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands in Nantucket in trust for uses and purposes therein specified, recorded in Book 76, Page 342."

From the fact that Mr. Flagg had made doubly sure that the "Path" would be preserved it appears that he was cognizant of the long use of the path as a traveled way. His efforts to protect it were further urged by his awareness of its appeal to the summer visitor as a perfect way for a stroll.

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The second in the series of legal steps to protect the "Path" came in the next year. The Mitchell estate filed with the Land Court a petition for registration of title to her land, claiming easterly to the ocean. In that case, as in other cases, which followed out of this same tract, Judge Davis of the Land Court ruled that title to the strip between the easterly line of the tier of lots on the west and the line at the foot of the bank to the east, passed to the Proprietors under said deed of Sept. 21, 1892, and not to the respondent under her deed of Sept 22, 1892

The "Path" in 1883.

At the time when William Flagg conceived his idea of a real estate development at "Sankaty Heights," the Path was a road along the bluff.

Meanwhile, the Mitchell estate had extensively landscaped its grounds, including that portion occupied by the "Path," and had also erected a number of buildings on the beach below.

It was in 1924 that the Town voted to seek title to the "Path" through the Land Court. A conference between the late Joseph Kenney, of New Bedford, the town's counsel, and Franklin E. Smith representing the Proprietors, cleared away legal problems, with Mr. Smith suggesting that the Proprietors resign as trustee of the strip (as appointed by Flagg) and that the town be appointed as trustee.

The Proprietors met on May 1, 1925, and voted to give the town a "deed of release to not only the Path but all the land between the top and bottom of the Bluff along the Path," a distance of some 7,000 feet.

In Sept., 1924, William S. Swift, made a survey for the town, and the plan was accepted by the Proprietors in its release to the town.

When the case came before the Land Court the Mitchell estate claimed the land fronting it (including the Path) by reason of adverse possession.

On December 1, 1929, Judge Davis of the Land Court rendered his decree which legally established the "Path Along the Bluff." In regard to the respondent's claim, he found:

"The Sankaty Path is in constant use, and is a matter of importance to all lot owners along the bluff. It is a well-defined path, but, owing to inroads from the sea, needs care and repair. It is in good condition in front of the respondent's house, and her lawn has in no way interfered with the path.

"There has been nothing in her care of the bluff that has been in any way adverse to the rights of the Proprietors, or of the Town as their successor in title, nor in any of the said acts of the respondent has there been anything adverse to the purpose of the trust under which title to the strip of land has been held, namely, the maintenance of the path. That portions of it have been used by the respondent for access to the beach and for bathing purposes, or for the housing of her gas engine for lighting her summer residence, has not been inconsistent with a reasonable inference of permission of the part of the Proprietors.

"....There is a decided difference between a user of open tracts of seashore property and similar user in a settled community. Title acquired by adverse possession rests practically on estoppel as a matter of public policy. When an owner has permitted himself to be ousted and another to be in open, notorious and exclusive occupation of his land under a claim of right for a period of twenty years, he has lost the right to assert his title. He does not lose it by a reasonable allowance of the use of a portion thereof by a neighbor and on the while to himself, which does not in any way interfere with his own control of the property for which he himself uses it.

"In such case permission is to be inferred; and the more so where title to land is in a public body like the Proprietor. On the facts of this case I find that title by adverse possession has not been acquired against the petitioner and its predecessor.

"The Sankaty path runs from the Sankaty Lighthouse southerly to a considerable distance beyond the limits of the Flagg land. The petition and accompanying plan cover the entire path. The southerly boundary line of the Flagg tract, title to which is now in the petitioners, is the northerly line of the public way shown on the filed plan immediately south of the Judkins lot, a little over one-half way down the plan. The northerly line of the strip owned by the petitioners is the southerly line of the respondent Grice which is to be shown on the decree plan."

A plan of the Path is on file with the Registry of deeds, being a survey made by William S. Swift in 1924.

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Within the past few months, the question of obtaining a Land Court title for the entire Path has arisen.

The fact that the decree of some eighteen years ago shows that the Path is actually only one-half legally registered for the Town by the Land Court has caused certain questions to be raised. In the opinion of the Town's attorney, Roy E. Sanguinetti, the fact that the Land Court decrees to owners of the properties from the former Judkins land south to 'Sconset contain a definitely defined "Path" across each plot is a guarantee that the Court's 1929 ruling preserves the entire Path.

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Many readers are familiar with the late Bliss Carmen's famous poem on the "Path Along the Bluff"—"Have you ever heard of 'Sconset?"—but a poem written by Mrs. Abbie Ransom some thirty years ago deserves to be as widely known. In part, it reads:

"Have you ever followed the path along the bluff,
When the sky is gray and the sea is rough?
When, shoreward thickening, the fog drifts down
Until homes are the wraiths of a phantom town?

I have followed the path to Sankaty Light,
When the moors were brown and the frost was white,
With the sun a ball on the ocean rim,
Where the Indian Summer breathes with Him.

From the north to the south, a curve is swept,
On the far horizon a soft haze slept.
To the west the moorlands, above the sky,
In all the vast silence, just God and I."

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AGE 34

NANTUCKET SEALERS AND ANTARCTICA

By EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE

British Claims to the Antarctic Continent and Falkland Islands Recall Voyages of the Nantucket Sealers to the South Shetlands.

Log-book of Schooner "Huntress" Provides Claim to Fame By Captain Burdick, Nantucket Sealer, Who Recognized Peninsula to be a Part of Antarctic Continent.

One of the most interesting phases in the great game of world politics for 1947 has to do with the almost unknown continent of Antarctica. It is generally conceded that the United States has a distinct advantage with the sponsorship of the Byrd Expedition, but very little publicity is being given to the startling and carefully substantiated claims of Great Britain—claims to portions not only of Antarctica but to important island bases approaching that barren and forbidding continent of unknown mineral wealth.

Great Britain announced this week that she has no intention of giving up her claims to the South Polar areas. The British further stated that they regard territories in the Falkland Islands, Graham Land and the Marguerite Bay area as integral parts of the British Colonial Empire.

As a matter of fact, the British have had a Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey expedition stationed at Marguerite Bay since 1943. Some time this month a new detail of scientists will relieve the members of this expedition.

The United States Government, through Dean Acheson, Under Secretary of State, has refused to recognize any territorial claims by any country in the Antarctic. This is reaffirming of a policy adopted a few years ago by our government. As a piece of diplomatic strategy it is a bit old-fashioned. The claims of Argentina and Chile are also to be considered in regard to the Falkland Island Dependencies claim of Great Britain.

The only justifiable claims of this country to the Antarctic continent must of necessity be based on our own recognition of the claims made by other nations. The work of the Byrd expeditions in "Little America" is valueless if we disregard the explorations of Amundsen and the heroic trek of Scott.

Similarly, the British must recognize our prior discoveries in Antarctica, or lose the authenticity attached to their own. In the arguments to be presented before the United Nations the full account of these early discoveries will be brought out.

One of this country's best claims can be revealed with the publicizing in many ways of the story of the early American sealers in Antarctic waters. Nantucket sealers have a large share in this adventure-packed story.

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The claims of Great Britain in the Antarctic regions go back to 1908, when the first letters patent were issued laying claim on Britain's behalf to the Falkland Island Dependencies. Re-defined in 1917, these claims include South Georgia, South Sandwich Islands, South Shetland Islands and Graham Land, as well as the Falkland Islands.

Argentina has claimed the Falkland Islands for many years. Futhermore, it claims all islands and lands between the Argentine mainland and the South Pole. Chile has made similar claims in the Antarctica.

New Zealand claims areas along the Ross Sea and an area in the Bay of Whales sector where the present Byrd expedition is headed. A sector extending from Victoria Land to Enderby Land, except for a small area claimed by France, is Australian territory, according to the statesmen from "down under."

The possibility that uranium deposits have already been located in Antarctica by British scientists has put a high value on territories which have been all but forgotten since the Germans started the fires of war in Europe ten years ago.

Admiral Richard E. Byrd's expedition, which returned last month from its "Operation High-Jump," established a new era in polar exploration. By use of planes, the expedition was able to examine areas which had never been seen by man, and to chart mountains, lakes and coastline far removed from the shelf of ice that marks "Little America" at the Ross Sea.

The discovery of the Antarctic continent was supposed to have been the joint honor of Admiral Charles Wilkes, of the United States, and Admiral d'Urville, of France, who approached the ice barrier of the new continent from different positions in the year 1841. Admiral Wilkes did make his discovery (during his famous voyage of exploration in the South Seas), and the great French navigator also deserves his honor—but a few years ago American historians came upon the fact that the real discovery of Antarctica came some twenty years before the two admirals sailed.

In 1940, Col. Lawrence Martin, then Chief Geographer of the Department of State, presented documentary evidence which tended to prove that an American sealer, Capt. Nathaniel B. Palmer, had sighted the Antarctic continent where its peninsula juts out toward the South Shetland Islands, 500 miles south of Cape Horn. The discovery was claimed to be as of November, 1820, and the section of the Antarctic Peninsula sighted is now called Palmer Land.

Captain Palmer's claim became further important with the success of Lincoln Ellsworth's famous flight over the Peninsula in 1937, thus determining that it was actually a part of the ice-covered, mist-shrouded Antarctic Continent.

Thus, a little-known American sealing captain is credited with an outstanding achievement. But the real significance of the Stonington man's chart has been overlooked entirely by historians.

The facts in this interesting phase of American marine history bring into focus a picture of American mariners' activities which have been completely forgotten—sealing in the South Shetlands.

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The South Shetlands are a chain of islands lying about 500 miles southeast of Cape Horn, between 61° and 63° South Latitude and 53° and 63° West Longitude, and separated by a fifty mile strait (called Bransfield Strait) from the Antarctic continent's peninsula knowns as Palmer's land, Louis Philippe Land, Graham Land and Danco Land.

The larger islands of the South Shetland group, (from west to east), are Smith (or James), Low (or Jameson), Snow, Deception, Livingston, Greenwich, Robert, Nelson, Elephant, King George I and Clarence.

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The discovery of these islands is attributed to Capt. William Smith, in the British brig *Williams*, in February, 1819. He clams to have re-visited the group in October of that same year and, landing on King George I island, laying claim to them on behalf of his country.

The islands are rocky and mountainous, some of the peaks reaching 6000 feet. They are covered with snow most of the year, with moss, lichen and a straggling grass the only growing things. But they are a great haunt for seals, sea elephants and sea fowl.

In the year 1820, the British government sent out Lieut. Edward Bransfield in the brig *Williams*, with Capt. Smith, to explore the islands.

Other Antarctic explorers made the South Shetlands their landfall. A smaller group, 200 miles to the east, was claimed for Great Britain by an English captain named Powell in the year 1821.

Deception Island is the most remarkable because of its purely volcanic origin. Its harbor is the crater of a volcano, breached by the sea, providing a beautiful land-locked harbor some five miles in diameter, called Port Forster.

These desolate islands did contain some good harbors, the sealers discovered. Their volcanic origin helped make the voyages successful, as at Yankee Harbor, a favorite rendezvous, a spring of hot water heats the anchorage perceptibly. This curious phenomenon made the fog banks of an especially thick nature and added to the generally eerie condition of the terrain.

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Did the early sealers know of the South Shetlands before Capt. Smith sighted and named them in 1819? It is highly probably that they did.

There were fourteen voyages by Nantucket sealers between 1799 and 1812, and two other notable voyages were made in Boston and Salem ships by Nantucket Captains Peter Chase and Mayhew Folger. In the *Minerva*, Captain Folger is credited with having taken a Salem ship on a circumnavigation of the globe for the first time in the history of that port.

The famous British hydrographer James Horsburg told the German geographer Berhaus that the American sealers knew of the existence of the South Shetlands in 1812, but kept it secret for obvious reasons.

There were a number of Nantucket sealers who have been forgotten or remain hidden in the shadow cast by the more prominent whaling masters. Besides the redoubtable Obed Fitch and Amaziah Gardner there was Obed Joy and Christopher Burdick. Little is known of Sylvester Hodges, who took the 47-ft. sloop *Harmony* to the South Shetlands in 1819, or Tristram Swain, who made a number of voyages south of Cape Horn. The fact that these early pioneering sealers kept their voyages secret has almost obscured their fame.

The sealers were a combination of whaleman and merchantman. They sought their prey in the little-known region of Patagonia, (which included a tremendous area of islets and coastline, practically all of which was uncharted in the early 1800's), the Falkland Island group, the forbidding South Shetlands, South Orkneys and South Georgia; Juan Fernandez, the Antipodes, Tristran d'Acunha, Hurd's Island, the Crozettes, and other almost unknown regions.

As the hardy sealers pursued their prey far into Antarctica they most jealously kept secret the finding of new islands which meant new rookeries.

Captain Jonathan Swain, blown far to the South of Cape Horn in 1809, discovered an island in 66° South Latitude which yielded him 1000 sealskins. It may have been a gigantic floating ice-berg, because the Byrd expedition sent planes over the entire area in a wide search, but they could not find any island. Such incidents were not rare in Antartica, because a South American charting ship on one occasion (in 1838) charted a number of islets which it thought to be the long-lost Aurora Islands but which turned out to be a chain of floating icebergs!

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That the Falkland Islands were an early hunting ground is well established. They were always islands of controversy. In April of 1812, Capt. Valentine Barnard, of Nantucket, in command of the *Nanina*, of Hudson, sailed for New York for the Falklands. At the islands he found the British brig *Isabella* a wreck, with her passengers and crew ashore. He offered to rescue the English captain and his company but once aboard the rescued turned into betrayers and seized the vessel, putting the Americans ashore. Some months later a British naval commander rescued the castaways. Captain Barnard's protest first appeared in 1814 in the *Hudson Bee*. He afterwards wrote a book on his unhappy experience.

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It was while Captain Mayhew Folger of Nantucket was on a sealing voyage in command of the ship *Topaz* of Boston (in 1807), that he sighted Pitcairn's Island—and discovered the sole survivor of the *Bounty* mutiny and the descendants of the mutineers living in an unknown world of their own.

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Captain Ephraim Alley sailed out of Boston in 1811 in the brig *Potomac* bound for "Patagonia" on a sealing voyage. His crew consisted of eleven negroes, who were unaware of their destination until after the ship had sailed. Capt. Alley anchored in back of Nantucket Bar for a visit with his family here before sailing south, and while he was on shore the negroes mutinied, tied up the two mates, and rowed ashore. Some of them were hidden by "free negroes" living here and were never re-captured.

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The early history of sealing south of Cape Horn is shrouded in as deep a mystery as may be found in geographical studies. Who were the first sealers here? Why did they go to the literal ends of the earth in their quest for the pelts?

In the summer season of 1773-74, Captain Furneaux, in the *Adventure*, Capt. Cook's consort on that remarkable circumnavigation of Antarctic seas, sailed within 2 degrees of the South Shetlands without sighting them. Upon Cook's return to England news of the seals at South Georgia and Sandwich Land was given the British sealers.

In 1807, while on a visit to Nantucket, James Freeman recorded that Nantucket sealers had been making voyages to Patagonia and various islands in the southern ocean. These sealing voyages ranged from New Zealand to South Georgia (discovered by Capt. Cook in 1774), and it is highly probable that the Nantucketers landed on the South Shetlands in the early 1800's.

Niles Register of Oct. 17, 1822, reported land now called New South Shetlands had been visited as early as 1810 by Nantucket sealers who kept secret the whereabouts of these rich sealing territories.

There are many mysterious happenings in the history of the sealers. J. R. Reynolds, a Washington Congressman who did so much to initiate this country's exploration in the Antarctic and South Seas, made a voyage sealing with Capt. Benjamin Pendleton of Stonington in the *Anawan*. It is still much of mystery as to what occurred on that voyage. Reynolds went aboard an American frigate at Valparaiso and completed his voyage home. His Antarctic experiences are not fully recounted.

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In a speech before the House of Representatives in 1836, Congressman Reynolds (who had visited Stonington, New Bedford and Nantucket in 1828 to interview whalemen) made this statement:

"In the history of the seal trade, secrecy is what they know has been deemed a part, and a very important part, too, of their capital."

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In the year 1830, a controversy arose between Charles Bunker, editor of the Nantucket *Inquirer*, and Capt. Edmund Fanning, a well-known Stonington mariner, who had made several claims to discoveries in the central Pacific. The argument had to do with sealing operations in Antarctica.

There is evidence to substantiate his statement. Bluff Capt. Fanning tried to shout him down verbally but the famous Stonington skipper admits in his "Voyages" that he gained considerable knowledge of seals from Captain Obed Paddack, of Nantucket, master of the sloop *Olive Branch*. It was Captain Paddack, among other things, who told Fanning how to land on Massafeura Island—and that he had taken seals there!

Fanning gained this information while on a voyage to the Pacific in the *Betsy*, in 1797. He fell in with the *Olive Branch* at the Falklands, where Captain Paddack was sealing.

The Nantucket editor claimed that Capt. Jonathan Swain of Nantucket had informed him of discovering land in Antarctic seas in the year 1800. Capt. Swain had stated that, while in command of the ship *Samuel*, of this port, in that year, he ran into severe storms in rounding Cape Horn and could not make his "westing." In 59° South Latitude by dead reckoning, he sighted land to windward. A short time later he was able to take advantage of more favorable winds and resume his voyage northwest, and into the Pacific Ocean.

Captain Fanning is today acknowledged as one of the great American navigators and explorers. His record stamps him as an unusual man, but like all men who gain fame he was loathe to admit that he had ever made any serious mistake.

In his famous "Voyages to the South Seas," Fanning fails to mention one of his most hazardous experiences—one voyage in which he was wrecked on the Coast of Patagonia. During that voyage, his first mate was John Coleman of Nantucket Island. Why did Fanning want to forget this voyage?

In his argument with Mr Bunker, Captain Fanning wrote articles for the *New York Advertiser*, to which Editor Bunker replied with caustic statements in his own newspaper in Nantucket. It is well that the two men did not agree as it affords present-day historians an insight into certain important features of American marine history.

Many Nantucket sealers, notably Captain Obed Fitch in the *Lady Adams*, Captain Amaziah Gardner in the *Hope*, and Captain Obed Joy took in a full cargo of seal skins off "Patagonia" and then sailed directly to China, bringing back rich cargoes to Nantucket.

In 1802, two Chinese merchants returned with Captain Fitch, remaining for some time on the island with the Paul Gardners. Years later, the astute Frederick Sanford observed that Nantucket might have rivaled Salem in the China trade if the merchants here had been willing to forego some portion of the lucrative sperm oil business.

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It would be interesting to learn just who was the first American sealer to record voyaging to the South Shetlands. Captain Fanning, of Stonington, declares that the *Hersilia*, of his home port, under Capt. James P. Sheffield, has the honor, having sailed into what is now called "Hersilia Strait" in 1819.

Upon the *Hersilia's* return to Stonington, Captain Benjamin Pendleton set out with a fleet of five vessels for the South Shetlands. The *Hersilia* was under the command of Captain Sheffield, the *Frederick*, under Capt. Pendelton himself; the schooners *Express*, under Capt. Williams, and the *Free Gift* under Capt. Dunbar, and the sloop *Hero* under Capt Nathaniel Brown Palmer. The latter's claim as the actual discoverer of the Antarctic came as a result of his being dispatched to find new seal rookeries following the arrival of the Stonington fleet at the South Shetlands in November, 1820.

It is claimed that Capt. Palmer discovered the Peninsula now bearing his name with full knowledge that it was a continent. Surely, Col. Martin, Chief of the Division of Maps of the Library of Congress, who wrote a valuable monograph in 1940 on Capt. Palmer's voyages in these waters, is of the opinion that the *Hero's* entry of November 17, 1820, is conclusive proof. The log of the *Hero* has the following record for that day in November, 1820, when the discovery of Antarctica is advanced by Col. Lawrence Martin's researching:

"These 24 hours commences with fresh Breeses from SWest and Pleasant at 8 p. m. got over under the land [Trinity Island], found the sea filled with imense Ice Bergs at 12 [midnight] hove Too under the Jib Laid off & on until morning—at 4 a. m. made sail on shore and Discovered—a strait—Trending SSW & NNE—it was Literally filled with Ice and the shore inaccessible we thought it not Prudent to Venture in ice Bore away to the Northerd & saw 2 small Islands and the shore every where Perpendicular We stood across towards frieseland [Friesland or Livingston Island] CourseNNW—the Latitude of the mouth of the strait was 63-45 S Ends with fine weather wind SSW."

The island sighted by Palmer and known as Trinity Island is 40 miles from the nearest South Shetlands. The strait which he mentions as being filled with floating ice is claimed to be Orleans Channel, which lies between the continental mainland of Antarctica and Trinity Island. Capt. Palmer claims to have further identified the channel by giving the compass trends.

[During his exploring cruise in the *Astrolabe* in 1838, the French navigator Admiral D'Urville saw the northeast end of Orleans Channel. It was not until 1912 that the chart of the South Shetlands and French Hydographic Office issued a further chart marking this channel.]

Capt. Palmer returned to the sealer's rendezvous at Yankee Harbor. at the eastern end of Friezeland Island. It was this anchorage that Admiral Bellinghausen, commanding a Russian exploring expedition, stumbled upon two months later and, as a bank of heavy fog lifted, was astonished to see some small American sealing sloops at anchor.

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It was after the Russian had interviewed Captain Palmer through an interpreter that he decided to name the bleak "perpendicular shores" to the south "Palmer Land."

Today, in the library of Congress, the log-book of the *Hero* and some of Capt. Palmer's charts are preserved. Col. Lawrence W. Martin, former Chief of the Division of Maps, and now a consultant for the Geography Dept. of the Library of Congress, used Capt. Palmer's log and charts as a basis for this nation's claim to priority of discovery of the Antarctic Continent.

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The British lay their claim to the Palmer Peninsular, (which they call Graham Land) on the voyage of Capt. John Biscoe, in the brig *Tula*, in 1831-32, as "communicated by Messrs. Enderby in 1833." This was a truly magnificent voyage of Antarctic circumnavigation. But Biscoe did not venture as close to the land as did the sealers and Lawrence Martin points out that the British mariner refers to land sighted as "Palmer's Land," thus revealing a prior knowledge of its whereabouts and of its designation.

In a letter written by his brother, A. S. Palmer in 1879, it is claimed that Capt. N. B. Palmer discovered land south of the South Shetlands. But by that time the voyages of the British explorers—notably Captain Biscoe—had been well established.

A statement by David Clark, mate of the *Hersilia*, in the New Haven Journal as of Feb 18. 1821, records: "We have been as far as 66° south and found land." This is of Feb. 1821, and no description is given of what kind of land was found—island or a definite mainland.

Captain Edmund Fanning, in his "Voyages," published in 1838, credits Captain Benjamin Pendleton, of Stonington, as the actual discoverer of Antarctica, having sighted it first from the peak at Deception Island. Fanning declares Capt. Palmer was sent to investigate the land. Unquestionably he was so dispatched, but his object was to hunt for seals, and his log-book of November, 1820, reveals no idea of sighting the great southern polar continent. He describes the discovery of a strait, but the land mentioned is more probably the steep and precipitous shores of Trinity island rather than the peninsula now bearing his name.

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Col. Martin, whose exhaustive research has been most helpful to the claims of this nation, believes the strait mentioned by Capt. Palmer to be Orleans Channel. But there is no further exploration on the part of the excellent skipper and only the general compass trends, with the observation of the quantity of ice. He mentions two small islands, now known as the Pendleton and Tower islands, but his record "the shore everywhere perpendicular" could well apply to these islands, and the strait he records might conceivably have been one running on either side of Trinity Island.

The further exploratory voyagings of the *Hero*, during January of 1821, are disappointing. No reference is made of the so-called voyage south along Palmer Peninsular as far as Marguerite Bay. Capt. Palmer is alleged to have made this important exploration, but the claims came long after his voyage, and his log-book entries make no mention of the land.

Dumont D'Urville sighted the northeast end of Orleans Channel in 1838 and gave it its name. Dallman, in his voyage of 1874, merely gave it a cursory examination. Both were prevented from exploring the channel by the presence of the ice-fields and heavy fog which shrouded the entire area constantly. It was not until 1912 that the French Hydrographic office brought out the large scale map of the South Shetlands showing the results of Charcot's explorations in 1904-05 and 1908-09.

* * * * *

There have been numerous claims by various Stonington sealers over a period of years, starting in the mid-1830s. While the Connecticut men undoubtedly made many voyages sealing, there are often instances where they claim pioneering in seas already known.

The whole picture is confusing as one is led to believe that only the five Stonington vessels were at the South Shetlands at this time, when as a matter of fact there were a number of both American and English sealers from other ports present, including Captain Burdick, of Nantucket, in schooner *Huntress*, Captain Barnard of Nantucket, in the brig *Charity*, Capt. Inott in the ship *Samuel*, of Nantucket, Capt. Folger, in the brig *William and Nancy*, of Nantucket, Capt. Davis in the *Huron*, of New Haven, Capt. Winship, of the brig *Ocean*, of Boston, and Capt. Johnson and a number of New York vessels.

* * * * *

Nantucket Captain Sighted Continent of Antarctica in February, 1821.

Captain Christopher Burdick sailed from Nantucket in the little schooner *Huntress* in August, 1820. He had a memorable voyage. He not only went to the South Shetlands, but he sailed as far south as 62° and was in the lee of the Antarctic continent at the same time as Captain Palmer's sloop was at Yankee Harbor, a month after the cruise in which the Stonington man recorded the discovery of an ice-filled strait south of Deception Island.

Captain Burdick's logbook tells of sealing craft at President's Cove, at Yankee Harbor and other of South Shetland island anchorages. He also records that he met and had a "gam" with the Englishman Captain Smith, ("who discovered this land"), and notes the latter as having told of sailing as far south as 66 degrees and of "sighting islands." This was in January, 1821, and Captain Smith had been on a sealing cruise of 22 days.

The Nantucket sealing skipper worked with the ship *Huron*, Captain Davis, of New Haven, it being the practice of sealers to hunt seals in various shore camps and then divide the skins proportionately.

* * * * *

In January, Captain Burdick and Captain Davis had worked along the northern shores of the South Shetlands, and then established camps on the southern shores of Friesland Island, which has Yankee Harbor, the sealers' principal rendezvous at its eastern end. The *Huron* had a shallop which was used for shore work.

In mid-January a number of English sealers had banded together and driven the smaller number of American sealers from the northeastern shore of Friesland Island at a place called Sheriff's Cape. A conference was called by the Americans and it was decided to combine crews and give the English a taste of their own medicine. Whether this action was carried through or not can not be learned from the log of the *Huntress* (now in the possession of the writer) because no further mention of the incident is recorded.

However, shortly afterwards Capt. Burdick made a cruise to Clothier's harbor and there met Capt. Smith, already mentioned. Due to the fact that the northern and eastern shores were frequented by the British sealers, and the southern camps by the Americans, Capt. Burdick—in view of his talk with the experienced Capt. Smith—decided to seek new sealing grounds.

* * * * *

On February the 12th, he started his famous cruise. Leaving Yankee Harbor, he steered the *Huntress* along the southern shore of Friesland Island, and on the 14th took on board some skins from a shore camp at a cove. He then sailed southwest, and his log-book records the following important facts:

"Begins with Light airs and variable with Calms pleasant wether at meridien Lat by obs. 63..17 S President Island Bearing North 3 Leagues Mount Pisco is SW b W dis 7 Leagues the Peak of Frezeland NE ½ E 11 Leagues Deception Island NE by N 8 Leagues and a small Low Island SSW 6 Leagues to which I am bound and Land from South to E SE which I suppose to be a Continent Later part fresh breeze at North At 6 p. m. came to anchor under Low island among a parcel of rocks Sent the Boat on shore She returned with 22 Seal So ends these 24 hours."

The mere fact that Captain Burdick laconically records sighting "*land to the South and ESE which I suppose to be a a Continent*" reveals that he sighted the black, rocky and precipitous shore of the Antarctic Continent, with its great mountain-plateau stretching for miles away.

The weather favored such atmospheric conditions as to make long-range observation possible. He mentions sighting Friesland Island more than thirty miles way to the northeast, thus making the Continent of Antarctica—less than 20 miles away—clearly in view. Furthermore, the Nantucket man continued his cruise south for several hours, anchoring at 6 p. m. at an island (now known as Leige Island) placing him some five miles from the Continental shore across Der Gerlache Strait.

Furthermore, Captain Burdick remained in the vicinity two days, going ashore on both sides of the small island and getting seal-skins. It was not until Feb. 19 that he returned to Yankee Harbor.

Under these circumstances, it is fair to assume that the Nantucket sealer had no reason to doubt the existence of a Continent across the channel from his anchorage. He not only had a longer period in which to observe but he gives bearings to make it possible to trace his five-day cruise. But most important of all is the record of the log itself: "*Land from South to ESE which I suppose to be a Continent.*"

* * * *

Capt. Christopher Burdick was born in Nantucket Dec. 6, 1793. He married Lydia Easton, the widow of his brother Henry. His children were Susan, Henry C. and George W. Burdick. He made two more voyages to the South Shetlands and then sold the *Huntress* and purchased a larger craft for the coasting trade between Nantucket and mainland ports.

The log-book of the *Huntress* was located a few years ago by the writer. It had been converted into a scrapbook by some persons now unknown, every page being covered with clippings from newspapers of the mid-1800's.

By careful removal of these pasted clippings, each page of the log-book came into view and the voyage of the *Huntress* carefully traced. Over a period of months the search went on and when the log-book record of Feb. 15, 1821, was uncovered, and the fact of Capt. Burdick's history-making discovery was brought to light, steps were begun to bring the facts to the attention of the U. S. Department of State.

Lettering: Wedding Text

A Leaf from the Log Book of the Old Barclay. 1887

The following article upon the ship Barclay is taken from an old New Bedford *Standard* and was prompted by the withdrawal of that vessel from the whaling business in 1859. It comprises a leaf from the log book of the Barclay covering her voyage during the "1812 war," when she was captured by a Peruvian privateer and retaken by Capt. Porter of the American privateer Essex:

The old Barclay has made her last voyage. She has disappeared to be known of us no more. The words which have so many times during the present century been repeated, "the Barclay has sailed," "the old Barclay has arrived," will be heard no more. It was time for the old ship to break up. She had, I believe, pretty nearly, if not quite, reached her three score years and ten. She has departed at a good old age and there is a place for her in the memories of nearly all the inhabitants of our city. Our oldest knew her when she and they were young, for her coming was nearly contemporaneous with our municipial birth. and she will always be associated with the rise and progress of our city,

In the number of Harper's Magazine for the present month, in an article entitled "The Cruise of the Essex," which is simply an abstract of Porter's Journal, the ship Barclay is mentioned as having been retaken after her capture by a Peruvian privateer. The following leaf from the log book of the Barclay, will, I think, be found to contain some incidents connected with the voyage interesting to your readers:—

The first information obtained by Capt. Porter in relation to the Barclay was March 25, 1813. On that day he fell in with the American whaleship Charles, Capt. Gardner, of Nantucket. The Charles had been sent to Lima by a Peruvian privateer, but had been released. Capt. Gardner informed Capt. Porter that two days before he had seen the Walker and the Barclay, both New Bedford ships. chased, fired into and taken by a Spanish ship. The same day Capt. Porter fell in with and captured the Peruvian privateer Nereyda, which proved to be the same vessel that had made prizes of the Walker and Barclay. Capt. West of the former ship, and one of the crew of the latter were found on board the Nereyda and taken to the Essex. West, as Porter had hoisted English colors, did not know that he was in the cabin of an American man-of-war until informed of the fact by Porter. He gave Capt. P. the particulars of the capture of the two ships; informed him that they were both full of sperm oil, had put into Coquimbo for refreshments, and knew nothing of the war until they were captured.

Capt. Porter, indignant at the proceedings of this Peruvian corsair, threw her armament over board, and deprived her of a large part of the sails and rigging, then liberating the Americans on board of her, he sent her to Callao with a letter to the Viceroy.

The British letter of marque Nimrod, intended to dispute with the Peruvian cruiser the possession of the Barclay, She was on the look out for that ship, being assured that inasmuch as she had not been engaged in any illicit trade, the Peruvian government must give her up.

Porter was, therefore, anxious to fall in with the Nimrod, West, with a part of the liberated Americans, were put on board the Charles, which vessel proceeded to Coquimbo. It is believed that the Walker and Barclay were the only New Bedford ships at that time on the Pacific ocean. My impression is that there were about twenty from Nantucket.

On the 28th, Porter captured the Barclay just as she was entering the harbor of Callao.

As usual, the Essex was disguised as an English frigate. Capt. Randall was of course anxious to reach the port, for even Peauvian protection was better for him than capture by the British. He came very near succeeding. But the wind died away as his ship approached the harbor, and the Essex coming up sent a boat and took possession. An English flag was hoisted over the American. As soon as the officer was put on board, the boat fastened to the bow of the ship, and being soon joined by other boats from the Essex, the Barclay was again pointed seaward.

The coxswain of the first boat that boarded Capt. Randall's ship was one of his own crew. After turning the head of the ship, the boat left the line of two boats and pulled alongside. As the coxswain came over the rail, he gave the Captain a salute. but the latter was too much overcome by the terrible misfortune that had come upon him to give a very hearty response. All was lost. His ship, with a full cargo of sperm oil, was a prize to the English. Surprised as he was, to see a part of his own crew in the boat which had made him a prize, the evidence that he had been captured by a British cruiser was too conclusive to be doubted, Therefore it was, that when the coxswain saluted his former commander with a "how do you do Capt. Randall," the Captain gave a lugubrious reply. "Come, Captain, don't be down in the mouth, what have you got to drink.

"You know as well as I do," was the poor Captain's reply.

The young sailor soon made the fact that he did know plainly manifest. The bottle was found, and his boat's crew had a drink all around.

The Barclay was now well in the offing. Directly a signal was given for the Captain of the Barclay to come on board the Essex. Capt. Randall had nothing to do but obey, and he left the favorite old ship with the rich cargo that he had gathered by his two year's hard toil, as he supposed forever.

He had known nothing of the etiquette of the naval service, but he could but be taken all aback, when he found himself received with a degree of formality and parade that seemed more in accordance with a reception prepared for an office as high of rank as the commander of the frigate which had captured him, than the entrance of a prisoner and a pauper into the ship of the victor. As he reached the deck, the welcome he received from Capt. Porter was not calculated to sooth and revive his overburdened spirit. "Welcome. Capt. Candall," says Porter, "welcome on board the United States frigate Essex."

"Would to God I were on board of her!" was the prompt and patriotic, although despairing cry of the old whaler.

It took the kind and gentlemanly naval officer but a short time to open the eyes of the Captain. It was too much. For a few moments the power of speech was gone. He was not a prisoner, he was not a pauper, the old ship whose deck he had so long trod was still his ship, and he was free to take her with her rich lading to his home and the home of her respected owners. Unused as the veteran seaman was to the "Melting mood," there was a tear coursing its way down the bronzed cheek that spoke louder than the words which were denied him.

Capt. Randall was happy to find himself and his ship under the protection of an American frigate. But his situation was full of embarrassment. His crew had entered the Essex, and although Capt. Porter gave them the liberty to return to their ship, they were unwilling to do so. Capt. Randall could find no protection in Peru. Inceansed by the treatment of the Nereyda, the Peruvian government would, no doubt, consider the Barclay a lawful prize and condemn her by way of retaliation.

It was finally concluded that the Barclay should for the present, keep company with the Essex. While with her she was safe, at any rate, from the risk of capture by the british whalers, all of whom were armed and prepared to make prizes of any unarmed American ships they might fall in with.

Capt. Randall remained on board the Barclay and a midshipman and eight men from the Essex, made up his crew.

On the 29th, Capt. Porter captured the British whaling ship Montezuma, Capt. David Baxter. The Essex, under British colors, had no difficulty in boarding her and the boarding officer as little in getting Capt. Baxter to accept the invitation to visit His Majesty's man-of-war. While Capt. B. was in the cabin of the Essex his crew were transferred to that ship and a prize crew sent to the Montezuma. The astonishment of Capt. B. when he went on deck, found the American flag flying over him, his crew on board the Essex, and his ship a prize, may be easily imagined. Capt. Baxter belonged to Nantucket and his ship was the property of Benjamin Rotch, of Milford Haven. Mr. R., a son of William Rotch, and a brother of William Rotch, Jr., had left Nantucket and had for several years as a British subject, successfully carried on the whaling business from Wales. The Montezuma had on board fourteen hundred barrels of oil,

The same day the Essex made prizes of the ships Georgiana and Policy.

The former ship was now equipped for the service and the command of her given to Lieut. Downes.

Rejoiced as Captain Randall was to regain possession of his ship and cargo, and to find himself under the protection of the flag of his country, there were circumstances in his situation that gave him constant uneasiness and anxiety. He was thousands of miles from home, and the way to that home was beset with the cruisers of the enemy. In no port of South America could he feel himself safe. Already report had been heralded the arrival of a British naval force in the Pacific, superior to that under the command of Porter, and sent out for the very purpose of his destruction.

Added to all this was the fact, that on board of one of the fleet of British whalers, every ship of which seemed doomed as the prey of the untiring Porter, was his oldest son. He was mate of the ship Rose, of London. He had gone early to England with Capt. Baxter, had sailed with him in the employ of Mr. Rotch, and although not yet twenty-one years of age had left behind him at Milford a wife and child,

And the father knew that the Rose was near, and that there could be but little hope of escape. Whatever may have been his feelings as to the success of the Essex in the destruction of the whaling fleet of the enemy, he could but feel sorrowful at the thought, that he should most probably soon meet his son as a prisoner—reduced to his own supposed condition when he heard his ship was turned away from the shelter of the harbor of Callao.

Capt. Randall would have been one of the last to deny his country. Sooner than have uttered the words of the gentlemanly but false and traitorous Wier, he would have been dumb forever.

Wier, like Randall, was a Yankee. He was Captain of the British whaler Atlantic, which ship was about this time, added to the list of Porter's captures. Like Baxter, he had supposed himself an hon-

Wreck of the "British Queen" 85 Years Ago This Week. 1886

Continued from First Page

up at any time. At night, however, the last glimpses showed her still holding fast to the shoal.

The sufferings of the two hundred and twenty-six people aboard the stricken ship during the night which followed must have been among the worst that any shipwrecked folk are forced to endure. Confined to the narrow limits of the steerage, they huddled in terror, every moment expecting to have the straining planking burst in all about them, to let in a flood of the icy water, to drown them like rats in a trap. With the timbers creaking, the water pounding over the decks, and the wind howling all around them every soul was reduced to abject terror, and it was afterwards stated that they expected every minute to be their last.

* * * * *

Islanders to the Rescue. The "Game Cock" and "Hamilton."

The winter of 1851-52 had started with low temperatures that were almost unprecedented. Nantucket sound was filled with ice-fields that had cut off communication with the mainland, and the harbor itself was choked with floating ice.

Before day-break on the morning of Dec. 19 (Friday) the steamboat *Telegraph* got up steam. An important conference had taken place among the experienced seamen here the night before and it had been decided, due to the ice, that it would be best to have the steamer tow the schooners *Game Cock* and *Hamilton* out over the bar and let them attempt the rescue.

Alongside Straight Wharf lay the two schooners, their crews waiting for just such an emergency. Shipwrecks were common in those days, and "wrecking" was a business that was conducted by crews of picked men. Capt. Thomas Bearse, of the *Hamilton*, was one of the best men for the work in the town, because of his intimate knowledge of the shoals and tides around the island.

Although the schooners were ready to go at 5:30 it was found that the ice and heavy seas, together with the northerly wind, made it impossible to get across Nantucket bar until high water. The tide was not high until 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon, and so the impatient rescuers were forced to wait. Although the *Telegraph* might have tried to make the hazardous trip alone it was considered too much of a gamble. If her paddlewheels were to become disabled by the ice, she, too, would become helpless, and in such a locality as the shoals in back of Muskeget this would be a catastrophe.

The *Game Cock* drew seven feet of water, and the *Hamilton* drew eight feet. At high water there was only nine feet of water on Nantucket bar. Taking advantage of every minute in time, the *Telegraph* towed the *Game Cock* out around Brant Point and over the bar an hour before high

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water. The *Hamilton* got under way a half hour afterwards.

Once over the bar, the *Game Cock*, headed for the scene of the wreck, some nine miles distant. Despite the extensive ice fields and the high seas, so skillfully was the schooner worked that she arrived at the *British Queen* without mishap.

* * * * *

All But Two of The 226 Passengers Saved by the Schooners.

The survivors must have watched the approach of their rescuers with eyes that were almost unwilling to believe such a joyful sight. So near had they been to death in the hunger and the cold, amidst the fury of the elements, that it was like a miracle to find rescue so near at hand. Two on board had succumbed during the night, and more than a hundred were too weak from suffering and fear to move about.

The sea was so rugged that it was impossible for the *Game Cock* to get close aboard. One moment the little schooner would be down below the ship's counter, in the trough of a sea, and on the next surge she would be up above the rail, looking down at the wreck.

When the *Hamilton* arrived an hour after the other, the *Game Cock* was slipping away with sixty of the immigrants below decks—all she could accommodate.

The east tide was now running, and the *Hamilton* had a difficult time laying alongside. The *British Queen* was headed about north and listed heavily to starboard, with the seas smashing against the raised counter. Under the conditions, Capt. Bearse dropped his anchor, paid out his best bower until he lay across the bows of the wreck, drifting down on her low starboard side.

The situation was a precarious one Sometimes the *Hamilton* would fetch up with a jar on the shoal, and on the crest of a wave would next be high above the deck of the ship. It was necessary for the survivors to either jump or be tossed to the deck of the schooner. By holding fast with lines to the wreck, and by keeping his schooner in hand, Capt. Bearse got the remaining immigrants on board without the loss of a single one. As fast as they came aboard they were taken below. The schooner now made ready to return to the harbor.

* * * * *

Two Island Fishermen Begin a Hazardous Adventure on the Wreck.

A new situation had developed, however. At 3 o'clock, the fishing smack *Republican*, Capt. James Maguire, with Charles Holmes and Jeremiah Green as crew, came up to the scene. Anchoring a safe distance to leeward, Maguire and Holmes put out in the smack's boat and went aboard the wreck for the purpose of saving whatever might be carried away.

They had tied their boat to the bobstay of the *British Queen* and were busily engaged in securing some of the running rigging when Capt. Tom Bearse, of the *Hamilton*, shouted to them to get off before the tide changed.

"It was a foolhardy job for the two fishermen," said Thomas M. Bearse, the captain's son, a member of the schooner's crew. "The west tide was due at 4 o'clock, when it would become rugged at once."

The only reply given to the warning was careless waves of the hands by the two on board the wreck. Just as the west tide made, the *Hamilton* cast off her lines, took up her anchor, and left the scene of the wreck, having the remaining survivors on board.

Captain Bearse shouted another warning to the fishermen as his craft filled away. Again the reply was one of careless assurance that they would be all right.

* * * * *

Townspeople Rally to Alleviate the Distress of the Survivors.

Without further mishap, the *Hamilton* reached the wharf here shortly after five o'clock, and a large number of townspeople waited in the cold and darkness for them, taking charge of the unfortunates, who presented a picture of destitution and suffering that had not been seen on the island for many years.

Engine Companies No. 8 and 11 immediately placed their rooms at the disposal of the survivors. Pantheon Hall and the Sons of Temperance Hall were also opened for the same purposes. Food and clothing were contributed by many citizens, and cots with bedding were placed at the disposal of the weary immigrants.

Many of the women and children were weak from privation and cold, and these were entrusted to the care of private families. William Barney, the British Consular Agent, became the leader in arranging for the comfort of the survivors.

Practically all the passengers had lost everything they owned, excepting only the clothes they stood in. Besides this a great many were afflicted with disease, due to their long confinement in the dark and damp steerage, and many others had contracted the sicknesses from exposure.

The news of their sufferings and necessities spread rapidly throughout the town, and awakened the sympathy and kindly attention of all. Clothing, food, and money were instantly forthcoming, while arrangements for shelter had, of course, been already seen to by the various societies.

A correspondent in *The Mirror* wrote as follows:

"Almost the entire clothing of the survivors were exchanged for better and have been burned, a precaution that was exceedingly necessary, that putrid diseases might not spread. A regard to cleanliness was the great end to be secured. The rooms were ventilated, and the sick and suffering cleansed as far as circumstances would permit. At all seasonable hours sympathizing and active 'women not a few' were to be found busily engaged in ministering to the necessities of the needy and the diseased. Among these, no one was more diligent and efficient, or more exposed to contagion, than a Miss Reiley, who has indeed been a 'true Samaritan'."

* * * * *

The Grateful Demonstrated Their Heartfelt Gratitude.

The ready appreciation that is a characteristic of the Irish race was quickly responsive. Expressions, odd to the ears of the islanders, but filled with ardent gratitude, could be heard such as "May God Almighty bless you," and "Long life to you." They came from the hearts of a grateful people.

On Christmas Day, 1851, the immigrants embarked on steamer *Telegraph*, finally reaching the shores of America—the "land of the free" and the new home which they had so risked their lives to reach. Several of the Irish people remained on Nantucket, however, becoming citizens of the island and leading exemplary lives, their descendants still residing here as full-fledged Nantucketers.

Before departing, the following notice was left at *The Mirror* for insertion in the issue of December 27th.

"We, the shipwrecked passengers of the ill-fated Emigrant ship "British Queen" of Dublin, deem it our bounden duty to return our most heartfelt and sincere thanks for the cordial and human reception we have received from the hospitable citizens and inhabitants of the Island of Nantucket. To those brave and humane men who came to our rescue when all hope had died within ourselves—we are at a loss to express our gratitude. To the citizens and inhabitants of the island of Nantucket at large, we feel a debt of gratitude which will only be forgotten when life ceases to exist. To you, human and Christian men, we may well express the language of the Patriarch of old, and say, "When our ears heard you, then we blessed you, when our eyes saw you they gave witness unto you, because you delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless and they that had none to help them. The blessings of those that were ready to perish came upon you, for you caused the widows' hearts to sing for joy."

Your reward will surely come at that great day when, before assembled worlds, the great Disposer of events will allot to each and all his final sentence in His own words: "Come ye blessed children of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for we were hungered and ye gave us meat, we were thirsty and ye gave us drink, we were strangers and ye took us in, naked and ye clothed us."

And now, preservers of our lives, permit us in conclusion to commit you to the care and keeping of Almighty God. May He watch over you and yours; may He increase your store a hundred fold, and may there be no lack nor falling off among you.

Signed, on behalf of all the passengers,

Nelson T. Johnston.

Nantucket, Dec. 23, 1851.

* * * * *

The Disaster Has an Anti-Climax. Perilous Plight of the Fishermen.

When the *Hamilton* sailed away from the scene of the wrecked *British Queen*, late in the afternoon of Dec. 19th, the two fishermen remaining on board decided to risk their lives by remaining on board the wreck until dark. The smack *Watchman* lay at anchor to leeward, with the one man aboard anxiously awaiting the return of his companions.

At dusk the wind increased and, with the west tide making, a heavy sea was kicked up. The ship began to pound heavily. Maguire and Holmes tried to get their heavily loaded boat away but at a critical moment a sea smashed her against the bows of the wreck, stoving the craft like an eggshell. Jeremiah Green, aboard the smack, saw the accident and aware of the danger of remaining longer in such a perilous position, he cut his cable and ran for the bar. Upon arrival in the harbor news of his companions' predicament was soon passed along the waterfront.

It blew heavily all that night. The next morning, no sign of the ship was to be seen, with snow flurries filling the air. Ice had also made and the floating fields of the stuff made navigation in the sound impossible.

Along the lee shore the loose ice extended for miles out into the sound. From the beach it was seen that it would be useless for any man to get out to the wreck until the wind shifted or a sudden thaw melted the ice—the latter being considered an impossibility.

Thomas M. Bearse described the first knowledge of the whereabouts of the two fishermen as follows:

"About 3:00 p. m. it was discovered that what had appeared to be a piece of wreckage on the edge of the ice was actually a boat with two men in her. It was not reasonable to suppose that they were the men who had been left on board the *British Queen*, but they were sailors—and every sailor's heart went out to them. How they were to be rescued before dark was a puzzle. Many plans were suggested, but a dark night ahead of us was a handicap which no one could seem to overlook."

* * * * *

Searching the Chord of the Bay For The Missing Men.

Captain David Patterson, who was a famous "wrecker" in his day, finally hit upon a plan. He suggested that Capt. Bearse take the *Hamilton* out into the Chord of the Bay, lay to, and wait for a light from shore. This light would be a fire set by Patterson the moment he sighted the boat again—and it would form a range-light, giving Capt. Bearse the approximate position of the small boat.

As the *Hamilton* was owned by the merchant Joseph B. Macy, this gentleman was approached for permission to risk his craft among the ice fields during the night.

"Do not let the safety of the vessel enter into the matter in the least," replied Mr. Macy.

The *Hamilton* sailed, crossing the bar before darkness made it impossible to set a course for the outer edge of the field of ice in the Chord of the Bay.

After several hours of fruitless and disheartening search, those on board the schooner saw a light on the beach. All sail was lowered except the jib. The starboard anchor was catted, all ready to be let go in an instant, and with soundings being taken constantly the schooner was headed inshore, in range of the light.

But only a big piece of wreckage was discovered, evidentally being mistaken by those ashore for the boat. Two hours later the *Hamilton* crept back into the harbor on the flood of the tide.

On the beach, waiting for daylight, Allen Hallett kept a close watch. When the dawn finally came many pieces of wreckage from the *British Queen* could be seen in open water and at the edge of the ice, but no boat was in sight.

In the middle of the forenoon the searchers were at last rewarded. A boat was discerned drifting towards Great Point and although no sign of living creatures was to be seen the party immediately set out to reach it. By using boards obtained from the lighthouse, Patterson and his men crawled out over the ice and reached the boat. In it were Maguire and Holmes, the latter having a broken leg, and both more dead than alive. They were quickly carried ashore.

The most incredible part of the incident is that, when the two were left stranded on the wreck, they got the heavy ship's-boat off the forward house and over the side into the rugged water. It was during this effort that Holmes received a broken leg. Being resourceful fishermen the two were able to take advantage of the *British Queen's* pronounced list to starboard to rig a tackle and get the heavy long-boat over the bulwarks and the water without getting it stove. Their two nights and a day in the icefield, drifting to and fro with the tides, was a terrible experience. When Patterson reached them they had long since given themselves up for lost, expecting to be carried around Great Point and out to the open sea.

* * * * * *

Getting back to the wreck, the ship was sold for $290 as she lay. Most of her rigging and deck lumber was salvaged, but the winter storms checkmated most of the attempts of the "wreckers." About the middle of January another blustery northerly swept away all the remains of the hull.

The old quarter-board with white letters reading *British Queen*, was afterwards picked up on the beach, entangled in some seaweed. It then passed into the possession of Robert Mooney, one of the shipwrecked men remaining here. For a number of years it was tacked onto the barn in back of the Mooney house on Pleasant street, but when Robert Mooney went to live with his son, Lawrence F. Mooney, Sr., at the farm on the Polpis road, the quarter-board went with him. Occupying a prominent position on one of the barns there, it became a familiar object for years.

Today, it is owned by the grandson of Robert Mooney, who is Lawrence F. Mooney, Jr., Chief of the Police Department. During the winter months the board is kept indoors, but with the advent of spring it again takes up its old vigil, in plain sight from the road.

Nantucket's Custom House.

(*Winfield M. Thompson, in Boston Globe.*)

Visitors to Nantucket this summer notice something new and odd about the custom house. The venerable building retains still its ripe red, with white trimmings. The barred revenue flag of the country still floats from the staff above the platform on its roof. The grime of years is still on the stairs that lead to the second-story room where the collector attends to what business there is.

But outside, on the end of the building toward the foot of Main street, there is a new feature, sure to attract the eye of the passer. It is a sign, or a nameboard, or a tablet, as you will, fixed on the wall, bearing the numerals:

1772.

That was the year the building was erected. It has been used for various purposes in 138 years, but the custom-house has always occupied the second-story room in the sou'west corner.

Up its stairs clumped the heavy-booted whaling captains of old times, to get their papers before setting out on four-years' voyages. Up the same stairs they came again on their return, brown and hearty, and glad to shake the fist of the collector in the old home port.

Things have changed since then for the custom house. Time was when Nantucket was third in the list of Massachusetts towns in the value of its imports, which were exceeded only by those of Salem and Boston. Whale oil was its staple, and that, of course, did not pay duty. But there were many things that did, and the collector was kept busy, with more than 100 sail of ships owned in the place.

In 1830, for example, Nantucket had 140 sail of craft, of which 73 were ships, 20 schooners, 46 sloops and 1 a steamer. Their total tonnage was 29,550 tons.

Now the island has but one schooner, a coaster of about 100 tons. Naturally business isn't very brisk at the custom house, and any change in its aspect is worthy of notice by the townspeople.

The new tablet on its wall is the result of enterprise on the part of a member of the Pacific club, which owns the building, having bought it a few years ago for $1,200. This member, who is a summer resident, thought the building was old enough to be marked, and ordered a local wood carver to prepare the tablet, the recent erection of which was a source of general interest.

When the tablet was in place the Pacific club member—it is locally known as "The Captains' Club"—viewed the thing in a body, and pronounced it a shipshape job. Then they resumed their session in the lower corner room under the custom-house. This is by far the most celebrated room in Nantucket. In it one may still see more of the simonpure, genial, sterling American character of the old-fashioned sort than in any other spot in the country.

In the opposite end of the building's ground floor the rooms once occupied by a marine insurance company are now used for storage purposes. So also are the rooms over it, on the same floor with the custom-house quarters. In the upper story is a masonic hall, which is opened only occasionally.

The occupants of the custom house building therefore are the Pacific club and Obed G. Smith, collector of customs.

Mr. Smith does not find his duty overwhelming. He has been in office 10 years, and has collected 48 cents. That was due to an accident. A Nova Scotia coaster, the Alaska, got blown into the bight off the harbor in a bad spell of weather, and was obliged to come into port and stow her cargo of lumber afresh, before resuming her voyage. Some of the lumber was left on the wharf.

Collector Smith levied 48 cents duty on the lumber. This 48 cents he sent to the treasury department. The department wrote to him, saying he was entitled to the 48 cents. He didn't answer at once, and so the matter rested. The department wrote again, and finally sent him a check for it. If the government did not send its letters without stamps, the postage used up in the business would have made quite a hole in the 48 cents.

Mr. Smith sees the humorous side of the matter, and has many a good laugh out of it. A companion transaction that pleased him more, however, had to do with 25 cents left over by his predecessor, who had inherited it from a former incumbent in office.

That 25 cents had been duly forwarded to the subtreasury at Boston, where it must have bothered the bookkeepers a good deal. They wrote to Nantucket about it. Mr. Smith didn't know anything about it. His predecessor had turned in the surplus cash. So he let the matter rest.

Letters came frequently about the 25 cents, and at last a check came, made out to Mr. Smith. He cashed the check, pocketed the quarter, and the accounts of the Nantucket custom-house were once more balanced on the national ledger.

Even if cash does not flow into the Nantucket custom house, some little business is done there. When the new law governing the management of the power boats was promulgated, for example, it was the collector's duty to see that copies of it were distributed among the men of Nantucket who own such craft, and there are a good many of them.

All maritime craft over a certain size must have documents to establish their status, and these are issued from the custom house. Sailors claiming admission to the Snug Harbor, or to a marine hospital, must get their record from the custom house. Mr. Smith has looked up the record of quite a number in his 10 years in office.

Then the collector must hoist the flag every morning and lower it every evening, and in this labor alone he earns every cent of the $250 a year the government pays him. It is worth all that to the community at large to see the flag flying over the honored old custom house building, anyway.

"Every once in a while somebody wants to abolish the custom house," say Mr. Smith. "There are several

Nantucket's Custom House.

Continued from First Page.

custom houses like this one, that don't take in much money, and somebody bobs up and wants to get rid of 'em. Well, if they abolish this custom-house, I'm willing. But the $250 I get helps me make a living, and I do what I can to earn it."

Every day Mr. Smith sits behind the official desk, and waits for business. One day he was seated in the office rocking chair, and as the weather was warm, he might have been dozing, when he became conscious of someone coming up the steep stairs.

He looked up and saw a brisk, youngish looking man outside the counter.

The stranger introduced himself. "I am Eugene T. Chamberlain," he said, "of Washington."

Collector Smith tells the story thus:

"'What,' said I, 'you are not the commissioner of navigation?' He said he was, and that while he was here he thought he would like to step in and see the custom house.

'Well,' said I, 'I expected the commissioner of navigation about 6 feet high, weighed about 250 and was at least 80 years old. Why, you're nothing but a boy!' He took it in good part, and we had quite a chat. I found afterward his father was in the army with me, in the same division, though not in the same brigade; so I sent up word to his hotel and told him, asking him to come down and talk it over. He had to leave the next morning, but he wrote me as soon as he got back to Washington.'"

"I want to say to you that all this talk you hear about the Washington people not using surbordinates well is all bosh. I was never used better in my life than I have been by my superiors while in this custom house. When I came here I didn't know much about making out papers. I didn't have the proper blanks, so I used some old blanks I found here. The department helped straighten things out, and nothing was too small for them to attend to."

Collector Smith has employed some of his leisure in looking over the old papers stowed in a trunk that constitute the records of the Nantucket customs district.

Unfortunately the custom house records were destroyed in the great fire of 1846 which swept the business centre of Nantucket, and all the papers are later than that date. Yet he has found many interesting things among them, relating to the whaling fleets.

Collector Smith is a veteran and has had a varied experience. As a young man he thought he wanted to take Horace Greeley's advice, so he went to Kansas in 1858 when the territory was still stirred by the border war in which John Brown was such a virile figure. Here he looked for work. He finally drifted to the neighborhood of Pottawottamie and "shipped to drive seven yoke of oxen," breaking prairie in furrows two feet wide.

It was pretty hard and hot work for a lad from cool old Nantucket, and the fare wasn't the best. At first he had to sleep with the family, consisting of the farmer and his wife, and the farmer's brother. There was only one bed, and they put the Nantucketer on the outside.

When the civil war was in full swing Mr. Smith enlisted in the 26th Connecticut, and was sent to Louisiana, where he went through the seige of Port Hudson, under Gen. Banks.

After the war he lived on the mainland for some years, but his native Nantucket finally called him, and he came back with the determination of spending the rest of his life there. For 25 years he was watchman in the Nantucket bank.

Collector Smith has a little land on the south edge of the town, not far from the celebrated windmill, and there he "farms it." When not busy on his little place he is at the custom-house, keen and kindly, and always ready, like every true Nantucketer, to go out of his way to do a service for a stranger.

Vellum
AL IVORY
RLO SIZE
r Announcements
FOLD TO FIT ENVELOPES
100 Additional 25's
18.50 3.70
VELOPES AND TISSUES
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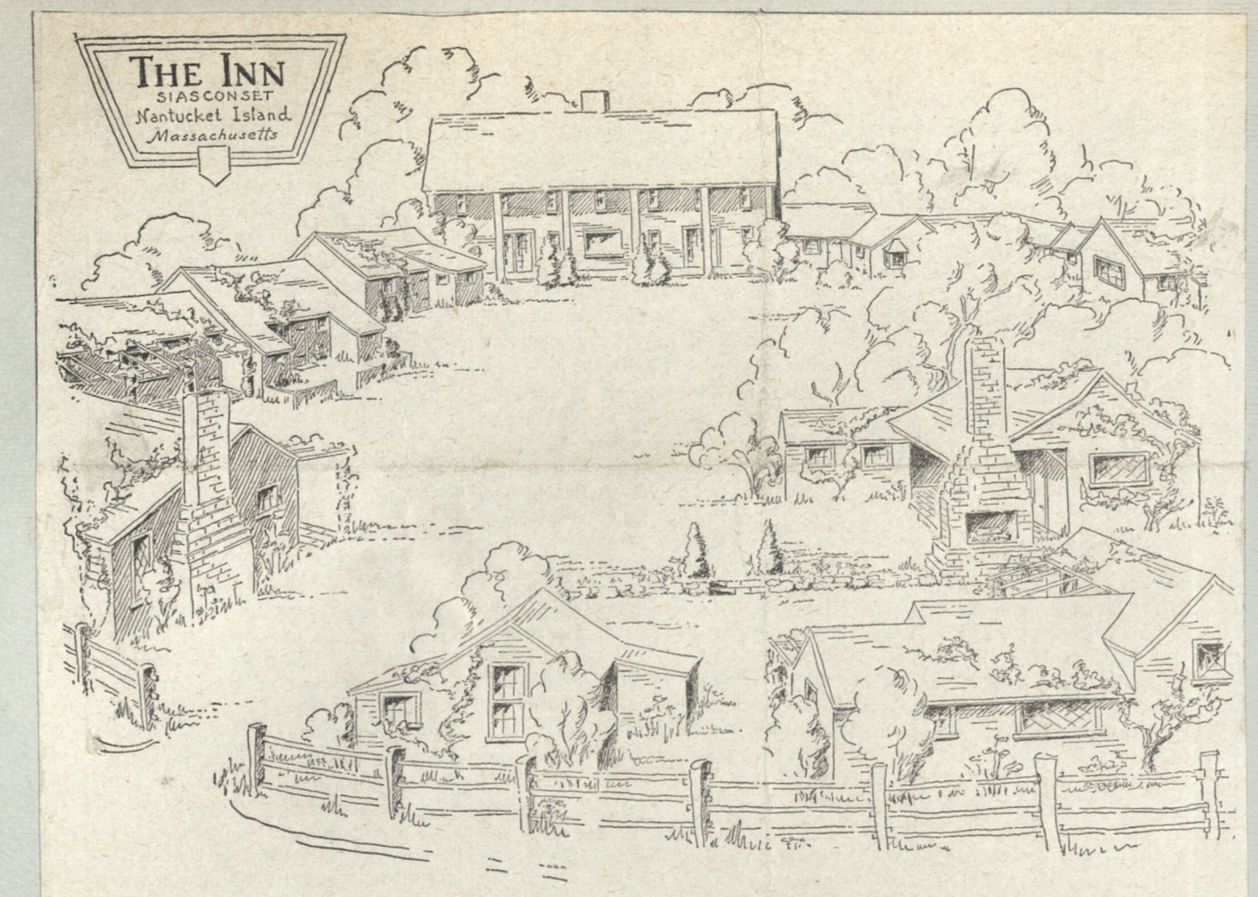
Greeting Cards
FOR ALL
OCCASIONS
GIFTS

MISS CORA STEVENS
Stationery -:- Toys -:- Candy
7 PETTICOAT ROW
NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASSACHUSETTS



'Sconset and The Inn

It takes a page of this size to give pertinent information about 'Sconset and The Inn. It has long been my belief that first-time visitors should have as much Island information as possible, for the place is more important than the Inn or hotel.

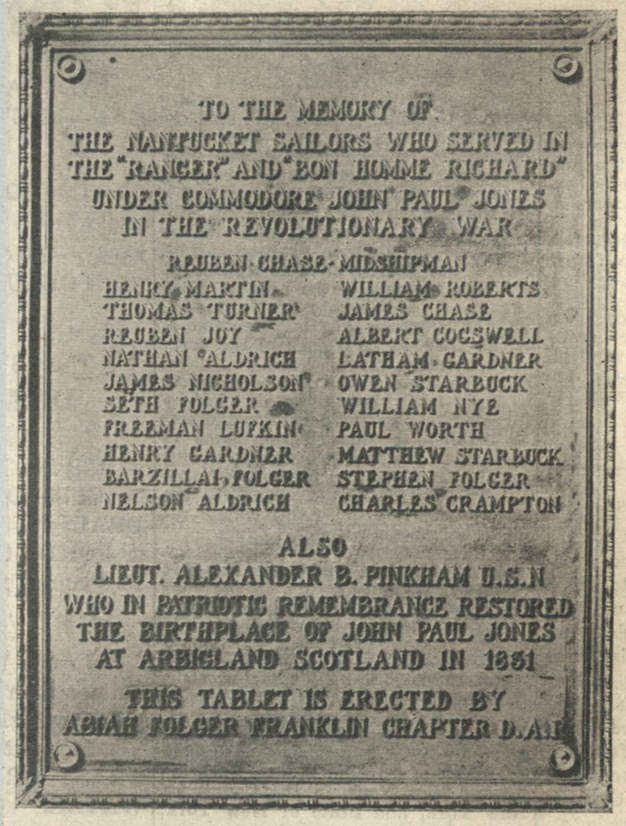
Regular readers of *The Inquirer and Mirror* do not need to be reminded of the charms of 'Sconset, but from an advertising point of view I think this page will be worth the effort.

Last season finished a remodeling program at The Inn which began some fifteen years ago. Now we can offer the best in comfortable accommodations and this is quite obviously a solicitation of your recommendation.

I do not forget that there are many other hotels and such on the Island worthy of your support.

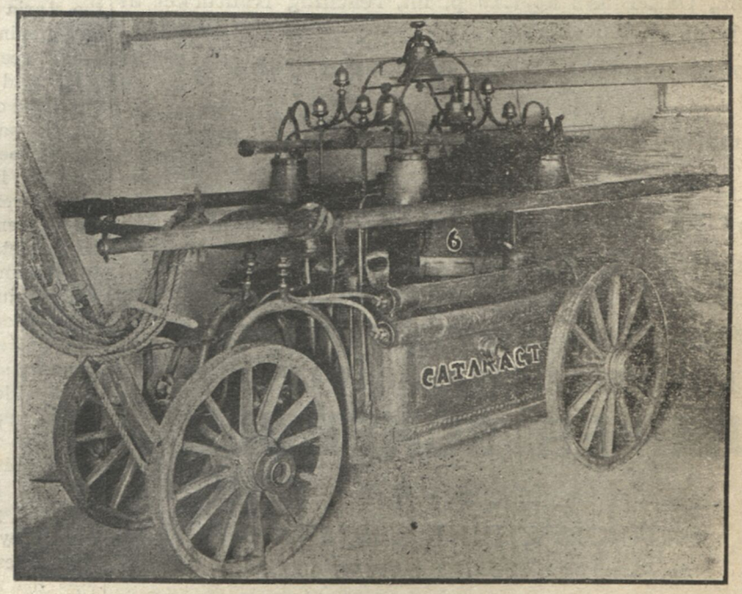
Clem Reynolds

A HISTORIC TABLET



The Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, had a float in the parade which attracted considerable attention, as "Abiah" and her son "Benjamin Franklin" were characterized.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD



This old fire-engine, which bears the date 1831, came from the seclusion of the basement of the Historical Museum and took a prominent part in the parade. It was the first time the Cataract had rumbled over the cobble-stones on Main street for many years.

This illustration is from an old drawing depic ting the town of Sherburne. At that period there were four mills standing on the hill, two of which ar e seen at the left of the picture.

To be Socially Correct your Wedding Stationery Ensemble should include:

Wedding Invitations	Wedding Announcements	Reception Cards
Dinner or Breakfast Cards	At Home Cards	Informal Notes
Respond Cards with Envelopes	Menus	Place Cards

Monogrammed Items

Napkins **Matches** **Cake Boxes or Cellophane Bags**

Reception notices in corner of Invitations are not considered Socially Correct

Card: C 239

Stratford Vellum

BLUE - WHITE

Wedding Invitations or Announcements

Paper: Trinity Design Available In Silver (Empire)
Paper: Warwick Design Available In Silver (Slocum)

DOES NOT REQUIRE SECOND FOLD TO FIT ENVELOPES

Quantity	50	75	100	Additional 25's
Price	9.50	12.00	14.50	2.60

PRICES INCLUDE DOUBLE ENVELOPES AND TISSUES

Reception or Thank You Folders

Folder: TY - 15 — Includes Single Envelopes
Folder: WR - 14 — No Envelopes Included

DESIGN AVAILABLE GOLD OR SILVER TO MATCH INVITATIONS

Quantity	50	75	100	Additional 25's
Price	6.00	7.50	9.00	1.50

Respond Cards with Printed Envelopes

Card: C 239

Quantity	50	75	100	Additional 25's
Price	5.70	6.80	7.90	1.10

One Line Informals

Folder: F 239

Quantity	100	150	200	Additional 50's
Price	3.90	5.40	6.90	1.50

PRICES INCLUDE SINGLE ENVELOPES

* FOR WEDDING SCRIPT

Add $3.00 per Order to Above Prices
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YOU MAY COMBINE ANY PAPER WITH ANY LETTERING IN THIS CATALOGUE

First select the paper, then choose the type style

THE OLD WINDMILL (Built 1746) *Nantucket, Massachusetts*

HARVESTING THE CRANBERRIES

Passengers making their way ashore from the Sankaty off Beachside in January, 1918.

THE GLOBE MUTINY.—We are under obligations to several friends, both at home and abroad, who have promptly placed at our disposal copies of the narrative of the "Mutiny on board the ship Globe" in 1824, as given by Cyrus M. Hussey and William Lay, two of the survivors, but we regret that the request contained in our article should have been so misunderstood. We thought we expressly stated that we had just finished reading the narrative of Lay and Hussey, and that we were in search of another book written by William Comstock, a brother of the arch mutineer. We repeat our request here, assuring our readers that there is or rather *was* such a book as we mentioned; its title was "The Mutineer," or the "Young Mutineer," or something very near this, and it was illustrated as we before described, having a frontispiece representing the shooting of Samuel Comstock by his partners in guilt. The poem of Glover, which was entitled "The Young Mutineer," was embodied in the book, and some of our friends have supposed that we had confused things in our memory, but such is not the fact. The work that we want was published about the year 1845, and the copy which we owned and read was not a bound book, but a thick pamphlet with soft covers. It contained a biographical sketch of Samuel Comstock, with some general account of the family, and related the story of his first voyage made in the ship Foster, of this port, then commanded by Capt. Shubael Chase, between the years 1819 and 1822. We have made no mistake in this instance, and we again ask our readers to aid us to find the book.

Card: C 939

Card: C 239

YOU MAY COMBINE ANY PAPER WITH ANY LETTERING IN THIS CATALOGUE

First select the paper, then choose the type style

A NANTUCKET TRADITION

Photo by Hamar

THE THREE BRICK STARBUCK HOUSES ON MAIN STREET, WITH "WEST BRICK" ON THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE.

Paper: Gre

Lettering: Wedding Script

Folder: F 2

EPTEMBER 29, 1945.

Fragrant Memories

I. . The Sea.

Nantucketers are proverbially clannish. Probably there is no community anywhere, even in old Scotland, whose people are more proud of their birthplace. None who appreciate each other more, nor retain the feeling of homesickness longer. Wherever a native may be, the name "Nantucket", mentioned or seen, increases the heartbeat and renews a feeling of pride.

Nantucket history and traditions are of more real interest than are those of most other towns to its naives. Many of the letters writen to *The Inquirer and Mirror* are inspired by this historic clannist attribute, and the contributors dwell upon incidents of another day, of both general and personal interest, with pardonable familiarity. Because this is so, I feel quite sure of a sympathetic reading of a few rambling memories, at least by subscribers of our older generations —memories which are as pleasant in the recollection, almost, as in the days of the events themselves.

There must be lots of old Nantucketers who, like myself, recall experiences and people of sixty-one years ago with more intelligence than we have of the present generation. I find these letters of older correspondents very interesting. The column, "Looking Backward," now missing, was the first one I turned to each Monday night. I can't go back in memory a hundred years, but some of the men and women of that period were still active and well-known in my boyhood.

Well, so much for the preamble. If any old-timers have followed so far, you may have the courage, or the politeness, to continue a little longer. "Fragrant Memories" is my topic, and if "Harry" prints this there will be some more. I imagine it's a relief to have an occasional "letter to the Editor" in the Fall and Winter months when there are not so many "personals," etc. It saves wear and tear on the editorial pen and reportorial shoe leather.

These memories have been floating in my mind since an announcement of the "Annual Cattle Show and Fair" appeared in *The Mirror* some years ago. I know not through which of the five senses these memories appeal to you, dear reader, but to me it is by the sense of smell. There is a peculiar odor, fragrance, aroma, perfume, or scent associated with many of the activities of my boyhood. The older I get, the stronger is the essence surrounding them as they come trooping back over the years.

* * * * *

There is the ever-present smell of the sea, for "every breeze that sweeps the ocean" brings not tidings but an invigorating, salty air from afar. There is no escape from an ocean breeze—and this is one of the virtues of Nantucket. The smell of the sea will never leave the nostrils of a native. It recalls things related to the old ocean and the old home.

First of all, I think of those hardy men who lived on the sea and won their livelihood from it. My own grandfather rounded Cape Horn more than once in pursuit of the always elusive and often destructive whales. Many of the captains of whalers were as familiar to me in my boyhood as are the men about me now—Captain Grant, Capt. Moores, Capt. Coffin, Capt. Plaskett, Capt. Hussey, Capt. Chase, Capt. Winslow—to men but a few of the makers of Nantucket history.

The smell of the sea reminds me, too, of the rolling surf on the South Shore. How often have I gone to sleep with the sound of the surf ringing in my ears—no, not ringing, for the sound was as a mighty roar, a deep, endless, subterranean swell, suggesting almighty power and grandeur.

Also, one cannot forget those sounds which came when the "nor-easter" bore down over the bar and raised havoc in the harbor. Here again the ears were attuned to that other sound which told of protection to the navigator who attempted to come over the bar—the constant ringing of the bell buoy—an institution to every North Shore boy. Many a time we made our dory fast to that same bell buoy and fished for scup—and caught them, too!

The sea recalls, too, those terrific storms which brought disaster to many a good ship on the South Shore, Tuckernuck Shoal, and inside Great Point. Some of the old boys may remember the *William F. Marshall*, wrecked out on the South Shore; the Italian bark loaded with lime off Nobadeer (I think it was on this wreck that Capt. Nickerson lost his life while stripping her); the "banana wreck"—a godsend to every Nantucket boy who could locate a flour bag or gunny sack! And many other wrecks around the island in the days when ships and sailors were not so well protected as in the years which have followed.

The smell of the sea recalls, too, those days when the strangers were visitors only, when we boys owned the Cliff Shore and went swimming without "let" or hindrance or uniform. When, too, after school was out on an afternoon in early June, we ran to Commercial wharf and dove in. No suits, no ceremony, no-nothing.

Once again, and finally, the smell of the sea brings back to memory those happy days on Straight wharf, where Capt. Gorham and crew were unloading grain from the schooner *Onward*, where Captain Henry Snow and John Spicer were watching for a southwest wind to drive the old *W. O. Nettleton* to Boston; and where we often climbed the shrouds of these same wonderful vessels and sat on the cross-trees. Then came the *Island City* with her "poop" deck, replacing the *W. O. Nettleton*. It was upon this schooner that I "shipped" for my first voyage to seek my fortune in the great city.

And that, by the way, is a story in itself. This year I finished my apprenticeship, and had "learned the trade" of printing, I became a "journeyman" for the summer and left Nantucket in September, 1885. Capt. Henry Snow of the then *Island City* offered me a berth on his next trip to Boston. I accepted without hesitation, for it saved considerable fare. Besides Capt. Snow and John Spicer, Wallace Gardner was one of the crew that year. We had a splendid run across the sound, along the Cape and across Massachusetts Bay, anchoring in the "rodes" off Nantasket in just twelve hours from Nantucket.

Time to turn in, I was told to bunk with Wallace. He must have gone to sleep before he had his pants off, and "breathed heavily" all night. Before my eyes would close after the rather exhilarating experience of the day, "they" began to bite. While Wallace slept, I scratched, and by morning I must have had the appearance of a case of measles. Well, we landed at Pearl street wharf without a pilot, for Capt. Snow was a mariner and needed little help.

Yes, the smell of the sea to a Nantucketer means more than tongue, pen, or printer's ink can tell.

As I suggested in another place, if this contribution is acceptable, another will follow. Next time the subject will be "Potato Chowder."

—*Alliston Greene.*

Worcester, Mass. Sept. 25.

Y PAPER WITH ANY LETTERING
ct the paper, then choose the type

Fragrant Memories 1945

II. Potato Chowder

The odor of any savory soup or chowder brings to mind one of the happiest occasions of my Nantucket boyhood. Long before Boy Scouts as such were dreamed of, the boys of North Shore Hill created for themselves many profitable and enjoyable forms of entertainment, in which they were "abetted"— and encouraged by parents who understood children.

It was Friday afternoon, school out for the week, we were playing marbles —"knuckle down"—on the dirt sidewalk in front of Sylvester Hodges' house on North Shore Hill—Ned Chase, Jesse Snow, Walter Barney (Walter was left-handed—we always wondered how he could learn to set type with his right hand), "Rusty" Burdett, Maurice Gibbs, and perhaps some more of the old "gang". Somebody said, "let's go up to the spring tomorrow and make a chowder". "All right", was the prompt reply in chorus, for this was one of the annual events every boy enjoyed. It had to be decided who would furnish what —"I'll get the potatoes and onions!" "I'll get the salt pork and flour!" "I'll bring the wheel-barrow and kettle!" Everybody was responsible for something.

When the four or five Mothers heard the story that night they had heart failure. They knew from sad experience what to expect. Getting the things together and loading the wheelbarrow Saturday morning was not so bad—everything clean and in order. But when those same dishes and iron kettle came home at night it would be a different thing. Dishes and inside of the kettle plastered with chowder and beach sand, and the outside of the old kettle black with smoke from the open fire and grimy from the over-run. No boys ever had better and more cooperative Mothers. I recall them today with reverence. They seemed to enjoy the experience as much as the boys, in spite of the work.

Right after breakfast Saturday morning, after some of us had sifted the ashes and chopped the wood (none of our folks were farmers so there were no cows to milk), a group of barefoot boys assembled in Ned Chase's backyard, from whence most of our escapades were launched. Aunt Ann Chase was a champion upon whom the boys could always depend. Her memory will ever be cherished by the boys who were fortunate enough to have been influenced by her humorous and understanding heart.

All the elements for making a potato chowder were piled into the wheelbarrow and off we started for the "spring" at the foot of Captain Hinckley's lane. The beach furnished driftwood, dried beach grass the kindling, and one of the boys dug up a match. (Book matches and cigarettes were not born at that time.)

Do you know how to make a potato chowder? Did you ever eat a Nantucket potato chowder? If not, you've got something coming to you. Here's the formula:

Over an open fire heat the old iron kettle (no modern aluminum or agate boiler will do); when good and hot throw in several slices of fat salt pork; when going in good shape, drop in a couple of sliced onions; then after a few moments of sizzling fragrance, turn in a couple of quarts of milk from Nantucket cows, diluted, if too rich, with a pint of water from the "spring"—no other water is as good; thicken with Pillsbury's flour. Then immediately add the potatoes—real Nantucket early Rose or Green Mountain, sliced, as many as you want, a half dozen or more. Let the whole mess boil until the potatoes are tender. Add salt and pepper to taste while boiling. Your potato chowder is then done, and if it does not tickle the digestive organs of the most fastidious, there is something wrong with him.

During the process of the chowder making we all took part, but when everything was going well, one boy was elected to stay by and stir the chowder so it would not burn on, while the rest of us went in swimming. The cook would be relieved in turn so we each (literally) had a hand in the chowder.

Now for the high light of the day's fun—the eating of that home-made potato chowder. Of course, we had crackers or bread, and maybe a piece of squash pie or something like that for a top-off; but the main dish was this potato chowder. If you have never seen the superlative in juvenile enjoyment, you never will for it passed out of existence when those North Shore boys back in the 1870's finished their soup plates of potato chowder, sitting, nude, in the sand dunes of the "cliff" by Hinckley's Spring to the accompaniment of a gentle westerly wind which would occasionally sift a little of that soft beach sand into the delicious dish.

I cannot close this experience without committing the literary error of an anti-climax. May I suggest to the leader of the newly-organized Boys Club that he add this form of outing to his program. Have the boys do as we did—push the entire equipment to the "Spring" in a wheelbarrow. No automobile! Make them earn their fun. One great trouble with the world today is that there are too many people wasting their time in unearned amusement.

Next time it will be "Main Street Stores."

Alliston Greene.

Worcester, Mass.

Fragrant Memories

IX. "Fan Mail." 1946

Before going on with reminiscences of Centre Street and Petticoat Row, for which there seems to be some interest, may I intrude to thank the old and new friends for several cordial and most enjoyable letters? William Crosby Bennett, well remembered as a native Nantucketer, whose ancestors were closely identified with the island's history, and whose mother was for several years secretary of the Nantucket Historical Society, has written such an interesting and informative letter, that it should be enjoyed by all who have had the grace to follow these uncensored contributions.

In the notes which Will Bennett has "edited" for possible publication he has omitted some of the personal references which are often the heart and soul of a letter. I am sure he will not censure me for making use of a few of these "homey" personal notes in introducing his fine letter.

"I was born in the house my great-grandfather, Seth Pinkham, built on Fair street....my grandfather (Captain Plaskett), whom you mentioned among the Captains, was a close personal friend of Captain Winslow of the 'Kearsarge', the U. S. cruiser which sank the 'Alabama',....my grandmother had the first piano ever brought to Nantucket Island."

* * * * *

Now for his letter:

"Some twenty years ago when we had acquired a car—a necessity in Southern California—one of my favorite rides was westward through Beverly Hills to Santa Monica, and then after skirting the lovely Pales Verdes Hills and the Point Vicente Lighthouse, drop down as if from the clouds into the historic old port of San Pedro. There I loved to visit the old whaling ship "Narwhal", abandoned and lying beside a deserted wharf in the inner harbor. Mutely, yet vividly, the old craft recalled to me the prominent part the whalers had played in our early history, and the prosperity they had bought to the infant republic.

"My Nantucket-born grandfather and great-grandfather were whalemen. Both had shipped before the mast and through merited promotion had reached the quarter deck as commanders. They had been trained to obey and were therefore fitted to command. Like so many others of their generation who sailed from the great whaling ports of Nantucket and New Bedford, they encountered the terrific storms of the tropics and the ice-fields of the polar regions. Fearlessly they pursued, and with a daring not surpassed in mortal warfare captured the huge leviathans and made them contribute to the wants of mankind.

"These men brought back something more than barrels of oil and pounds of bone from their voyages. They enriched our citizenship. In visiting foreign ports in every quarter of the globe for the purpose of shipment or recruits or repairs; in braving the perils of the ocean; in meeting the attacks of wounded and angry whales; in dealing with barbarous natives of the South Sea Islands; in thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes; in all these they gained a strength of character, a broad vision, and a clearer judgment.

"Returning from a strenuous and hazardous service at a comparatively early age, they sought on land the comforts of home. Here they were not idle. They engaged in various pursuits and they added greatly to the social life of the town. They were citizens whose opinions were respected by their neighbors, for they had been reared in a school which made them neither narrow-minded nor timid.

"Perhaps it will be remembered in the whaling days during the Civil War the name of Raphael Semmes brought dread and fear to our sea commerce; especially to those whaleships like the 'Narwhal' which went afar in pursuit of their game. For Semmes commanded the dreaded privateer 'Alabama' built and fitted out in England to harass our Northern shipping. From having often heard my seafaring grandfather tell of his narrow escape from capture by Captain Semmes I had built up in my boyish fancy the picture of a joyous freebooter, a Kidd or Red Rover, or a Morgan, skimming the blue main like a bird if prey, eager to plunder and destroy—young and vigorous, splendidly blood-thirsty, gay in lace and gold.

"Many years later, from the lips of the Hon. W. W. Crapo, of New Bedford, I discovered how untrue my mental picture had been. Seen by Mr. Crapo, who had met him, Semmes was far from being a gallant adventurer. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was already well past middle life; neither handsome, winning nor magnetic. In fact, instead of the gild-laced, swearing, singing freebooter of my dreams, he described him as having the appearance of a grave professional man, resembling more than anything else a country parson.

"As agent for the Nantucket and New Bedford whalemen sustaining losses through the 'Alabama's' sinkings, Mr. Crapo obtained for them a goodly share of the fifteen and a half million dollar indemnity England paid the United States.

"Although my picture of Semmes had been sadly tarnished, still there can be no doubt his daring exploits at sea form a stirring chapter in the history of the Civil War. No vessel up to that time was as famous as the 'Alabama', seeking its prey on every ocean—the Atlantic, the China Sea, the Pacific, the Arctic, the tropics—and capturing and destroying over 70 ships and their cargoes.

"The Confederate plan had evidently been to draw off the Federal warships from the effective blockade of Southern ports and engage them in a wild goose chase to capture the marauder. But the plan didn't work. No Federal craft was released from its task. When the time was ripe the North did build a swift, powerful cruiser, the 'Kearsarge', for the sole purpose of destroying the privateer. Every schoolboy knows how she caught the sea raider off Cherbourg, France, and sent her to the bottom.

"Captain Winslow, Commander of the 'Kearsarge', was a close friend of my grandfather's. He was, I believe, either Nantucket-born or of Nantucket ancestry. Just before the naval engagement off the French coast my grandparent's ship happened to put in at the Azores where the 'Kearsarge' was in port, and Winslow invited him to witness his destruction of the enemy vessel. This foregone conclusion of victory is an example of the courage and determination of our naval heroes in our last and all our other wars.

"I remember when I was a little boy my grandmother used to tell of the time the 'Alabama' was sighted off Nantucket island. All the young men of the town were away at war and only women and old men left at home. Great was the relief when Captain Semmes came ashore and announced his was a friendly visit. He said that when a midshipman at Annapolis he had spent a delightful week on the island, and being in the vicinity, came to pay his respects to the charming islanders, especially the ladies, who had at that time entertained him so handsomely.

"I recall that day I interviewed Mr. Crapo at his New Bedford home, 'Uncle Joe' Cannon, with whom years before he had served in Congress, chanced to be a house guest, and I was invited to stay to dinner. From this intimate contact I got an entirely different picture of the former Speaker than the one I had in mind. Instead of the vulgar-minded, nasty old man I had so often heard described, I discovered a courteous, attentive, cleanly-humorous gentleman, with delightful reminiscences of his early boyhood on the Western Frontier when his parents were so poor that, like Lincoln, he studied his school books with no other light than the blaze of the burning logs."

William Crosby Bennett.

West Los Angeles, California.

* * * * *

The letters I am receiving, and the reports from the editor, have given me more pleasure than it seems possible others can find in these "fragrant memories". My hope is that these letters will keep coming; and may I suggest that the address of the writer will be a help if the letters demand a reply. Only this week an unidentified letter was received from California. I do hope he or she will write again, giving address.

Alliston Greene.

13 Merrick street,
Worcester, Mass.

TRICKS OF PAGE 46

Fragrant Memories

XXIV. Early Days in Boston.

When, one September day in 1885, I shook hands in parting with Capt. Henry Snow at the Pearl Street Wharf in Boston and began the long journey "toward the promised land", conditions in every walk of life were far different than they are today. To have lived and taken a feeble part in the social and business affairs of the city at that time has provided a background intensely interesting and of great value as the changing years are compared.

These changes have been so many, and the fact that quite a number of Nantucket boys and girls were in Boston at the time of these developments, it seems to me that at least one chapter of "Fragrant Memories" may well be given to events in and about Boston sixty and more years ago.

As so often stated in this column, let me repeat, that I am depending entirely upon memory; no records have been searched, no questions have been asked of anyone. Also, as in the case of Louise Elizabeth Rich, who claims in her book, "Happy the Land" that no person, except the publisher himself, is ever allowed to read her manuscript before it is presented to the public, these memories have never been read by anyone (always excepting L. B. G., whose critical eye has saved me many an error) before publication in this newspaper. Those incidents, events, and people only which or who have made an unerasable impression are referred to; otherwise, for my particular purpose, their value would be negligible. To be sure, it may be facetiously said that I remember many things which never happened, but I have utter confidence in my audience that they (or it?) will take that statement "with a grain of salt."

Therefore, when it is claimed that my arrival in Boston in September 1885 preceded the appearance of electric cars; electric lights; automobiles; radios; subways; short skirts; cigarettes; moving pictures; Symphony Hall; North and South Railroad stations; type-setting machines; President Ben Harrison; Governor Ben Butler; and many other things; some readers may think I am a very old man or a consummate liar. It is true, nevertheless.

Examples: At that time there were eight railroad stations in Boston: Boston & Albany and the Old Colony on Kneeland Street; Boston & Providence at Park Square; New England Railroad on Atlantic Avenue; Boston & Lowell and the Fitchburg Railroads on Causeway Street; Boston & Maine at Haymarket Square; and the Boston, Revere Beach and Lynn (narrow gauge—via ferry service to East Boston) on Atlantic Avenue.

Horse cars and horse-drawn vehicles of all kinds were the means of transportation. East Boston and Chelsea were reached by ferry boats over the harbor. Gas jets furnished illumination, generally, but kerosene lamps were as popular, if not more so. Women's skirts revealed ankles only. Men only were the habitual smokers, and they smoked pipes and "cheroots." (When the girls began to take up the cigarette habit, one of the eating places in town where everything was free and easy, sawdust on the floor, but the food good, Jake Wirth's to be sure, displayed this sign prominently over the bar: "Ladies Will Not Smoke." The sign has long since disappeared.) News was circulated by newspapers and telegraph service. Type for printing newspapers and books was all set by hand. Before the "Globe" made its appearance, Boston newspapers were the "Herald", the "Journal" and the "Transcript". I was around at the birth of the "Globe" and the funeral of the "Transcript".

At that time Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were "starring" in Romeo and Juliet at the Boston Theatre on Washington Street. Joe Jefferson was at the height of his popularity in the "Old Homestead" at the Boston Museum on Tremont Street. Phillips Brooks was "holding forth the word of life" at Trinity Church, and Ben Butler was the dynamic Governor of Massachusetts; Carl Zerrahm was conducting the Handel and Haydn Society Chorus, and "Whale Oil" Gus was showing at Austin & Stone's on Court Street.

Two more items occur to me as I write: Princess Liliuokalani, the last Hawaiian Monarch, was presented at Mechanics Building, and there was played in Cambridge an historic ball game between Harvard and Yale. Sam Winslow (later my Representative in Congress from the 4th District) pitched for Harvard, and A.A. Stagg for Yale. These celebrities were unaware of it, but I was present at both events. I must confess forgetfulness as to the outcome of the ball game, "but 'twas a famous Victory."

Returning to Pearl Street wharf for a final word with Capt. Henry Snow, of the "Island City" (the W. O. Nettleton had been sold and was no longer the Boston packet).

As I wrote in a previous "memory", my night aboard had been less restful than that of my bunk-mate, Wallace Gardner. Thus it was that a somewhat sleepy, embarrassed, and very "green" boy in a strange city found his way to the boat which would take him across the harbor to Winthrop. Here asylum was found

with Uncle John, Aunt Judith, and cousin Winifred Tewksbury, while seeking an opportunity in Boston to demonstrate what the "Inquirer and Mirror" had taught him. Soon a kind-hearted and intelligent printer recognized latent ability, gave me that chance, and it has never been necessary to ask for a job since.

During the days of ringing doorbells for a job one of the first of the old-timers to make himself known was Herbert Parker, a graduate of the "Mirror" office a few years earlier. Thanks to Herbert, I learned a lot about Boston in a very short time.

With a good job at a dollar and a half for a ten-hour day, it was best to locate in the city nearer to my work. My first venture in house-hunting resulted in finding a room on the third floor (walk-up) of a house on Harrison Avenue, recognized now by Boston people as the heart of Chinatown. I think the rate was $2.50 a week. My food, largely at Wyman's Sandwich Depot on Spring Lane (the Old South Building now covers the spot) stood me for 15 cents to 25 cents per meal. The environment of Harrison Avenue was a far cry from the fresh salt air and friendly neighbors so recently left in Nantucket. However, it was my good fortune to be rescued by the second Nantucketer to appear on the horizon, Herbert Grew. (Among a great many Nantucket friends, Herbert and his mother, Emily, are to be remembered for more than one act of kindness at times of great need.) He it was who introduced me to my first boarding house in the Charlestown district where he was located, not far from Bunker Hill Monument, and conveniently overlooking the State Prison where I began to feel more at home!

After a short time in this part of the city another streak of good fortune brought me in contact with the Bunker girls, Alice and Louise. Under their hospitable roof in East Boston, more of the Nantucket atmosphere became a part of the daily life. Alice Bunker was in the Tax Commissioner's office in the State House where she gave the best years of her life in dependable service. It is an interesting fact that another Nantucket "girl," Mildred Howland Brooks, now carries on where Alice left off. For more than sixty years, unless I am very much mistaken, the State Tax Commissioner has depended upon the intelligence and industry of two Nantucket girls to make his office "go". That is a record unmatched, if not unmatchable.

Somewhere along the line came Will Macy and Butler Folger. Will had just graduated from the Mirror office, and Butler was fresh from his father's farm. I don't remember about Macy's first work as a printer, but Butler began his career with the wholesale boot and shoe merchants, Brown Durrell Company, around the corner from Church Green on Lincoln street. Naturally, the nostalgic magnet brought us together.

A favorite trysting place at noon was Marston's popular dining room on Cornhill—not upstairs for a regular dinner—our "salaries" would not stand that; but in the lunch room on the street floor we had many a "gam" over a plate of beans or corned beef hash. Macy's sister and brother-in-law, Herbert Gardner, lived in Somerville, where we found a welcome when in search of entertainment.

Once more a new home had to be found because of the death of Mrs. Bunker and the necessity of breaking up the home. Thanks to the suggestion of Will Macy, no better place could have been found than with the Coffin family in Somerville. Their influence and interests were just what were needed at that particular time. Although these Coffins had no connection with Nantucket, the name had significance. Music was fundamental with them. Three members were singing in the Handel and Haydn Chorus; thus it was natural that a desire to go with them should be born.

It was not difficult to pass the examination for a place in the first bass section because of the excellent training in the North Church choir by Mrs. Wakeman and Emma Cook, to whom I have ever been grateful. No piece of pasteboard was ever more highly prized than the little ticket admitting me to the rehearsals of this old and historic organization, under the direction of that thorough musician and dynamic personality, Carl Zerrahn.

Two concerts, Sunday and Monday nights, were necessary to accommodate all who wished to hear the "Messiah" at Christmas time in the old Music Hall. One great rendering of "The Redemption" in Boston Theatre, at which a local singer of note, Lon Brine was featured, was an occasion still thrilling in contemplation. Never was "Unfold ye Portals!" more triumphantly sung. Fragrant memories, indeed.

Well, another family misfortune required one more change. Back to Boston and to a room on Beacon Hill. among those well-to-do and more or less historic characters, later referred to by Bob Washburn as "Beaconese". Before the addition to the State House and the destruction of the swimming pool on Derne street; before the advent of business on Beacon Street, West, "when Knighthood was in flower," 69 Hancock Street was my dwelling place.

A passageway between Mt. Vernon and Beacon, adjoining the State House grounds was most convenient. Now pedestrians pass through the building from street to street. Guests at this boarding house were a democratic (small "d") and versatile group.

One man in particular remains in my memory—a compositor on the "Herald"—the most nervous man I had met. During every meal his tongue and hands were in constant motion; moving his utensils, salt and pepper "shakers", everything within reach from place to place, and monopolizing the conversation with his ideas on every subject.

Another "character," occupying a single hall bedroom, always addressed with respect as "Mr. —," was a faithful attendent at the services of the Tremont Temple Baptist Church.

From the vantage point of Beacon Hill, it was easy to attend rehearsals of Handel and Haydn and other musical events. Among the popular organizations at that time was, of course, the Boston Symphony whose concerts were always in Music Hall. The Kneisel Quartet, members of the Symphony, commanded large audiences for their chamber concerts. The Ruggles Street Male Quartet was considered as fine as any at that time. Their singing, possibly, filled the Ruggles Street Baptist Church when the preaching would have failed to do so...Every Sunday afternoon found me at the Arlington Street Unitarian Church for the vesper service, primarily to enjoy the singing of one of the finest mixed quartets—Gertrude Franklin, Gertrude Edmands, George Want, and Myron Whitney. Yes, Shakespeare was right—

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils."

William F. Macy now re-enters. He never was wedded to the printing trade for a livelihood as were most of the other "Mirror" graduates. His experience at the Lyman School for Boys at Westboro completed, I think, his direct connection with printing. He established the department at that school as an educational feature in 1887 and taught printing. Early in 1888 he gave it up and passed the job over to me. This ended, for the time, my interest in Boston, and gives me an opportunity to return to other Nantucketers who have been waiting for attention.

Let's begin with Roland Hussey who after an experience as a compositor on the "Boston Herald" on "Pi Alley" was overtaken with homesickness (there may have been other contributing circumstances), returned to Nantucket and carried on where his father left off. My boss for three years and more, he will always be remembered with respect and gratitude for his unfailing courtesy, kindness and care in starting me in the "Art preservative". While kicking the old Gordon job press printing hand bills for some local purpose, he once said, "Greene, you will learn a great deal by observation"! A good motto, which has not been forgotten.

I have already referred to the Bunker girls, Will Macy, Butler Folger, Herbert Parker, and Herbert Grew. Others whom I knew, some more intimately, were Horace Cook who, with Herbert Grew, was in the wholesale produce district; Clara Pitman, who was with Carter, Rice Corp., wholesale paper dealers. Walter Sprague was one of the earliest operators of the Mergenthaler typesetting machines on the Boston Globe.

Herbert Dunham had charge of the shipping news for the Boston Transcript. It was his duty to visit the docks along Atlantic Avenue, check up on all ships arriving and departing (sailing ships were very common at that time); then return to the newspaper office and put his news into type for the afternoon edition.

The untimely death of Herbert Dunham as he was about to take the train for Boston at the Winter Hill station in Somerville, very near his home, was a great shock. Years later, the passing of the Transcript was a severe blow to thousands of readers in and around Boston. It was like burying a dear friend.

Sinon Nevins, my "partner" in crime" in the Mirror office, after other employment here and there as a compositor, finally went to the composing room of the Globe, where he finished his career in printing as head of the "make-up". Siny's flare for politics made it perfectly logical for him to be elected a Selectman in the town of Revere, which was his home for several years.

Fragrant memories cluster around those early days in Boston. They are recalled with gratitude to the men and women of Nantucket whose practical and sympathetic teaching was seed well sown.

At the masthead of the Lyman School Enterprise, a little paper established by Will Macy at the school in 1887, appeared this line:

"The things that thou hast gathered in thy youth, how shalt thou find them in thy old age."

Alliston Greene

November 1, 1947.

Fragrant Memories

"Their Works Do Follow Them."

These fragrant memories would be remiss in failing to give expression to heartfelt sorrow in the passing of Samuel Heath Rich and Jesse Baker Snow. To be sure our personal contacts ceased many years ago, but the memory of both of these boys is as clear as it was the day that Heath Rich joined Isaac Folger in publishing "The Island Review", and Jesse Snow and I "assisted" his father, Charles E. Snow, hauling in bluefish in his dory off Cliff Beach in 1878. Both of these men made the world a little better than they found it, and their works will follow them.

Little can be added to the story with portrait of Heath Rich, reproduced from the Brockton Enterprise in the Inquirer and Mirror, June 21. It has found an honored place in my own Nantucket Scrapbook. It will be read often as an inspiration when the deeds and misdeeds of men make front-page headlines as the actors find themselves above or under the law. Particularly impressive was the testimony that profanity was not one of his habits. To have been a printer and newspaper man for seventy-nine years without swearing is an almost superhuman accomplishment.

There are certain qualities in a person's character or in his name which create an enduring impression. Heath Rich was endowed with both these qualities. Even as a young boy (he was my senior by about nine years) his strong, manly features appealed to me with unusual force. He was a man not to be forgotten. The short time of our early acquaintance is a fragrant memory.

I remember well the house in which he lived, mentioned in an earlier chapter of these memories. It stood on the Centre street lot now occupied by the North Shore Restaurant which was formerly the grocery store of Abner Turner, Jr. I remember well some of the vicissitudes which accompanied the publishing of "The Island Review", by Folger and Rich.

It was in this print shop where I must have acquired the "taste" for printer's ink which influenced my future apprenticeship with the Inquirer and Mirror.

Starting in the block on Centre street, a few doors from Pearl street, on the easterly side, the printing office was later moved to the Atlantic building on Main street, where it died and enjoyed a quiet funeral without flowers. About, or just before that time, Rich went to Brockton where with Charlie Fuller, he established himself in publishing a newspaper

NY PAPER WITH ANY LETTERING IN THIS CATALOGUE
elect the paper, then choose the type style

which became state-wide, if not nationally, noted.

* * * * *

Jesse Snow and I had many a good time—at his home on West Chester street, swimming at the Cliff, sailing in his father's dory, and raising the devil generally. Ned Chase may remember the time when the four of us—Ned and Warren, Jesse and I—attempted to build a "club house" in Ned's backyard. Mr. Snow told us we could have a ship's plank lying beside his barn if we could negotiate it across the road and up the hill. Now, a 16-foot, hard pine, 2x8-inch plank was something of a problem for ten-year-old kids. We got it as far as the gate and, for all I know, it is there yet. The "shack" never was erected.

This is not the place to rehearse some of the activities of our boyhood days. One cannot forget, however, the boys and girls, as well as their parents, who made those days memorable. Those of you who follow the radio program featuring "Marilli" with Lionel Barrymore will know exactly what is meant when I say that Jesse's mother was considerably like her—strong-voiced, decided in mental equipment, co-operative and fair.

When she called, Jesse usually came without argument—he heard the first time. His father, also, was a "good scout" who offered little objection to our boyish pranks. In his yard was a "smokehouse" where were hung row upon row of herring rescued from Hummock Pond when opened to the sea, going through the process which made them a great delicacy.

Does Nantucket still major in smoked herring?

One by one the older boys and girls are forming that great army of the departed. It is for those of us who are left to make the most of our remaining years "to recall a great past, to share a great present, and to envision a still greater future".

Alliston Greene.

July 14, 1947.

Fragrant Memories 1947

XV. Recreation and Entertainment.

"What in the world did you find to do in Nantucket during the long winter months?"

"My dear man, no boys and girls anywhere ever had better times than we did in the late 70's and early 80's in Nantucket."

That has always been my answer to that question. Long before Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts were dreamed of, Nantucket young people organized their own forms of recreation and entertainment, and in these creative occupations developed native talent and ingenuity. This is likely true of other communities, but Nantucket is, or was, peculiar for the reason of its isolation, and so became a little world in its own right.

An event thoroughly enjoyed by the young folks was the "surprise party". As it comes back to me now, it is a question who was surprised, if anyone at all. Come with me to the home of, say, Grace and Avery Gardner, for this was a typical family of good sports, where a good time was assured.

"John C." and his wife were as young as the children. Games probably unknown to the present generation were hilariously entered into—twirl the platter, post office, London Bridge, "come's-you-come", drop the handkerchief, and perhaps other games long since forgotten.

Surprised or not, "Mother" was not always as enthusiastic about the affair as the children, for she had to get up something for the kids to eat, and straighten out the house after they went home at nine o'clock!

There were the "entertainments" in Atheneum Hall, always before a full house, admission 25 cents, children 15 cents, "doors open at seven o'clock"! The program usually included an original, semi-humorous paper by Fred Fuller, Jimmie Bunker, or Charlie Hall, and an occasional one-act play like "The Sleeping Car". At these entertainments "charades" were quite popular. My brother, Eddie Greene, made his first appearance on the stage in one of these charades, my memory tells me, when he came running from the "wings", his arms and legs flying as he enacted the heroic act of Jack being nimble and jumping over the candlestick.

While we are on the platform at the Atheneum, I must refresh the minds of my "contemporaries" (I like that word!) about a show given about 65 years ago on the same boards. It was given by members of a newly organized club whose name will be revealed presently. It was an original show—quite original. I remember but one act—the two "end-men", or "stars" as they would be known today, were having an argument at the breakfast table. In the excitement of the discussion, one star "slipped" a quarter of squash pie at the other which literally plastered his be-whiskered face. Well—!

It seems that modern advertising men may have absolutely nothing on some of Nantucket's earlier publicity boys. One morning when the townspeople made their early advent, they were greeted with big posters attached to houses, fences and trees, all over town—a "banner with a strange devise", not Excelsior, but "Momus Club".

Of course, curiosity was aroused—naturally. What is the "Momus Club"? Who's in it? What are they going to do? The show at Atheneum Hall was the answer, and the principal characters in the act reported above were Alvin Hull and Al Howard. I cannot recall the names of others in that club—can you? How the printers kept the secret of the printed posters has always been a mystery.

There were dances in Wendell's Hall. These were family affairs where chaperons were unnecessary. Square dances were the order, with an occasional waltz or polka—Portland Fancy, Quadrille, Virginia Reel, Minuet. On the platform was Billy Stevens, playing the fiddle, which was our only music, and "calling" for the various formations and movements. Usually my partners at the dances were some of the older girls who kept a motherly watch over my erring feet—particularly Hattie and Nannie Folger. A winter without a "course of dances" in Wendell's Hall was almost a failure.

Before completing these "Memories" I hope to give a word picture of an institution, or movement, or organization, which had a decided influence on the lives of at least some of the young people of those days. I am thinking of the Union Temperance Society which met in the old town hall on the second floor of the South Grammar School on Orange street. Every Wednesday evening in the late '70s these meetings were held, attended by not only the adults of the town but high school pupils, and even those younger. The subject is worthy of more space than should be taken at this time.

The "Singing School" in the Methodist vestry was a particularly enjoyable occasion. How we shouted on the chorus "Who? Who? who, yes, who? Who is a patriot firm and true, a patriot firm and true, sir? Who is a patriot firm and true—firm and true?" No discourtesy is intended in recalling that the boys changed the "Who" to "Ray", for a member of the class by that name—William B. to be sure, a veteran of the Civil War, sat in the bass section.

One other vocal number still lingers in memory: "O, the rolling sea has a joy for me as I list to its mighty roar!" Nantucket singers could appreciate the sentiment of such a song, for the sound of the surf at the South Shore was almost nightly reminder of the power of the rolling sea.

The Inquirer and Mirror of the early '80s should have an account of the concert given by the members of this musical group. Perhaps someone will recall the name of the leader—it escapes me. I cannot forget, however, my struggle with a particularly trying solo phrase which finally had to be attempted by Millard Freeborn, but I never thought he was much more successful! These singing lessons were quite popular and not only filled in what might have been wasted time but were educational as well. Who was that leader?

When the weather was favorable, "sliding" on "quarter-mile" and Sunset Hill kept every boy and girl with a sled happily and healthfully occupied. Orange street and Main street were not as good—too much "traffic". Skating on Lily Pond in town and on Washing Pond, out of town, was taken advantage of every spare hour. Even at recess, the high school boys would steal a few minutes' skating on Lily Pond by dashing wildly down the lane at the south of the yard onto the pond. One day "Pete" and I skated the entire length of Hummock Pond, from the North Head to South Shore, and back.

Do you recall the skates of those days? The steel runners were attached to a wooden base, fastened to the foot with a strap across the toe, and another around the ankle and heel. A screw in the back of this wooden base was inserted into the heel of the shoe. A boy with a pair of "curly-toe" skates was envied, for he possessed one of the best skates made. They were wrought by hand and the runner was continued beyond the toe and curved backward until the end, finished with a little brass ball, pointed downward—a very graceful skate. Good fortune made it possible for me to have a pair of "curly-toes".

Then there were the meetings of the Philomathean Society, the Christmas "doings", and all the exercises in connection with the lodges, clubs, schools, churches, etc. And as a back log which was and always has been one of the most valuable institutions in any community, we had the Atheneum Library. Many happy hours were spent there poring over the seemingly inexhaustible shelves of books. Still more hours at home, reading the books recommended by that most co-operative librarian, Sarah F. Barnard.

Some of the titles of those books are with me yet—"Oliver Optics", and whether you agree with me or not, I can think of no greater joy than to return to the Atheneum Library in 1878 and read again "Plane and Plank", "Cringle and Cross trees", "Bear and Forbear", and to join once more in the combats between Willie Wimpleton and Tommy Toppleton!

No, Nantucket boys and girls of 60 and 70 years ago were not dependent upon "America" for recreation and entertainment. To be sure there was no telephone, no radio, no automobile, no electric lights, no movies, nothing! according to modern ideas; but we got along somehow and some of us are still in the game.

Before closing, may I turn back a few more pages in the book of time and tell of an interesting relic which is probably not duplicated in the archives of any living person. It is the story in verse of "The Hiding Candy Frolic", another Nantucket game, or sport, or whatever. It was written in 1860 by Joseph Ray and consists of exactly 99 four-line stanzas. As poetry it will not pass the least critical censor, but as a document of historic interest it is beyond price.

Some readers may recall how the "hiding candy frolic" was conducted. It is Dutch to me, but in boiling down these ninety-nine stanzas to their "least common multiple" or "greatest common divisor", I find that the girls got together for a "candy pull" and stumped the boys to find them. It makes a long story, involves a number of boys and girls older than I am, and includes many experiences. To print the entire thing in this newspaper would require two and one-half columns. So just to whet your appetites, a few stanzas follow exactly as written—punctuation and all:

1st

Come one come all and list awhile
The tedious moments to beguile
A curious story I'll relate to thee
About a hiding candy spree.

2nd

It happened about one week ago
And now I'll proceed to show
If my memory serves me right
How things were done that very night.

3rd

On Wed. eve. the girls left the shop
But for their beaux they did not stop
Taking advantage of the night
In hopes we think to keep out of sight.

4th

But some naughty boys being on the scout
Got wind that these fair maids were out
And followed them to the street called Ash
Now said the boys we'll settle the hash.

* * * * *

9th

Lizzie Luce was there that eve
Susan H. Chase and Mary Jane McCleave
And then again I'm not scoffing
Was Annie, Emily and Lydia Coffin.

10th

And others too we must proclaim

PRICES ON PAGE 48

Phebe H. Folger and Susan Abby Swain
And then again quite near the window
Sat Maria B. Allen and Mary Ann Winslow

11th

I will hurry now and with time not banter
Was Maria Meiggs and Eunice Ann Manter
The others were not out that eve
So for the present their names I'll leave.

And thus the story goes on, almost ad infinitum. It would be thoughtless to omit the fact that after a night of hunting, the girls were found by the boys and a "good time was had by all". It is another example of the resources of the young people of Nantucket in originating and carrying through to completion a program of recreation and entertainment.

Alliston Greene.

Fragrant Memories

1947

XVI. Politics and Temperance.

The editor of this 126-year-old newspaper has suggested several subjects which should be of interest to the readers of these "fragrant memories". One such is "torchlight parades", a subject which brings to mind my earliest association with national politics. It was in the Fall of 1876. Intense interest was aroused all over the country in the selection by the two major political parties of candidates for President and Vice-president. The choice of the Democratic convention was Samuel Tilden with Thomas A. Hendricks as his running mate; the Republicans nominated Rutherford B. Hayes and William A. Wheeler. These nominations provided an unusually active and perhaps bitter fight for election. I presume there are those now living who still believe that General Hayes should not have been seated for the reason that the contest was so close that a recount **might** have denied him the honor. Anyway, the dispute in three states required the appointment by Congress of an Electoral Commission to decide the vote. General Hayes won by the margin of one electoral vote!

However, we are interested at this time primarily in the campaign in the Fall of 1876. A ten-year-old boy had little interest in or knowledge of the merits of the case or of the candidaes. He, with the other kids, had the time of his life watching the paraders, wearing the "linen dusters" or rubber coats (they may have been made of oil cloth), some carrying transparencies with appropriate sentiments, and all carrying over their shoulders long sticks bearing oil-burning torches. Periodically these parades would be formed by the contesting participants marching through the streets of Nantucket (as in other places the country over) to the accompaniment of shouts of applause from the sidewalk. I think there was no brass band in Nantucket at that particular time. I cannot remember what the music may have been to set the pace and keep the time. The smoke from those torches ascended heavenward, while the oil from the wicks and containers spilled upon the shoulders of the marchers. It was, literally, a "stinking" affair, but great sport for the young folks if it did not win many converts.

Across Federal street from the brick block on the corner where A. M. Myrick's clothing store was located to that over Oliver Hussey's news stand, was stretched a rope supporting a banner decorated with the pictures of the Republican candidates. (I am depending entirely on memory. It may be that the pictures of Tilden and Hendricks were there. If I am wrong, let some politician of that day come forward with correction. This particular campaign and election aroused more interest and created more feeling, as suggested earlier, as well as making a deeper impression upon the minds of common people than any later political contest that I can recall. "Hayes and Wheeler" and "Tilden and Hendricks" became never-to-be-forgotten by-words.

Not many years later the law of the best country in the world permitted me to add my vote for President, a privilege eagerly used from the time of Benjamin Harrison, our 23rd President. So much for parties.

* * * * *

Immediately following this historic event, a dozen years only after the close of the Civil War, the great Temperance Movement swept the country. These two words are capitalized because of the recognized prominence of the crusade. Three years, I think, previously, in 1874, had been organized that society of women whose devotion had such influence in "reforming" the habits of men who partook too liberally of intoxicating drinks—the "Women's Christian Temperance Union". Following the close of the Civil War, as seems to be the case after all wars, intemperance was more pronounced. Nantucket as well as other communities had its problem.

Before becoming affiliated with this national society, the women of Nantucket had been doing heroic work under the name of the Nantucket Union Temperance Society, of which Mrs. Mary W. Valentine was its official and most enthusiastic leader. When the Nantucket branch of the W.C.T.U. was organized it won the immediate support of many of the women of the town who wore with pride the emblem of the order, a white ribbon bow. My own mother never went without her white ribbon which she wore to the last.

One of the methods employed to promote the cause of the organization and to encourage temperance was a "temperance meeting" in the Town Hall. At that time the Hall occupied the second floor of the old South Grammar School building on Orange street. It may be more correct to say that the South Grammar School occupied the first floor of the Town Hall.

Every Wednesday evening for a considerable period the room was packed to the doors with men and women, boys and girls. We must remember that at that period there was no competition for an evening's entertainment. There were no movies nor night clubs. All were at liberty. Some form of entertainment was usually provided, the reports of the officers were given, a collection taken, and an invitation extended to all who were so inspired to come forward and sign the pledge. Always the emotional part of the program was the "testimony" of those men whose experience during the previous week had been favorable or otherwise. These "testimonies" were quite personal and left little to the imagination. Propriety forbids mentioning the names of these candidates for the "water wagon", but at that impressionable age mental pigeonholes were filled with images of these "reformed" men and their rather heart-warming confessions.

Those who attended these meetings regularly, and there were many, would not miss them for any other engagement, if they had one. High school girls usually came early with their school books for a half-hour of study before the opening of the meeting. I do not recall seeing any so industrious boys. If they came, they were probably tormenting (?) the girls. As the occasion is recalled now, analyzing it through the microscope of experience, it is probably true that there was on the part of the "temperate" audience, a little curiosity mixed with sincere pleasure in the public "conversion" of men with drinking habits.

These temperance meetings, the activity of the women of the Union Temperance Society, the crusade in the public and Sunday schools for signatures to the total abstinence pledge made an impression which, let us hope, was beneficial. My own signed pledge kept vigil at night above my adolescent head for some time. Whatever became of that pledge I do not know, but the memory of those temperance meetings can never be effaced.

Alliston Greene.

NY PAPER WITH ANY LETTERIN
elect the paper, then choose the type

Fragrant Memories

XVII. Spring and Summer Sports and Pastimes.

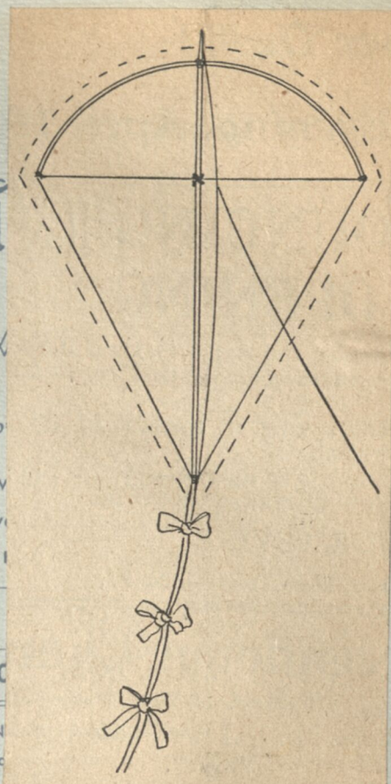
In the Spring, as soon as the warm sun had reduced the moisture in the loamy sidewalks of North Shore Hill to a satisfactory condition, the boys appeared with their marbles—"Rusty" Burdett, the Brayton boys, left-handed Walter Barney, the Chase boys, Maurice Gibbs, Ben Folger, Jesse Snow, Eddie Greene, Bert Chase—a few of those whose names now come to mind. Every good day after school hours and on Saturday found a noisy group playing "triangle" with knuckles down, a style which required considerable skill and a peculiar "snap" which some boys could control better than others. Thus it was that the bag of marbles in the hands of some boys, or their pockets, gradually became heavier while those of others became lighter, for we usually played "for keeps". Eddie usually came home with bulging bag or pocket, and his younger brother was not often "skunked". The best place to play marbles, as I may have said before, was on the sidewalk in front of Sylvester Hodges'.

After marbles came kite flying on Sunset Hill. First we must have a kite. At that time there was no "5 and 10" where one could buy a fancy kite. We had to make our own and in the making learned several things about mechanics which the public school did not teach. Those kites could fly!

To make a good kite, these are the necessary elements: (see sketch) A light-weight stick, pointed at the top, two and a half or three feet long; a bow made from a sugar-barrel hoop, split and reduced to as small diameter as would stand the strain; string to tie the bow to the main stick; newspaper with which to cover the frame; paste to stick the paper; and light-weight rags for the tail. The tail of the kite is a very important adjunct. It must be light in weight and long enough to give perfect balance. A short, heavy tail is not as good.

The newspaper to cover the frame was cut with an inch or more margin to fold over the string and bow frame, attached with flour-paste made over Mother's kitchen stove, usually when she was cooking corned beef and cabbage or baking her Saturday beans. But Mother was a home body in those days and took an interest in most of the activities of her children.

Newspapers were more limited than they are today. The Boston Herald, New Bedford Standard, New York Times and other papers did not find their way into the homes of many



Nantucket boys. Thus the Inquirer and Mirror took many a "lofty flight" under the guidance of ten-year-old boys. I presume this newspaper has been "up in the air" many times since, but never to the delight of a more appreciative audience.

Now we must go down to William Hosier's store on Federal street for a ball of twine. Mr. Hosier was a good friend to every boy in town. I never saw him provoked nor "out of sorts". His smiling face greeted every customer with equal urbanity. A boy with five coppers (a 2-cent piece and 3 pennies) for a ball of twine was received as graciously as the most well-to-do and profitable customer. We always got our money's worth at Hosier's.

So, with all the equipment we went happily to Sunset Hill, the best place in the world to fly a kite. No houses, no trees, and a wonderful steady westerly breeze, just right for kite-flying. With little effort the kites were soon in the air, sailing majestically over Peter Brock's house toward Lily Pond and Academy Hill Schoolhouse. When the line had been "paid out" to the end of the ball (the kite seemed to be a mile away), we would sometimes tie the string to Ben and Robert Calloway's fence, or to a stake driven into the ground, allowing the kite to fly unattended as long as the wind lasted or the owner had to go home. After kite-flying came baseball. The kid's ball ground was at the foot of that same hill (what would the boys have done without Sunset Hill?) across the road from Peter Brock's. Many balls found their way through

his kitchen windows; some came back and some did not, according to the disposition of Peter and Abby at that particular time. The older boys and "young men" played ball up on the Cliff in a section now strictly residential.

"Two-old-cat" and "scrub" were our particular styles of game. To become a batter was the chief objective. Starting by lot as a fielder, one had to pass up through the positions—the bases, pitcher, catcher before becoming a batter. The game was far from the scientific game that it is today. A curved ball was unknown. A runner was out between bases if hit by the ball which was thrown at him. The catcher stood far back and recevied the pitched ball on the first bound—not "off the bat". In fact, one would hardly recognize the game of today as a development of that of seventy years ago. But we had a wonderful time.

Approaches now the season when the boys can go in swimming. As an introduction come those first warm days in June when Mother lets us take off our shoes and stockings and go "barefoot". What a wonderful sensation! After six or eight months of confinement to cowhide shoes, to feel the warm gravelly sand under those rather tender white feet! Better still, the warm resiliency of the clean beach sand those first days on the shore. To be sure, school is still in session, for our summer vacation did not begin before the end of June, but Saturday was a long day and we made the most of it.

As early as possible the kids ran down to Hayden's "Clean Shore" for their first experience in swimming. Not that we ever had a teacher—no. Every boy for himself. No Nantucketet boy was ever "taught" how to swim—none that I ever heard of. He was usually thrown overboard and he had to swim—or go under. I have absolutely no idea when or how I learned to swim. Likely the art was an inheritance from generations of whalers.

How the other boys were fixed in the matter of costume for swimming I do not remember, but until some time after leaving Nantucket I never had a bathing suit! What passed for such was a pair of handed-down, sawed-off pants, held precariously in place by such string or rope as could be found. The change was made behind Hadwen and Barney's fence surrounding the old candle works lot: then we would join the "paying guests" more elegantly dressed for bathing as they came into the water from Charles Hayden's bathhouse. At low tide one could walk out quite a distance in those days.

When we became older and more independent, we graduated from the "Clean Shore" and moved on up to the Cliff Beach, where George Washington Burdick carried on his bathing institution. Anybody recall George Washington—"Wash"? Always with bare feet and pants rolled up to the knees; always on the rush—adjusting the rooms, wringing out the used suits by hand, sossling them in a tub of fresh water, hanging them on the line—nervously busy all day long. However, the boys did not go swimming there—oh! no, we still lacked the raiment essential for polite society. Rather, our field of operations was "up along shore" at "the rock" or "the wreck", or "the Spring" at the foot of Hinckley's Lane.

While these activities were in progress during the day-time, the evening hours after supper found us at "the corner" playing "hunt the red lion". That was the game of games. Backyards, barns, hen houses, even the neighbor's kitchens were common property for hiding places for those "red lions". A favorite place to hide was Bill J. Chase's barn, then right over the barn and into Aunt Phoebe Brooks' back door. Even Ben Sheffield's hearse house had no qualms for those wild animals.

What memories! Do Nantucket boys of this generation enjoy themselves as we did seventy years ago? Those misguided people who slurringly talk about "horse and buggy days" have no conception of what life really was. Most of us had no horse and buggy; but we did have the whole island of Nantucket for a playground and used it, I think, in a way which interfered with the rights and privileges of no one, while establishing habits of industry, independence, self-government, and mae history which today are fragrant memories.

Alliston Greene.

Worcester, Mass., March 28, 1947.

* * * *

P. S. Arthur Wyer's contribution in the issue of March 22 was one of his best. His testimony to the character of Rev. Louise S. Baker was not overdrawn. With Arthur, as well as with the writer of Ecclesiastes, I can say from intimate experience, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom: and in her tongue is the law of kindness". Furthermore, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Yes, Louise Baker had her sorrows, but bore them like a Saint!

It was not my good fortune to know personally Rev. Cyrus Roys, who came to town after my departure. I have, however, this very day had telephone conversation with his son, Prof. Francis W. Roys, faculty member of Worcester Polytechnic Institute since 1910, and who was born in Nantucket, 1886. Arthur Wyer's fine tribute to his father delighted him and he is most appreciative.

A. G.

PAGE 50

Subscriber in California Also Has "Fragrant Memories."

1947

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

In his "Fragrant Memories" Alliston Greene must strike many responsive chords in the hearts of old Nantucketers. I know he does in mine. I, too, a wee-small lad, watched the Hayes and Wheeler torchlight parade b—mentions, and remember the ansparencies the marchers carried, as I stood, excitedly grasping my older brother's hand, at the corner of Main and Pleasant streets. It is, of course, only a vague recollection; but a few years afterward, when I went with my parents to live in a little village in northern New York state, I actually marched in one of those old-time torchlight parades, proudly uniformed in red, white and blue oilcloth cap and cape; thereby, if only infinitesimally, helping Garfield and Arthur defeat Hancock and English.

Again, four years later, when the Blaine and Logan campaign was set in motion with the usual whirl-wind vigor, I shouldered my torch and shouted myself hoarse with the party slogan: "We want Blaine! We want Blaine! Good old Blaine from the state of Maine!" The Democrats, you will recall, nominated Grover Cleveland, and, as his running mate, old Thomas Hendricks, who had suffered questioned defeat with Tilden.

For bitter and personal charges, including drunkenness, immorality, the wrong religion, and every other crime under the sun, that campaign was one of the worst, if not actually the worst, in our political history. As every one knows, Mr. Blaine was defeated because of the foolish words of a clergyman on the eve of election; although it was not until ten days of suspense passed that the Republicans conceded Cleveland had carried the then pivotal state of New York by only a few hundred votes.

I remember that it was during the ten days of uncertainty my father telegraphed the "Boston Journal", the "strongest" Republican newspaper in New England. "Blaine's election assured," came back the answer. On the strength of that how we whooped it up and taunted our opponents! A bonfire was lighted in the village square, and around it we danced and cheered in high glee. Then came the authenticated news that Cleveland was conceded to be th winner, and the Democrats had thei chance for a jubilant celebration and bonfire. This time a dozen or more expensive kerosene oil barrels and packing cases back of my father's store fed the flames. Sick in body and soul he turned his way homeward and went to bed.

This little village in northern New York where we lived was only a few miles distant from the county seat, Malone, where Ex-Vice-President William A. Wheeler resided. When he died there, in 1887, Mr. Hayes came on from his home in Fremont, Ohio, to pay his last respects to his old friend and former running mate. I went with the boys from our school to the funeral. After the service we were invited not only to meet but to shake hands with Mr. Hayes. I shall never forget the thrill I experienced when I grasped the hand of this distinguished statesman, who, with his full beard, twinkling hazel eyes, and fine-shaped Roman nose, looked so much like my own father that the resemblance was startling.

I wonder if Alliston Greene recalls the time Frederick Douglass, the Negro abolitionist, came to Nantucket to speak in behalf of woman's suffrage, a movement in which a great-aunt of mine was deeply interested. This great-aunt, Mrs. William Crosby, whose husband's name forms a part of my own, was a most lovable and loyal person, but at the same time a decidedly strong-minded person. In many respects she resembled one of my favorite Dickens characters—Betsey Trotwood in "David Copperfield". It made no difference to her that both Douglass and his mother had been slaves, and his father an unknown white man. He was championing a cause in which she was interested, and therefore graciously received him at her home.

Douglass had been twice wed, and at the time there was a flurry of criticism at his union with a white woman. He, however, took it all as a great joke. "In choosing a mate," he smilingly told my aunt, "I have been strictly impartial. My first wife was the color of my mother, while this dear lady (turning to his companion), my second wife, is the color of my father". I remember this distinguished Negro operator and journalist as a commanding person, over six feet in height, with brown skin, frizzly hair and beard, a leonine head, and a deep fine voice. He was self-educated and spoke such excellent English that it was hard to believe he had once worked as a common slave in the cotton fields of the South. His escape from bondage and rise to national fame is a story as thrilling as any tale of romance.

In those bygone days many others of distinction found their way to our snug little island. Sometime, perhaps, Mr. Greene will turn his "Fragrant Memories" in their direction. If I remember correctly Hezekiah Butterworth, the famous but now forgotten author and traveler, whom I met many years ago at a luncheon in Boston, once lectured there. For nearly a quarter of a century Mr. Butterworth was a leading contributor to the "Youth's Companion", in which his "Zig Zag Journeys"—later published in book form—first appeared. To us boys grown old the "Companion" of his day is a cherished memory. In many a New England attic, I imagine, are old chests and trunks filled with faded copies of this popular weekly, dating back to the seventies and early eighties, carefully preserved as reminders of a truly golden era. Among them, of course, would be that "Annual Premium List Number" with its pictured treasures available for new subscriptions. How we poured over the enticing descriptions of tool chests and scroll saws and magic lanterns and printing presses and a hundred other treasures that would be ours in exchange for new subscriptions! What a nuisance we must have been to our friends and neighbors!

I remember on each issue of the "Companion" was the publisher's name—Perry Mason—at the masthead. I had never seen Mr. Mason's portrait but I pictured him as a kindly benevolent old gentleman with mutton-chop whiskers. But a rude awakening was in store when I discovered, like Robinson Crusoe, that no such person ever existed; that all these years the real publisher—Daniel Sharp Ford—had been masquerading under the Mason name.

Mr. Ford died in 1899, willing the old Youth's Companion building in Boston, at the corner of Berkeley street and Columbus avenue, to a religious organization from which, a dozen or so years later, a publishing house with which I was connected rented offices. Two or three large pieces of furniture—probably too cumbersome to be moved—remained in the building, one of these being Mr. Ford's old roll-top desk. Curiously poking through the ancient relic one day I ran across a sheet of yellow paper, wedged behind an inside drawer. On it was written these lines:

Through this toilsome world alas!
Once and only once I pass;
If a kindness I may show,
If a good deed I may do
To a suffering fellowman,
Let me do it while I can.
No delay, for it is plain
I shall not pass this way again.

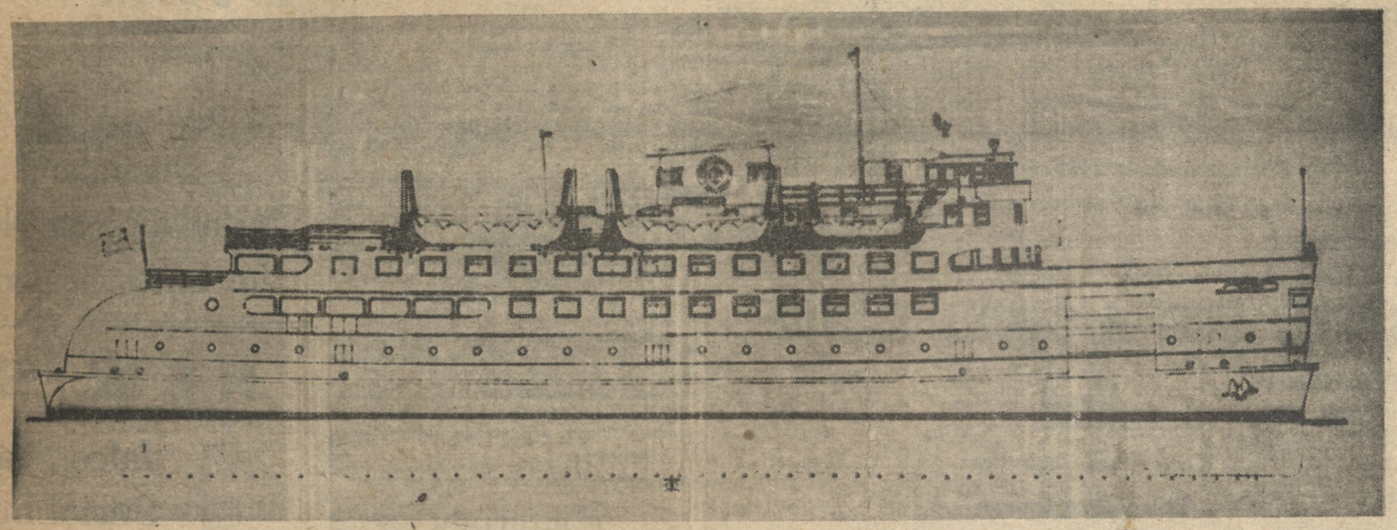
I have since noticed this stanza in numerous anthologies but always with the caption "anonymous". My conviction is that Mr. Ford himself wrote the lines. Taking into consideration the moral tone of the publication he owned and edited, I believe he was the kind of man who would express just such sentiments.

I fear, Mr. Editor, I have already presumed on your patience. Really my only excuse in writing this letter which, believe me, I did not expect to be so long, was to thank Mr. Greene for bringing back to me and undoubtedly scores of old Nantucketers not only "fragrant" but hallowed memories, and to express the hope that he will continue to give us many more.

William Crosby Bennett.

823 Wellesley avenue,
West Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Drawing of New Vessel Planned by Steamship Authority



The above reproduction of an architect's drawing of the outboard profile of the new steamer for the New Bedford, Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket Steamship Authority, released for publication this week, shows some of the details of the proposed vessel described in our article published last week.

The steamer is designed for use in a ferry slip, having doors at the bow and at the stern to allow "straight through" loading and discharge of automobiles and freight. This feature would be used at Woods Hole, where the existing ferry slip will be utilized. However, at Nantucket, the large freight gangways at either side of the bow will be used for freight, in order to save the cost and accompanying problems connected with the construction of a ferry slip. The large freight ports will be approximately 13½ feet high, and five feet wider than those on the "Nantucket" and the "Martha's Vineyard".

The additional beam of the vessel, together with the wider ports, will make for easier handling of automobiles, including vehicles as large as tractor-trailers, and road building equipment.

The vessel will be 229 feet long, overall, with a 50-foot beam. The new steamer will probably have a cruising speed of 17 knots, or approximately 19½ miles per hour. She will be powered by two 2,000 horsepower steam engines, with twin propellers and twin rudders.

The new steamer will have a maximum capacity of 55 automobiles and will be able to make the run to New Bedford, where loading and unloading will be accomplished in the same manner as at Nantucket.

3/5/55

A Typical 'Sconset Scene

ord Vellum

E-WHITE

tions or Announcements

n Available in Silver (Plymouth)
n Available in Silver (Oakland)
ECOND FOLD TO FIT ENVELOPES

75	100	Additional 25's
12.00	14.50	2.60

BLE ENVELOPES AND TISSUES

Breakfast, At Home Cards

NCLOSE WITH INVITATIONS

75	100	Additional 25's
5.00	5.90	.90

with Printed Envelopes

Additional 25's
1.10

Additional 25's
1.20

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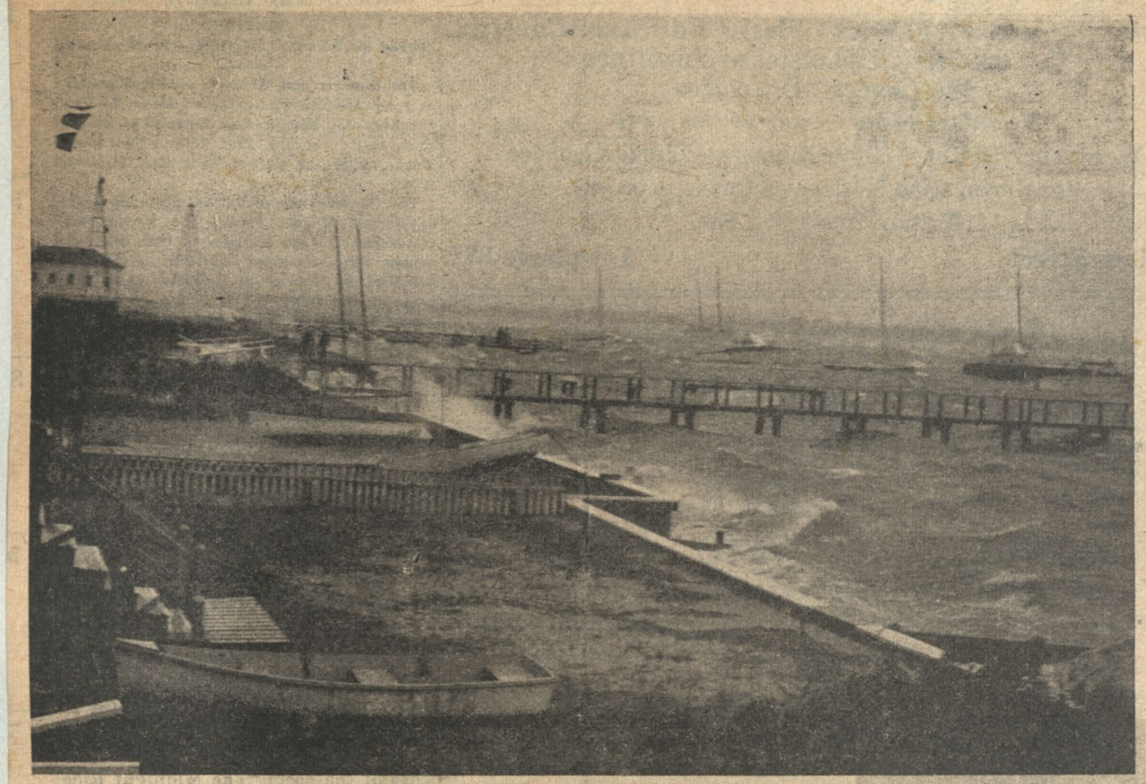
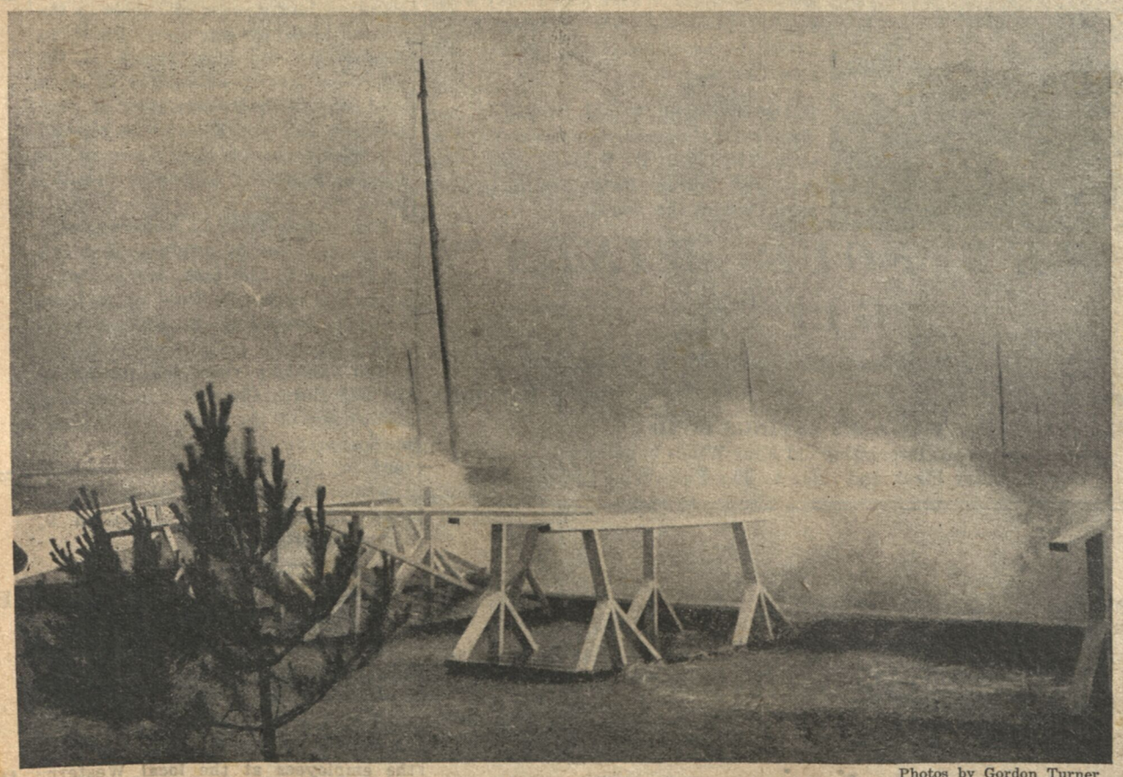
Nantucket Harbor is Wild, yet beautiful, During Storm



This photograph, showing a wave which would do justice to Surfside breaking over the bulkhead of the Todd property on Easton Street, is typical of the many which were taken along that area in the early afternoon during Hurricane Carol. Damage to bulkheads and properties was slight, although at the same time the boats took a beating, as may be seen from the mast of the large motor-sailer which is aground, but hidden by the spray.



Photos by Gordon Turner

About noon on August 31 this scene of raging wind and tide met the eye. Not shown in this photograph is the sloop "Fleurette", which grounded and was badly pounded by the waves just a few yards away, and the yacht "Mistress", which also had a narrow escape. As Hurricane Edna approaches while we go to press, the majority of the small craft in the harbor have been removed to dry land, and much greater precautions have been taken in preparing the larger vessels for the coming storm.

8/28/54

Whaling Era Therapy Described At Historical Lecture

"Scrimshonting was the seafaring occupational therapy of the Whaling Era," Miss Helen L. Winslow, librarian at the Whaling Museum, told an audience at the Friends Meeting House on Tuesday afternoon. The carvings of whalebone and whale ivory made by whalemen represent the only indigenous American folk art except that of the Indians.

Miss Winslow said that the derivation of "scrimshaw" is obscure, coming perhaps from "skrimshanker" or "scrimshander," an idle, worthless fellow, and now referring to the specialized leisure-time activity which occupied the time and talents of all aboard ship. Owners occasionally complained that scrimshonting interfered with the business of whaling, and masters sometimes restricted it to the forecastle, or crew's quarters.

Earliest reference to scrimshaw is in the log, in poetry, of the Ship *Dauphin*, kept by the third mate Charles Murphey in 1823, Miss Winslow said. Yet Nantucketers were known as expert woodcarvers in the eighteenth century, and whalemen from this port must have discovered early the possibilities of whale ivory.

Even the whaleman's tools may be considered scrimshaw, said Miss Winslow, for they were hand-made files, saws, and gimlets, fashioned from sailor's needles with ivory and bone parts. Before these could be used however, the teeth must first be softened in brine or hot water, ground, filed, and sandpapered smooth. Designs were pricked on, and colored with India ink, paint, tar, or soot from the tryworks. The more talented craftsmen experimented with inlays of shell, mother-of-pearl, or precious metals.

"The prerequisites of scrimshaw were time, patience, and extreme caution."

Miss Winslow said that whaleman's dictionary of ornament was found in his environment—knots in the rigging, the stars, birds, whales, fish, his ship, the wheel, the anchor. Women he copied from Godey's Book. His favorite subjects were scenes of the chase and capture of whales.

"There are no choicer bits of Americana to be collected than these records of heroic deeds."

The Nantucket Whaling Museum, said Miss Winslow, has a representative collection of scrimshaw which includes engraved teeth, busks, jagging wheels, clothes pins, dippers, cribbage boards, blocks, and fids. Whalemen made articles for the home, for the ship, for recreation, and for decoration. Strangely enough, they made very few ship models and candlesticks. Other collections of scrimshaw can be seen at New Bedford, Salem, Mystic, Conn., Sag Harbor, L. I., and Newport News, Va. Many valuable items are owned privately.

"The whaleman gave free expression to whatever beauty he felt within. The student of the whaling industry would wonder to find so much feeling actually existed. If part of his work is clumsy, the beauty of the material imparts some degree of charm, so that the least successful of it is not to be passed over lightly, and the best of it ranks among the Fine Arts.

Mr. W. Ripley Nelson, an officer of the Nantucket Historical Association, was chairman for the afternoon. Several choice items of scrimshaw from the Whaling Museum collection were on display, as well as two handsomely inlayed doll bureaus, made by John B. Coffin, a great-grandfather of Mrs. Lewis Edgarton.

NANTUCKET'S WHALING MUSEUM LAUNCHED

Nantucket's proposed "whaling museum" was launched under very favorable circumstances at the annual meeting of the Historical association at Nantucket last week and every person in attendance, after listening to the reports and statements of what has already been accomplished, came away filled to the brim with optimism.

The Historical society is to add one more link to the chain with which it binds the Nantucket of the present with the Nantucket of the past and it has taken hold of the "whaling museum" project with a determination which is winning support of the right kind from both residents and summer visitors.

The annual meeting this year was devoted almost wholly to the consideration of the whaling museum plans. President William F. Macy has been working hard on the project for several months and given the movement his personal leadership, with most gratifying results.

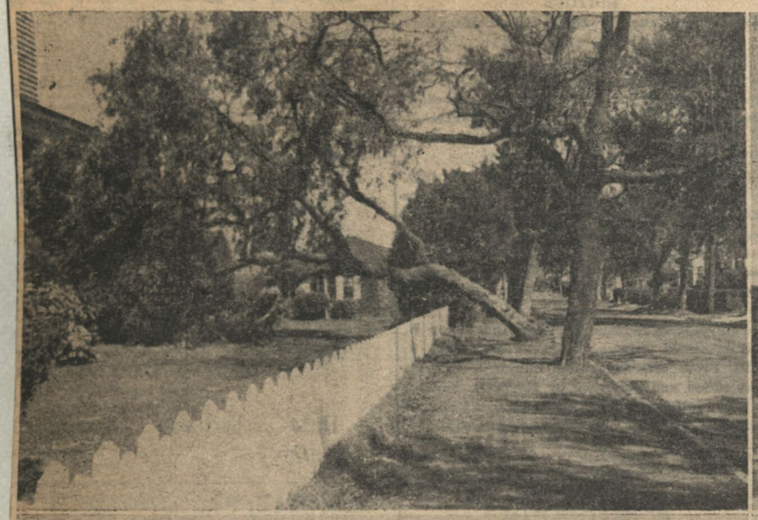
President William T. Macy made his annual address, which was in a rather jovial vein and kept the audience interested from the start. In referring to the proposed whaling museum, Mr. Macy announced that subscriptions had already been received towards the furtherance of the project, amounting to $13,660, which had been secured mostly from the members of the association.

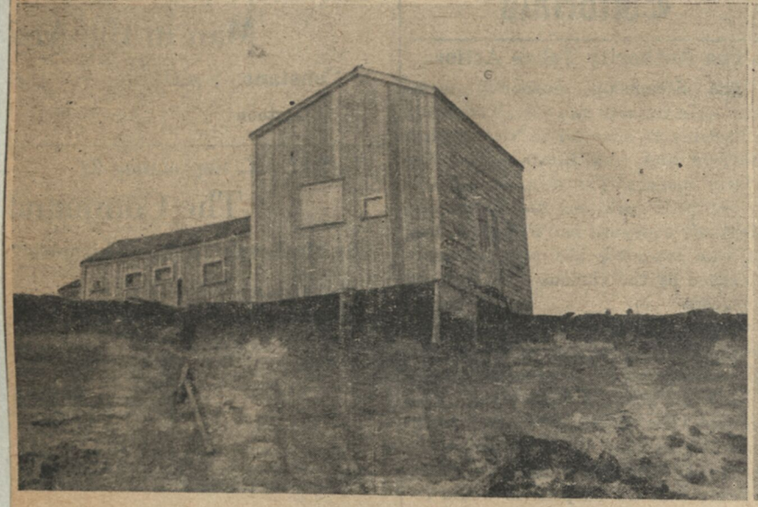
He read a letter from Charles Neal Barney boosting the project as one of great interest to Nantucketers everywhere. Next the president called upon Joseph E. C. Farnham, of Providence, who spoke at some length in a reminiscent vein and held the closest attention of all, especially when he recalled the old whale-ships that were at the Nantucket wharves during his boyhood, the cooper's shops, etc., and many sea captains of that period.

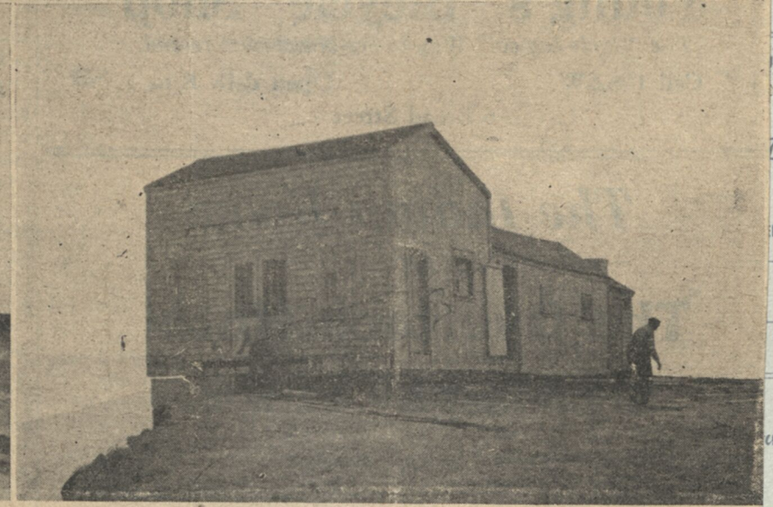
George H. Tripp of New Bedford, spoke briefly, but to the point — the wonderful possibilities of the whaling museum and the good fortune of Nantucket in having such an opportunity awaiting her.

The president announced the appointment of the following members as a special committee on the Whaling Museum: Albert G. Brock, Louis Coffin, Joseph Husband, Arthur W. Jones, Captain B. Whitford Joy, Charles A. Selden, Ruben C. Small, Austin Strong, Harry B. Turner, Mrs. Seth Mitchel Ackley, Mrs. Alexander M. Craig, Miss Annie Alden Folger, Miss Annie Barker Folger, Mrs. Florence Merriam Hill, Miss Katherine Lord, Mrs. Elting Sharp, Miss Mary E. Starbuck, George L. Carlisle, Jr.

Hurricane Edna Visited Nantucket Briefly







Blackshaw Photos

The above photographs were taken on Sunday, after hurricane Edna had touched Nantucket briefly Saturday afternoon. The picture at the upper left shows one of several large trees uprooted by the wind. This one, at the Gordon Folger Hotel, came to rest at the southeast corner of the porch, fortunately inflicting no serious damage.

The new, still uncompleted, garage being erected by Nathan Thurston at his property on Surfside Roard was flattened, as can be seen in the picture at the upper right. Damage is estimated at $3,000.

The two pictures at the bottom are of the Everett U. Crosby cottage at Nobadeer. Before the storm it was some 32 feet back from the bank. The picture at the left was taken shortly after the house had been moved back about 6 feet by Walter Glowacki and his crew, using his large crane. The one at the right was taken just before the building was moved completely back from the edge of the bank. Only the heavy oaken floors saved the cottage from going completely into the ocean. During the week it has been moved by Mr. Glowacki and his men and it is now 140 feet to the north of the location shown in the pictures.

9/18/54

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

From the Nantucket Inquirer of Oct. 29th, 1822. Samuel H. Jenks, Editor.

KIDNAPPING IN NANTUCKET.

A correspondent informs us that very early on Thursday morning last, there was observed an unusual commotion among the blacks who inhabit that quarter of the town called New Guinea. On hastening by request to the spot, in company with a magistrate, he remarks that he found a large collection of coloured men, women and children, gathered round four "gentlemanly-looking men" who informed him that they were come with an intention to carry to Virginia a man and his family as run-away slaves. The whole body of blacks were so exceedingly incensed against the measure, that they were with difficulty restrained from committing violence on the four strangers, one of whom was Mr. Bass, a deputy marshal from Boston, decorated with buttons and a cockade; who it appeared was not only acting without authority, but even against his *conscience*, for he declared that he disliked slavery *exceedingly;* Mr. Bass, though no *salmon*, was considerably *smoked* by some of the sable *canaille*. On the remonstrances of the magistrate, however, and the agreement of the parties concerned, the whole matter was referred to a legal tribunal, and the marshal was advised to go home and "get his errand." Meantime, on searching for the alleged slaves, it was found that they had escaped into the swamps, where it is supposed they remain concealed among the *vast subterranean vaults* which have been made by peat diggers! We should be glad to know if there exists a statute of the United States fraught with such monstrous injustice as to condemn to perpetual servitude the free-born wife of a fugitive slave—and, above all, their children, born in a free state. Such it seems was the ground on which these dealers in two-legged cattle meant to proceed; visiting the *sins* of the father upon his whole family and generation.

"There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man—
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own; and having power
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey."

Messrs. Editors: The above alleged fugitive was ARTHUR COOPER. As there has been of late a strong desire expressed, to know the precise time of his attempted abduction, I have copied as above, for the benefit of those who are interested to know the date of the *last* act of the kind that will ever occur on this little isle of the free.

W. R. E.

1860

SHIP NARRAGANSETT AND INVENTORY AT AUCTION.

On Wednesday, June 6th, at 11 o'clock
IN FRONT OF
COM'L INSURANCE OFFICE,
NANTUCKET.

The well known, fast-sailing ship NARRAGANSETT, 397 tons, with her entire inventory as discharged from her last voyage, will be sold without regard to weather. Sale to be positive and for Cash. For any information please apply to ZENAS L ADAMS,
or ROB'T. F. GARDNER.

New Bedford Mercury please copy.

Quantity 100

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Smith's Point - - Before and After Hurricane "Carol" Sept 1954

Photo by M. Turner Blackshaw

The above photograph, taken from the extreme end of Smith's Point, shows that sandy strip as it was a week before hurricane Carol lashed the area with mountainous seas and gale-force winds. While the picture does not show the exact outline of the point, it serves to demonstrate the quiet beauty of the area, a popular spot for the surf fishermen, many of whom consider it the best location for the sport. The dune in the far left of the photograph is that visible in the lower right in the photograph below. The ocean may be seen just above the sand at the upper right.

Photo by Gordon Turner

After hurricane Carol passed by Nantucket, Smith's Point was found to have been cut off by the storm and the whole point had evidently been covered by the waves at times during the "blow."

This aerial view of the area, taken two days after the storm, shows clearly that the point was cut into two islands. The larger of the two was at that time separated from Nantucket by a channel estimated at 40 feet in depth by some of the surf fishermen, who "plumbed" it with their lines. The stretch of white water extending along the south side of the two islands indicated to many that this was only a temporary condition. Since several of the sports fishermen have succeeded in driving out to the end of the point this week, their assumption that the channels caused by the storm would fill in has proved to be correct.

The island of Tuckernuck is prominent in the background.

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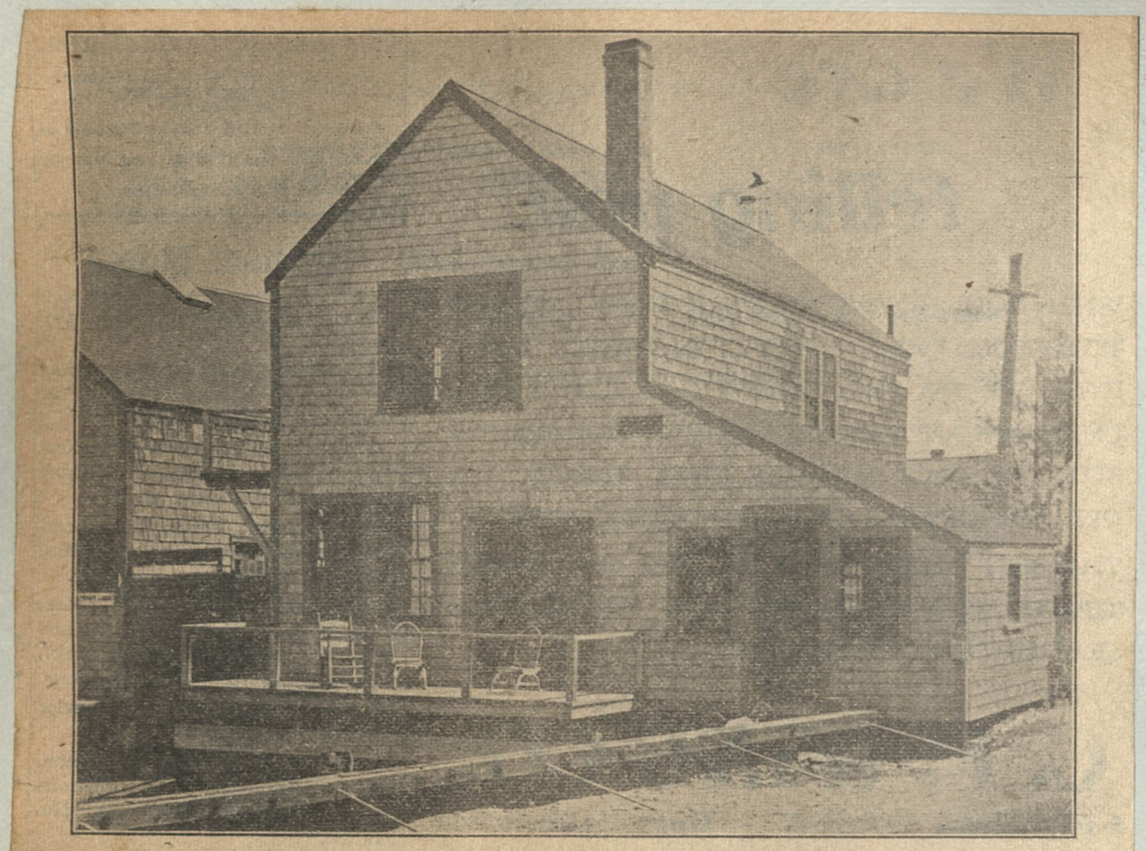


Old North Wharf Boathouse on Easy Street.

In the avalanche of world catastrophe, there is always a residue of something precious to which man clings and is fortified and spurred on to build anew.

Through the centuries, Nantucket Island has retained its heritage and the foundations of its forefathers—whalemen, coopers, smiths, carpenters—merchants. They built buildings to stand against tide and storm. In the grim fight against change, these monuments have stood—sometimes a little battered by the sea, rain, and wind—sometimes charred by fire—more often its heavy wide boards worn a little thinner by the feet of generations. But stood they have, aged but nevertheless firm and a reminder of towering strength to help us forward.

Such a monument is Old North Wharf boathouse on Easy Street. Snug on the northwest corner of the wharf from which it takes its name, this boathouse, now mellowed through 100 years of existence, is a proud contributor to the rich heritage of this sandy island.

History of the Old North Wharf boathouse's infancy is a little in dispute. There is no recorded date of its birth, but Commodore Herbert Coffin of the famous Wharf Rat Club on Old North Wharf, who is an authority on such matters, says that the boathouse was built by one Capt. Barzillai R. Burdett. The scuttlebutt, according to Commodore Coffin, is that the building was erected on piles in the sandy lot overlooking Nantucket Harbor on or before 1846 and that it was destroyed in the Great Fire which devastated a large segment of Nantucket town in that year. If such is the case, the present building replaced the original shortly afterwards. There is no record of this account of Old North Wharf's history, since the number of buildings lost in the fire was in the hundreds and no complete list was given in the newspaper account of the conflagration. It must therefore remain legendary but nevertheless a part of its history.

Born into the rich and adventurous era of whaling which made Nantucket a chief port, this two-story frame building with heavy double floors and walls of sturdy pine blended with the industry and through its wide portals on the north side, there were launched hundreds of whaling-boats, row-boats and sail-boats. On the south side of the building one could see where the boards had been worn too thin by workmen at the "old boatmen's bench".

With the passing of the years and eventually the whaling industry, Old North Wharf, its shingles weather-beaten and greyed, changed hands and until recently was a storage house owned and used by A. L. B. Fisher.

But buildings, like people, wither and die unless the spark of life is rekindled from time to time. Old North Wharf had something to give merely for the asking—something more than storage space for it is a part of Nantucket and needed only a little spark to come alive again—alive with busy feet on its century old boards—alive with caressing hands on its walls—alive with admiring eyes on the beauty of its grey shingles.

And this is where Mr. and Mrs. Elias J. Lyon came into the life of Old North Wharf. Nearly all their lives, they have loved old houses, old furniture and all the symbols which have stood for the pioneering spirit of America. Their remodelled old house on Pleasant Street, replete with furnishings nearly every one of which was built by hands of skilled craftsmen of another day, is a tribute to their hobby of doing over old houses. With an artistic sense of color and design and a natural aptitude for renovating old Nantucket homes, they have combined their hobby with the real estate business and have aided in interesting young and old in maintaining the natural architecture of the island.

Often they had looked wistfully at the Old North Wharf boathouse with an urge to do it over. And suddenly they decided its Nantucket atmosphere was ideal for an informal place to idle away a few moments of leisure.

They purchased the building from Mr. Fisher and set to work with zest. Undaunted by lack of lumber and materials, Mr. Lyon, who has a knowledge of construction, woods and carpenter's tools. did the alterations himself.

The building was in good shape despite its age. All the old pine floorboards were retained except a few which had to be replaced. The large front doors through which the whaleboats had been launched were replaced by two small-pane windows and a door. Two additional windows were added on the same side to the lean-to which will comprise the office itself and two other windows on the second floor. All the windows and doors have been painted barn red which gives another touch of charm to the building.

Old weathered shingles and old pine boards have been utilized on the inside walls for artistic effect. Original framing timbers on the walls have been scraped down to a natural wood finish and left uncovered.

The boathouse's charm has also been enhanced by an old-fashioned garden and hollyhocks growing along the windows.

And thus the old becomes young and lives again.

Mr. Lyon is a member of the Massachusetts Board of Realtors.

128 Blackfish Stranded on Nantucket Last Saturday 1918

Another large school of blackfish has visited Nantucket and it brought more activity at the cliff beach last Sunday than was ever chronicled before. The big fish were stranded late Saturday evening, being driven inshore by two fishing boats returning to port from a day on the flounder grounds, and the school slowly worked shoreward until at dusk they were stranded directly in front of the cliff bathing beach, where the fish whistled and spouted and splashed all night before the tide fell enough for them all to be slaughtered.

To have two schools of blackfish land here in one season—and just a month apart—after a lapse of forty-four years since "the blackfish came" in 1874, was almost sensational for the islanders and their summer visitors. When the other school landed on the 3rd of July last and fifty-nine were captured, the event aroused the interest of everybody and blackfish was the subject for discussion for a week or so.

Few persons expected to ever see another school stranded here, so when the announcement came from the cliff last Saturday evening that another school had been sighted just off the bathing beach about 500 yards from shore, and that two fishing boats were driving them in, there was a grand rush for the beach.

It was then almost nightfall, but the crowd gathered quickly. The sun was just above the western horizon and the brisk east wind was sending the ripples onto the beach. Off in the distance was the school of blackfish, swimming to and fro parallel with the beach, cutting the surface of the water into foam as they rushed back and forth, all following the leader, as is the habit of this peculiar fish. They were a badly frightened bunch, and it was not surprising, for two gasoline boats—the Sadie A. and the Mary Souza—were driving them inshore, while the men on board waved their arms, splashed the water with oars, and yelled and shouted.

People Watched While Blackfish Stranded.

The sight was most interesting to watch and one by one the big fish stranded, threshed their flukes about two or three times, and then commenced to "whistle". Some folks thought the sound was more like the squeal of a pig than a whistle; at any rate, it was a pathetic sound to everybody within hearing, a sound hardly in keeping with the size of the animal emitting the whistle. Within an hour after the first fish struck the beach, a hundred more had followed in his wake, and about three-quarters of the entire school were landed directly in front of the bathing establishment, many of them up against the rocks of the jetty.

In driving the fish inshore, the school became broken, and although it is the habit of the blackfish to keep closely together and follow the "bull" which acts as a leader, some of the big fellows swam off to the westward and could have made their escape had they sense enough. Instead, however, they turned about and before morning joined the main school on the beach and met their fate. It is a peculiar thing about the blackfish that even when a single fish is swimming alone off in deep water and in perfect safety, it will not desert the herd, but will hang around until captured.

The tide was coming in when the school struck the beach at 7.00 o'clock and had the fish known enough they could have made their way off during the next few hours, but instead of heading off-shore when "gallied" (as whalemen call it when a whale is frightened) blackfish will almost always head towards the beach and make no attempts to reach deep water again.

Men Worked All Night.

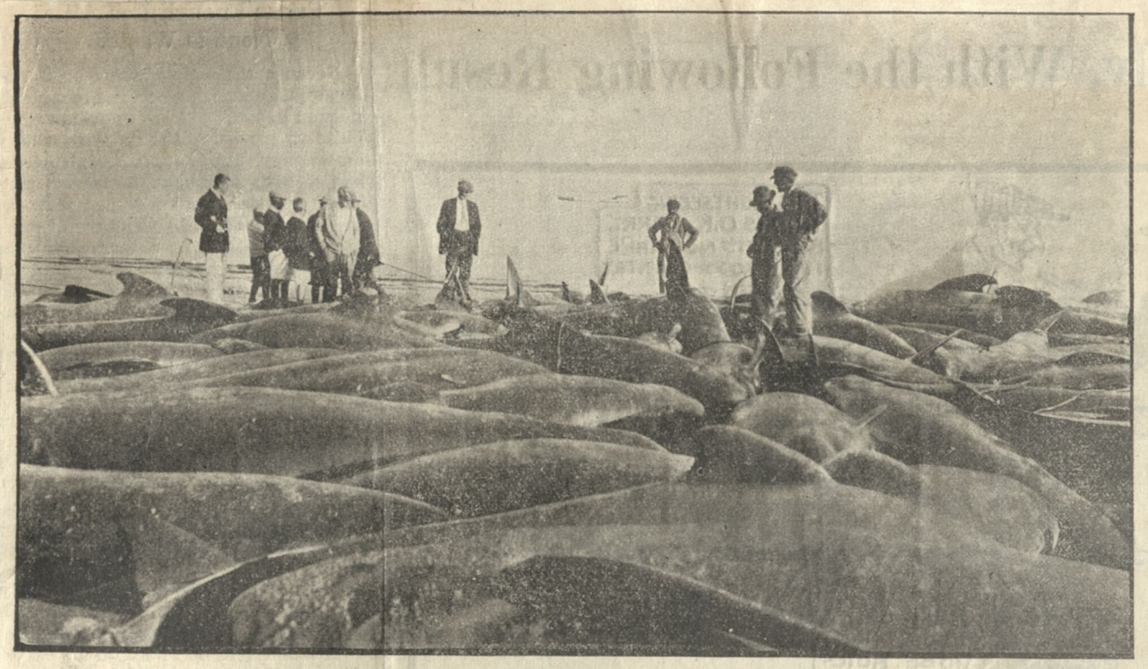
Darkness had fallen before the crowd commenced to disperse, Saturday evening, but some folks lingered on the beach until after midnight, deeply interested in the unusual experience. It was real "spooky" along about eleven o'clock, when the men were working with lanterns and flashlights, trying to haul the blackfish up on the beach on the high tide and endeavoring to reach a vital spot with their spear. The darkness made it difficult to work easily, and many times a man came within an ace of receiving a knock-out blow from the flukes of a threshing fish.

The "whistling" of the fish could be heard a long way of, and the water swashed around the big black forms onto the beach, getting more crimson all the time, as one by one the blackfish would be speared and its life-blood gush out. In the darkness it was difficult for the men to reach a vital spot and very few of the fish were dead at midnight. The falling tide made things easier, however, and as dawn approached the men went at it more systematically, until by eight o'clock Sunday morning there was little life left in any of the blackfish. Some of the big "bulls" and "cows" showed remarkable vitality and threshed around and groaned well into the forenoon, and as the day advanced the sight on what is usually a nice clean, white beach, was actually becoming nauseating as well as pathetic.

Many Craved Blackfish Meat.

Men and boys were at work early on the carcasses which were lying farthest up on the beach, cutting through the blubber in order to reach the meat, and junk after junk of the dark red bloody flesh was carried uptown during the day, to furnish food for those who, from their experience just a month previous, had discovered that blackfish is excellent food and is most edible when served either in broiled steak or as "pot roast".

Had the men cut into one or two of the fish alone, it would not have been so bad, but at least a dozen were slashed into before Sunday noon and even late in the evening men were



Looking across the backs of some of the big "bulls" and "cows", as the adult fish (or animals) are called. The three men at the right are Capt. Edward Burchell of the motor-boat Sadie A., and two Portuguese fishermen of the Mary Souza. They are viewing the result of the night's slaughter and already pondering over what to do with the big creatures after they captured them.

This picture was taken at low tide last Sunday morning. It shows a large bunch of the blackfish packed together "like sardines". The tails and and fins of the big fish are discernible in this photo. Many of the fish were still alive at this time, the men not having reached a vital spot with their spears while working in the darkness.

there after some choice cuts of meat, much of which has been salted down for next winter's use.

The stripped carcasses and bloody water might have served to keep people away had not the event been so unusual, but it was really the biggest "sight" Nantucket has been furnished since the visit of President Wilson last September.

There were 128 blackfish there, some of which measured 22 and 23 feet long and must have weighed two or three tons apiece. The majority of the herd were medium-size fish, however, and would measure from 15 to 20 feet in length, but there were a number of "calves" and they suffered the same fate as the larger fish. In fact, it was one of the calves which was first cut into steaks Saturday evening.

A Needless and Useless Slaughter.

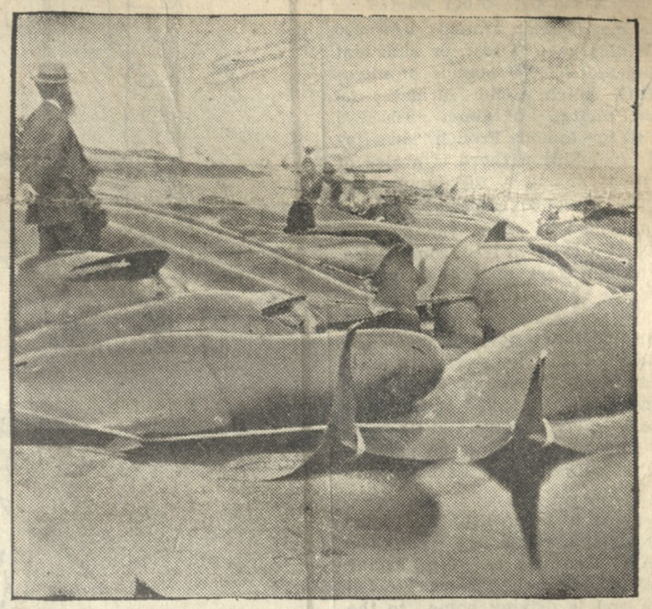
The whole affair proved to be a needless and useless slaughter and tons of good marketable meat, to say nothing of more tons of blubber and valuable "melons", actually went to waste, for after the fish were slaughtered the men did not know what to do with them and had no way to dispose of them. Had there been any try-works on Nantucket now, it would have been an easy matter to have tried out the blubber and head oil and then disposed of the carcasses, but as there was no outfit available, the men responsible for the big catch had a "white elephant" on their hands in the shape of some hundred or so blackfish which they could not sell.

The beach was badly messed up during the twenty-four hours which followed the stranding of the fish and the town authorities quickly saw that in order to prevent a public nuisance resulting the blackfish must be removed without delay.

Buyers Were Not Buying.

By Sunday afternoon the men all wished that they had left the blackfish alone and driven them off-shore instead of onto the beach, for they could find no way to dispose of their "fare". Two oil experts came down from New Bedford that afternoon and, taking a view of the big mass of blubber and flesh lying on the beach, neither felt inclined to make a bid. With no way to try out the oil here and with the statement that the purchase of the July blackfish had proved a losing venture as a warning, the Nantucketers did not find selling blackfish very good business. Mr. Kelly, who represented Nye's Oil Works, at once made up his mind that he would have nothing whatever to do with blackfish this time.

John W. Peak, who is an expert on blackfish head oil, would like the "melons", but he did not want the rest of the fish. When he left New Bedford that morning he had practically completed arrangements for one of the whaling schooners to come down with her outfit and try out the oil on her decks, but at the last moment the authorities refused to let the tug be used outside of Buzzards Bay, so that scheme fell through. And Mr. Peak, like Mr. Kelley, decided that there was at least $2,000 worth of oil lying there on the shore, if there were but some means on Nantucket of handling it.



WHEN THE BLACKFISH STRANDED IN 1874.

A scene on the north beach, near Eel point, on Wednesday, July 1, 1874, when ninety-one specimens were captured. This school was tried out at Nantucket, "try-works" being in existence here at that time. The men who captured the school made good money out of their venture.

The next morning, however, an offer of $100 was made for the "melons" with the understanding that the men would be well repaid for their work in towing the carcasses out to sea. Helpers wanted $10 a day to assist in cutting up the fish, however, which was prohibitive, and negotiations of all kinds speedily ended.

Towed Out to Sea and Set Adrift.

Realizing that they were really "up against it" and instead of reaping a few hundreds or a thousand dollars or so for their labors in hauling the fish ashore and slaughtering them, Captain Burchell and his mates came to the conclusion that it was their job to haul the carcasses off the beach and set them adrift—a veritable waste of Nature's creatures slaughtered without profit to man.

It was an all-day's job, but at nightfall Monday the beach was cleared again. The bodies of the blackfish were then drifting a mile or so offshore, and the tide was flooding the bathing beach that evening, washing away the blood and refuse that had been left and cleansing and purifying the place again. When the hour for bathing came Tuesday morning there was practically nothing left on the beach as a reminder of the scenes enacted there during the last two days.

Many of the carcasses, however, drifted with the tide and were carried inside of the harbor, some going ashore on Coatue. Others washed ashore at Coskata and Great point, and it is feared some of the bodies, unless disposed of promptly, will become a nuisance. Wednesday morning, George E. Coffin, of Tuckernuck,

who has a whaling outfit up there, assisted by Nelson Dunham, went out in his catboat and took some of the blackfish in tow, intending to try out the oil at Tuckernuck. Owing to the length of time which had elapsed since the blackfish were killed, however, he did not anticipate getting much reward for his trouble.

Summer Visitors Greatly Interested.

Naturally the summer visitors were greatly interested in the stranding of the blackfish and all day Sunday autos and teams were coming from all sections with parties to view the scene, while thousands of persons trudged to the beach on foot and lingered there for hours. Many persons came over from 'Sconset in the afternoon and Wauwinet and Surfside also sent delegations down; in fact there could not have been many people on the island who did not catch a glimpse of the blackfish last Sunday.

The habits of the fish, what they live on, why they are valuable, etc., were but natural questions for the summer folks to ask and whenever they found anyone who was able to divulge information he was always plied with questions. Schools of blackfish do not land every day or everywhere, and the visitors to Nantucket this season have been unusually favored in witnessing two of these very interesting events in a lapse of just thirty-one days.

Blackfish Are Animals.

Blackfish are interesting, inoffensive animals. They are really small whales and inasmuch as a whale is a mammal, a blackfish should properly be classed as an animal with the whale, rather than as a fish—but it is always referred to as a fish. Although much larger than sharks they are not ferocious and do not prey on large fish; in fact, their food consists mostly of "fry"—that is, minnows and similar small fish. This may account for the fact that they are occasionally found swimming in shoal water and thus get stranded. They have very small teeth for the size of the head, even in the large bulls the teeth protruding hardly more than a quarter of an inch above the gums.

Blackfish are very much like the sperm whale in shape, almost jet black in color and with a shiny smooth skin. While swimming they usually keep close to the surface, with their big fins and flukes showing, and their big nose occasionally poking a little above the water. They "follow the leader" like a flock of sheep and are, almost without exception, always found in large schools, sometimes amounting to several hundred specimens.

Head Oil Valuable.

The oil from blackfish can be applied to several uses, but in order to handle it successfully and profitably there must be ample equipment for the work. The most valuable portion of the fish is the head, which contains the "melon", from which the valuable oil is refined that is used in watches and clocks.

The "melon" is so-called from its shape, as it resembles a watermelon when carved from the head of the fish. This "melon" lies just in front of the blow-hole and it contains a peculiar oil, different from that in any other part of the fish. When refined and placed on the market this head oil commands a fabulous price, but it takes many months before it is ready for use in watches and clocks, as the refiners have to be very particular and watch their product carefully. In cutting out the melons they take none but the white ones, which indicate that the fish has been properly bled. If, perchance, the melon is red and shows blood, it is condemned and not used.

In conversation with Mr. Peak, Sunday, relative to the head oil, we inquired of what use the "melon" could be to the blackfish, as it is located directly on top of the head. Mr. Peak said that authorities all claimed that the "melon" was actually a reserve supply of nourishment which the blackfish stores up. When "feed" is not very plentiful, the fish draws on the "melon" and when there is an abundance of food the reserve supply is increased and the melon stores up this peculiar oil. Thus, when the blubber on a fish is thin, averaging not much more over an inch in thickness, it is known that the "melon" will not be very large, as the thin blubber shows that the blackfish has not been having very good living lately and has been drawing on his head supply of nourishment. On the contrary, when the blubber is thick, it is known that the "melon" will be large and will yield a large amount of oil.

The body of the blackfish furnishes a variety of uses. The government is able to obtain glycerine therefrom, which is so much desired at the present time, and the refineries are able to secure a very good grade of lubricating oil, also, while the meat has been bringing not less than 10 cents a pound in the city markets.

It is said by those who have been watching the habits of blackfish that schools are apt to come around where others have been, even though the first school was slaughtered. Contrary to the habits of other animals, instead of shunning a place where their fellows have been killed, they seem to be attracted to the vicinity either by instinct

The scene on the Cliff Bathing Beach, early Sunday morning, August 4th, after the men had put in a night's work slaughtering the blackfish. This picture shows the location of the stranded school in its relation to the bathing beach. The bathing establishment is in the distance.

This picture was taken on the morning of Wednesday, July 3d, 1918, when the first school of the season stranded on the north beach, about a quarter of a mile west of the bathing beach. This school came ashore during the night and were found there at daylight, whereas the school which were captured on August 3d were driven ashore by fishermen at nightfall. Fifty-nine of the big creatures were captured on July 3. In the school killed this week there were one hundred and twenty-eight.

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Some of the largest of the fish were bunched together quite close to the jetty. The man in the centre of the picture is one of the crew of the Mary Souza, which helped drive the fish ashore. He is standing bare-footed upon one of the blackfish, and is watching the men at the left, who are about to cut out a "steak".

or smell. Over on the Cape schools of blackfish have come ashore several times recently and over there it is always said that if one school lands another is sure to follow within a short time. If there is anything in this belief, Nantucket's experience on July 3d and August 3d this year would seem to give strength to it.

Slices From the Blackfish.

There were no restrictions on the use of cameras at the beach and hundreds of "snaps" were made of the blackfish.

* * *

Wesley Lewis got a ton or two of lobster bait, Sunday afternoon, by cutting off the blubber and meat from a big blackfish stranded on the outside of the school. Wesley and his helper wielded the knife in great shape and filled a skiff full of bait in very few minutes.

* * *

In spite of the fact that a hundred blackfish were ebbing their life-blood away on the bathing beach, three young ladies donned their one-piece suits at seven o'clock Sunday and took their usual morning bath within sight and sound of the wholesale slaughtering which was going on.

* * *

Guests at the Sea Cliff Hotel in Nantucket were served with "Blackfish Steak Saute, Piquant Sauce" last Monday and many of them considered it a great delicacy. Other hotels served the blackfish meat this week, but the Sea Cliff found it so popular that it received a prominent place on the menu cards.

* * *

Arthur A. Norcross backed his express wagon down to the beach late Sunday evening and loaded up with junks of blackfish meat, which he took home to "salt down" for next winter's use. A freeze-up will have no terrors for the Chief of the Fire Department another winter as far as meat for his family larder is concerned.

* * *

Before the school was fully stranded, one of the Reservists grabbed a "calf" by the tail and in spite of its struggles succeeded in getting it ashore. Inside of five minutes the poor thing had been "stuck" and was being sliced up into steaks, many pieces of which were taken home by by-standers while the flesh was still warm and twitching.

* * *

Doctor Blue and Joseph Larkin had great sport riding around astride of one of the blackfish, Sunday morning. There were one or two specimens which were full of life, but did not have brains enough to swim away, and they made fine hobby horses, as they would swim through the water when a man mounted their backs and make things interesting.

* * *

One young man got up earlier than usual for Sunday morning, he said, so as to get a picture of the blackfish at low tide. He said he was here for a vacation and was having one grand time, with air-ships and blackfish coming at most unexpected times. Instead of sleeping until 8.00 o'clock Sunday morning, he arose at 6.00 and donned his white flannel trousers so as to be all ready for church. It sounded all right and the young man meant all right, but he discovered a few minutes after his arrival that a blackfish is not a very safe thing to stand on while making an exposure. There is apt to be a little life left in the creature and one convulsive movement is enough to send one sprawling across the shiny black skin into the bloody "suds". Really, it is impossible to describe the appearance of those white flannel trousers, or to imagine the feelings of that spruce young man when he started homeward, looking as though he had been wallowing in a slaughter-house.

* * *

The men who drove the blackfish ashore could not have selected a better place, in one sense of the word, or a worse place, in another sense. The jetty afforded a barrier through which the fish could not pass, and tended to swerve them inshore. But it was most unfortunate that it happened right on the cliff bathing beach, for it put a stop to bathing for a time.

* * *

Mr. Hoover ought to have been at Nantucket, Sunday, for he would have seen two hundred tons of meat waiting to be served—meat that brings 10 cents a pound in the city markets—meat that the government is fitting out vessels to go out and catch. Anyone who wanted a slice was welcome to it, but it was surprising how few persons out of the thousands felt a craving for a blackfish dinner.

* * *

"Steaks" were taken home in all conceivable shapes. George Burdick had all he could lug in a basket; Matthew Ellis had a ten-pound roast; others carried the meat home in newspapers, buckets or bags; while Clinton Orpin and Obed Glidden pushed a string through the meat and tied it to a stick which they carried between them. Blackfish meat is boneless and fatless and a very dark red in color.

* * *

Just after the blackfish stranded last Saturday evening, when the crowd of people was moving both ways—to and from the beach—a gentleman came puffing along the road full of anticipation. "Are the blackfish there?" he queried as we approached. "Oh, yes," we replied. "Plenty of them." "Can I see them?" he asked. "Certainly, they don't charge a cent," we assured him. "Good!" he ejaculated, as he started along. "It's the only thing here they don't charge for."

* * *

Anyone who can answer the countless questions that are hurled at him at a time like blackfish coming ashore, without cracking a smile, cannot be human. For instance, early last Sunday morning when the men were spearing the big fish stranded on the cliff beach, one lady came up with horror written all over her face. "Oh, isn't it terrible? Aren't those men cruel?" she said. "Why don't they chloroform those poor things instead of sticking that thing into them?"

Chloroforming a blackfish would be quite a delicate operation, to our mind. Just how it could be accomplished, the lady did not suggest. Possibly by placing the chloroform on a sponge and holding the sponge over the blow-hole of the blackfish; or a bag might be placed over its head with the sponge inside, and a draw-string tied carefully around the blackfish's neck, then pouring the chloroform onto the sponge within the bag. Or the blackfish might be coaxed up to the chopping block and its head cut off like a chicken's. If that method did not prove feasible, the fish's mouth might be opened and a little cyanide of potassium sifted on its tongue. Numerous methods of "painless death" come into one's mind since the lady suggested chloroform. Perhaps before the next school arrives, the society with the long name will be able to meet the situation through its local agent, M. F. Freeborn, who is disposing of cats and dogs and horses so humanely.

Did you get a piece of blackfish steak?

Nantucket Inquirer.

FRIDAY MORNING, FEB. 25, 1859.

We copy the following article from the New Bedford Mercury, and recommend it to the careful perusal of the reader:—

KEROSENE OIL.—The new kind of oil, called Kerosene and which was so popular at first, appears to be losing its favor with a portion of the public. Whether this results from a deteriorated article now manufactured and palmed off as genuine, or whether the Kerosene itself is detrimental, several cases have been reported to us, where the use of the oil in question has produced ill effects. The injurious action of Kerosene is principally exerted on the throat and lungs, and is probably caused by a deposit in the air of minute particles of soot from the oil, which is made of coal we believe and which must deposit the product somewhere unless it be wholly removed in the manufacture, or the mere burning of the oil itself may affect the air of a room unfavorably by the production of gas.

Several cases of this kind have fallen under the notice of physicians, where the lungs became affected after an extended use of Kerosene, the injurious effect being specially felt by ladies who had habitually spent their evenings where this oil is used. In one instance we are informed a curtain in a room being examined was found to have collected a large amount of this floating soot and to be black with it. Of course the lungs cannot fail to suffer in an atmosphere loaded with resin and coal smoke.

In stating these facts we have no other interest than to caution the public against the use of Kerosene, until success has established its claims and the fact that it can be employed safely and without injury to the health of those using it. We should ask as much as this from any burning material, that it should not produce disease or be otherwise dangerous. The Kerosene oil was presumed to be of value as a substitute for those explosive fluids which some persons are too willing to use, not being convinced of their dangerous properties, but if the former kind of oil subjects the throat and lungs to those diseases already far too frequent, it is our duty to caution the public against its use. Physicians who may have had cases like these alluded to, by reporting the same in medical journals would be doing a service to the community and it would be well for those who have suffered from its use to bring the facts before the public by an adequate statement. We want light about this subject even if the Kerosene oil has acquired a sudden popularity as a producer of illumination.

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Lettering: Park Avenue Script

BIG CAPTURE OF BLACKFISH.

Took Place in the Seventies, When Capt. Heman Eldredge, the Nantucket Pilot, Shooed a Big School of Them Ashore. Had Been Seeking an Inbound Vessel in the Fog When He Sighted Them. Related by Sinon J. Nevins in Boston Globe.

6/11/1911

In the early 70's Capt. Heman Eldredge, a venerable pilot living in Nantucket, left his landing place early one morning to go into the sound, in search of a schooner, bound from Philadelphia to the island, with a load of coal for the steamboat company.

It was foggy, and as his little 20-foot double-ender carried him out past the end of the pier he remarked to a friend who was standing there that if the weather held thick he might run into Madaket harbor for the night, as he intended to follow the shore as far as that point.

He little dreamed what was in store for him that day. He would tack well out into the sound, and then in, until he "raised" the shore, but saw no signs of the expected schooner or any other object during the forenoon.

Early in the afternoon, however, when he calculated he was sailing along in deep water he was startled by the sound of what appeared to be breakers dead ahead of his little craft.

He brought his boat about, and, somewhat alarmed, headed in the opposite direction, and as soon as he could, he sounded, and found precisely the depth of water he calculated should be there.

What meant the breakers, then? Surely he was not mistaken. It was like the sound of rushing waves over a tide rip. He had heard similar sounds all his life and recognized them perfectly. However, he would hold his little craft on her present course until he "made" the beach again.

His calculations were right again, for the beach came in view just as he figured it would. He recognized a hill he had seen a hundred times or more. There was the old surveyor's post that had often been taken for a man, standing on its edge. The rock at the base of the hill was more convincing evidence that he was right.

Nevertheless those rushing sounds puzzled him, and he did not like to be puzzled on the water. He was proud of a claim that he always made, to the effect that in all his going to sea, he never was where he did not know precisely where he was. "If I had been," he used to say, "I had no business there. And I never go where I have no business."

He brought his boat about once more, and again headed out into the sound. He had not gone as far as on his former tack when his keen ear again caught the sound, just as it previously seemed to him.

Blackfish ashore on Eel Point, Nantucket,
from an old photograph in possession of Sinon J. Nevins.

He was startled now. He was an old man, out in the sound alone in the fog, with nobody within miles of where he was. He let the sheets to his lug sails flap for a moment or two in the lihgt air, and listened.

There it was, just as before, not more than 200 yards off, but the fog would not permit of his seeing one quarter of that distance. To go for help to investigate the cause was out of the question. Fish might make a similar sound, he reasoned, but the only fish ever seen in those waters were bluefish, and their flipping could not be heard a stone's throw off.

He was puzzled as never before. He sounded again. Yes, he was right. There was no shoal water around him on either side. He hauled aft his sheets and drove the Esther ahead a little further. There was no question but that he was approaching it, whatever it was. He was ready to bring his boat about on the instant, just keeping sufficient steerage way on his "ship" to have her answer her helm quickly in case of necessity.

If the fog would only lift for a minute. But it would not. Besides, it was now past noon, and, if anything, the fog was becoming thicker. Furthermore, the tide was falling, which meant thicker fog or rain on the change of tide.

He resolved to fathom the mystery then and there. He hauled aft still further on the sheets of his little lug sails and his double-ender increased her speed in proportion. He arose from his seat at the tiller, in order that he might peer further into the thick veil of fog.

Suddenly, could he believe his eyes? Was he in a dream? No, no, for there directly ahead of him and as far as he could see through the fog on both sides was a school of whales. In the fog each looked as big as a house. They were playing, sporting, and gradually working in shore. What should he do? What could he do? There was no one to help him, and alone he was powerless. Many a younger man would have headed his craft in the opposite direction, and made the quickest speed possible for shore. Not so with Uncle Heman, as he was called and known by everyone.

He reasoned, if they should stampede in their play, he could see nothing but disaster for himself and his boat. He decided to look them over, and worked around under their lea, so that they could not get his scent.

What a sight. No man ever before nor since beheld a similar one in those waters. He counted more than 200 in the school, but as he became more accustomed to them and got in a little nearer to the edge of the school, he saw that they were blackfish, a species of whale, much smaller, but in every other way greatly similar.

"Let's see," he reasoned with himself. "They are working inshore and the tide's falling. If I could only scare them and start them on a blind run toward the bar at Eel point, some of them sure would get ashore, and before the tide came in would be dead. Schooling fish will follow their leader, and if I can frighten them they are mine, or at least some of them."

He worked his boat out around the end of the school, and then tacked to the windward of them. He removed a board from the flooring, and brought it down full force on its flat side on the after thwart of his boat, at the same time yelling with all the strength of his lungs.

Almost instantly the entire school ceased play and sounded. In their anxiety to escape the danger incident to the racket made by the old pilot to the windward of them, the fish rushed off to leeward, just in the direction he would have them go, to sure capture and destruction. He followed them as fast as his boat would carry him, all the while yelling and pounding the board. On rushed the fish into the shoal water. The leaders could not stop if they wished, as those in the rear were crowding them onward at a terrific pace.

Into the shoal water and on to the bar they went, some of those in the rear rushing on to the backs of the foremost, and forming a line through which the extreme rear fish could not penetrate. They were perforce thus halted, and fully 150 turned and escaped. Those that struck on the bar, however, despite their strenuous efforts to free themselves, were securely trapped. The tide gradually falling left them high and dry, and long before its return they were dead.

Alone the aged skipper viewed his catch, and when the tide was well out, he securely fastened their tails together with rope, using his anchor rope, his spare halyards, his fore and main sheets, and any rope that he could bring into play.

Then he securely anchored them, that the rising tide might not rob him of his catch, and calmly set sail for the harbor, seven miles distant, to secure help.

Before leaving the scene he counted the fishes and found he had trapped 96 out of about 250. Usually the blackfish is captured by being harpooned. They are sometimes found singly or in pairs on the grounds frequented by whaling ships and occasionally in former years in Massachusetts waters, but very rarely.

Capt. Eldredge procured assistance and returned to the scene of "the experience of his life" early the following morning. His catch were securely riding at anchor, and the men who accompanied him were loath indeed to credit his story until they were there on the scene.

The fish were cut up, the blubber of fat being removed from the carcass, brought to town in dories and tried out, the "trying out" process being similar to the trying out of pork or lard, except that the blubber was cut up into much larger cubes and "boiled down" to scraps in huge try-pots. The scraps, when forked out of the pot, are about the size of an average man's hand, and are quite pleasing to the taste, resembling somewhat the taste of bacon fried to a crisp, but not quite so salty.

A handsome sum was realized by the aged pilot for his few hours' work in the fog, and his associates along the water front were loud in their praise of his courage.

S. J. Nevins.

semble should include:
Informal Notes
Place Cards
0 6.80 7.90 1.10
One Line Informals
0 150 200 Additional 50's
90 5.40 6.90 1.50
INCLUDE SINGLE ENVELOPES
WEDDING SCRIPT
0 per Order to Above Prices
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100th Anniversary of the Wreck of the "Earl of Eglinton."

1948

Among the anniversaries of marine disasters which are occurring this year is the loss of the British bark *Earl of Eglinton*, which was wrecked on the Nobadeer shore 100 years ago —March, 1848. It was the worst disaster, in view of the number of lives lost, since the wreck of the brig *Packet* on Miacomet Rip twenty years before.

The *Earl of Eglinton* was a new bark from Liverpool, bound for Boston, with a cargo of 600 tons of salt, 100 tons of coal, 50 cases of copper, and 50 bales of dry goods. Her commander was Capt. John Niven, of Greenock, Scotland..

The bark had made a good passage across the Western Ocean until she neared the New England coast, when she ran into a series of gales that drove her from her course. Capt. Niven was not aware of her proximity to Nantucket shoals, however, until she struck on South Shoals soon after dusk on the evening of March 13, in the midst of an easterly gale.

Both anchors were immediately let go, and all sail taken in. Although the bark lifted clear of the shoal she drifted shoreward, dragging her two anchors, and at 2 o'clock the next morning, (Sunday, the 14th) she again struck, this time on the dreaded "Old Man" shoal.

The vessel was now leaking badly, with a high sea adding to her danger. With the daylight, Capt. Niven decided to run her ashore. But the bark had 6 feet of water in her hold and struck some distance from the beach, the seas making a clean breach over her.

Rescuers now appeared along the shore, signalling the wreck. Convinced that the ship could not withstand the fierce battering of the waves much longer, eight of the seamen asked and obtained permission to lower two of the boats, four men getting into each boat.

After lowering away successfully, one of the boats upset on attempting to round the vessel's stern, and the four men were drowned—while the watchers on the ship and from the shore stood by, powerless to help.

The second boat managed to get inshore as far as the undertow, and it, too, capsized. Two of the four men succeeded in struggling in the surf long enough for rescuers to pull them up on the beach.

During this incident of rescue, one of the Nantucketers, Capt. Watson Burgess, was struck by the boat and knocked down. Fortunately, he had taken the precaution of fastening a line around his waist and was pulled to safety by his companions.

The islanders stood along Nobadeer's shore awaiting a signal from the bark. With six of their shipmates gone to a watery grave, the sailors on board the *Earl of Eglinton* remained inert, apparently giving themselves up for lost with the breaking up of the vessel. But the Nantucketers kept up a constant signalling and by pantomine conveyed instructions for the crew to throw overboard an oar with a line attached.

The oar and its line were tossed into the sea but upon approaching the beach it became caught in a tidal current and would not come in with the rollers. But the men ashore were quick to throw a bluefish drail across the oar, thus hauling it up on the beach.

A larger rope was then fastened to the oar, and instructions, written on paper, carefully wrapped in rope yarn and lashed to the oar.

When the oar was hauled back to the bark, the sailors proceeded to follow the written directions. A heavy rope cable was made fast to the timber heads on the forecastel, and, in turn, hauled taut by those on the beach, who made it fast to a timber set deep in the sand.

The Nantucketers then fashioned a sling, made from a pair of hames. The sling, capable of holding one man, was suspended from a traveling noose attached to the heavy cable, and having a line fast at both the ship and shore ends.

By this adaptation of the modern "breeches-buoy" the islanders proceeded to pull safely ashore the remainder of the bark's crew. When Capt. Niven, the last to leave the doomed ship, was hauled to safety, the noose gave way just as he came in through the surf.

For three days the storm continued —the seas raging so high that no boat could approach the wreck. When the wind and sea subsided, the bark and her cargo were a total loss.

The bodies of the second mate and three seamen were subsequently washed ashore, and were buried from the Baptist Church, a large procession of townspeople following the hearse to the graves.

* * * * *

Capt. Niven returned to England and took out another ship. But his ill-fortune pursued him and he was wrecked while on a voyage to India a year later. He deeided to give up the sea and came to America to seek his fortune in the Middle West.

He became a successful merchant. Nearly a half century later he wrote to a friend in Nantucket, recalling his rescue from death at Nobadeer and reiterating his gratitude to the islanders.

ON PAGE 64

Professor Read's Study of The Nantucketisms of 1848.

Allen Walker Read
University of Chicago.

Reprinted from "American Speech", February, 1935.

The inhabitants of the island of Nantucket have long been known for their quaint and salty speech. The island, with an area of about forty-seven square miles and a population of somewhat over 3,000, is an interesting laboratory unit for the study of language. It is by no means isolated, for summer visitors come in great numbers; but the old residents maintain their identity strictly apart from the *off-islanders*. The calm superiority of the Nantucketer is shown in the case of the school boy who began his composition thus: 'Napoleon was a great man; he was a great soldier and a great statesman—but he was an off-islander'. A linguistic effect of this detachment is to be found in a locution recorded in 1902 as prevailing among the older inhabitants:

They speak of the continental portion of the United States as America. When there I was told that on a fair day one could see America; that, consequent upon the decadence of the whale fishery and the loss thereby of population, many vacant houses had been placed on gundalows and towed over to America; and taking the steamer for Hyannis was quite generally spoken of as going to America. Perhaps this custom arose from the prudent neutrality of the islanders during the Revolutionary war.

The outstanding characteristic of Nantucket speech is the nautical flavor that pervades it. This was pointed out as early as 1811 by Joseph Sansom, a noted American traveler:

Sea phrases accordingly prevail in familiar conversation. Every child can tell *which way the wind blows*, and any old woman in the street will talk of *cruising about, hailing an old messmate*, or *making one bring to*, as familiarly as the captain of a whaleship, just arrived from the north-west coast, will describe dimensions to *a landlubber* by the span of his *gibboom* or the length of his *mainstay*. If you have a spare dinner it is *short allowance;* if you are going to ride, the horse must be *tackled up;* or if the chaise is *rigged out*, and you are got *under way*, should you stop short of your *destination*, you are said to *tack about*, or to *make a harbour*. This technical phraseology, however, is attended with the concomitant frankness and honesty of sea-faring life.

A hundred years later the same peculiarities are reported:

A Nantucketer does not pull, he always "hauls," he does not tie or fasten anything, he "splices" it; he rigs and belays, backs and fills, gets under way, heaves to, comes about and squares away so naturally and spontaneously that it never occurs to him that there is anything unusual in his mode of expressing himself.

Terms of address are affected, notably in the frequent use of *"Captain"*. 'It will be safe to address at least every second man you meet as "Captain," and he likes it; it sounds, too, much better and more respectful than "sir" or "mister".'

Other factors in Nantucket history have influenced its speech. In the eighteenth century most of the inhabitants were Quakers, and thus Quaker characteristics survived to a late date. Special terminology arose from the peculiar method of holding land. In the seventeenth century certain pieces of land were set apart as *house-lot land*, for homesteads, and the remainder was held in common by the twenty-seven original proprietors. The units of ownership were the *sheep commons*, of which there were originally 19,440 on the island. Later part of the land was set aside as *dividend land*, likewise held in common. The selling of fractional interests and division by inheritance have made the owning of land very complicated. In the last century, however, a few *set-offs* were made to individual proprietors.

Korduda law is a term peculiar to the island. In order to avoid trouble with the Indians the early settlers appointed a superior Indian known as Korduda to deal with such matters. His policy was to have both the complainant and the defendant well whipped before hearing the case. This *Korduda law* proved very effective.

The most extensive list of Nantucket expressions is that assembled in 1916 by William F. Macy and Roland B. Hussey. As these collections show, *to sit in the butter tub* is to have a piece of good luck, especially to marry well. A person with stiff or formal manners has *cornstarch airs*. A bungling job is called a *foopaw*, a corruption of *faux pas*, said to have been picked up from French whalers in the Pacific. The island even yields a new preposition—*snivver*, meaning immediately after, as in 'I'll be over to your house snivver dinner.' This may be a corruption of 'soon as ever'. Derisive epithets arose for 'off-island' people: the people of Cape Cod were called *Coofs* and those of Martha's Vineyard *Old-Town Turkeys*. These retaliated, however, by calling the Nantucketers *Scrap Islanders* or *Nantucket Scraps*.

A glimpse into Nantucket speech of the last century is afforded by a glossary compiled in 1848 by James Mitchell, a native of the island. John Russell Bartlett sent him a copy of the *Dictionary of Americanisms* (1848), and Mitchell replied in a letter of October 31, 1848:

Your book afforded much amusement for my friends & self. We have collected some words & phrases, which I forward herewith. I do not claim them as Nantucketisms, except a very small part of them, but finding them difficult to distinguish, I have put them down indiscriminately, knowing that when you passed your eye over the list you would at once select all that were of any value to you.

Accompanying the letter were six pages of dialect and colloquial words, in random order, which I have rearranged in the lists below, keeping the spelling and pointing of the original.

Mitchell stated that he had avoided sea & whaling phrases, only inserting a few for specimens; but these that he included (although well-known elsewhere) illustrate the nautical flavor in Nantucket speech of 1848:

All of a Feather White. "That vessel comes all of a feather white." Coming quickly.
Back your main yard. Stop.
[Fly off (one's) jib.] "Hank's flying off his jib." Getting old, or in poor health.
[Fore and aft.] "Lay that child fore & aft in the cradle." Put it in the cradle as it should be. "Make that fire fore & aft." The entire width of the fire place for ironing clothes.
Going a cruise. About to ride or walk.
Hardest fends off. Resists successfully, without damage.
Hauled into dock. Sick at home.
Heave to! Stop!
How do ye carry sail? How are you?
Put in. Go ahead.
Ship in. Instead of take my arm.
Stand agin her. Fend off.
Staverall. Back. Used when the boat is too near a whale.
There she blows. Exclamation when a whale is seen.
Town-at. Exclamation when a whale is seen. (Given in the form "Towno!" in the *"Scrap Basket."*)
Where you bound? Where are you going?

The following list contains words and phrases that give Nantucket speech its distinctive character. A few of them may be in use only locally:

Betwixt hay & grass. Between boyhood and manhood.
Big general. The largest bill of a fishing vessel.
Brand. Wood partially burned.
Buckle till. Buckle to it. Work fast.
[Buff.] "Stripped to the buff." State of nudity.
Cajunck. Sudden fall.
Chump. Wood partially burned.
[Coast.] "On the coast." Neat.
Conniption. Fainting fit.
Corn-Pudding. Corn pounded or grated with milk, eggs & sugar & baked.
Cossacks. The name of a local party opposed to the mixture of blacks and whites in the public schools.
Cousen in. To ingratiate one's self into favor.
Cum the gum over him. "He tried to cum the gum over him, but, By Golla! Lijah was up & dressed!" Ready—not to be taken in.
Cumsha Kute. Excellent.
Down-a-long. On change, or in some resort near the wharves.
Hit again Jedidah. Do the same thing.
Hit-or-miss-carpet. A carpet woven from strips of old cloth sewed together.
Hog age. Between boyhood and manhood.
Jim Crank. A fanciful article.
[Jiminy Cricket.] "By jiminy cricket." An exclamation of surprise.
Lam on. Work fast.
Lickoty liner. Lickoty split. Going very fast.
[Mediterranean pass.] "Fits like a Mediterranean pass." Fits well. A Mediterranean pass or passport, is severed by the government in two pieces, the line where it is cut being undulating, the larger part, about 4-5. is issued to vessels, the small

retained. When they are placed together of course they fit exactly, as do Bills of Exchange some times remitted in two parts cut in a similar way for safety.

[Mux.] "In a mux." Confused, disarranged.

[Off.] "Come from off." From abroad.

Old Scratch. Expressing surprise. "Why! The old scratch! You don't say so!"

[Over.] "When did ye come over?" When did you arrive?

Over the bay. Drunk.

Pooquaw. Quahog or round clam.

Pronounce. "How does your horse (or anything else) pronounce?" How does he prove, perform?

Ripper. Anything very large of its kind.

Run. "Clear the run." Clear the way.

Schrimpshotting. At work on fancy work.

Scraps. Slices of blubber.

Sizzle. Political meeting.

Skinch. To cut short.

Slatch. When it rains it is said, "I'll kitch a slatch & go there." When the rain ceases or lessens.

[Smart.] "I'm very smart." I'm very well.

Sort not & sorters. Not so & yet so.

Spits of snow. Snows a little.

Splitation. Bad.

Swamped. Sunk.

Swodle dog. A small piece of plank fitted into a vessel. In an Insurance case in this county Big Daniel (Webster) was lost as to the meaning of this phrase—posed.

Tag. Tape needle. To tag around.

Taker. A holder to take hold of warm things.

Trying out. Boiling oil.

Tuing round. Going about uselessly.

Tu iron. The iron attached to the nose of a blacksmith's bellows.

Well on't. Comfortable as to property.

Whit-potting. Going round among relatives & acquaintances visiting.

Whoosh. To whoosh is to back a horse.

Wil-coxing. Going around among relatives & friends visiting. (Another meaning is given in the "Scrap basket", page 151: "To pass a restless, uneasy, sleepless night. The expression 'I wilcoxed all night long' is often heard even now.")

Wonders. A kind of cake. (Listed in the "Scrap Basket" as 'local name for doughnuts.')

* * * * *

Mitchell also included a number of words and phrases that are known to be in colloquial use in most places where English is spoken. The listing of them here proves that they were in use at this particular time and place.

By hook or by crook. Anyhow.

Can't touch him with a ten-foot pole. He is distant, proud, reserved.

Chores. Small work round the house.

[Cut (one's) eye teeth.] "He has cut his eye teeth." He is keen.

[Darken these doors.] "You haven't darkened these doors." Complaint that one has not visited often.

Dead set. Determined.

To diddle. To circumvent.

[Enjoy poor health.] "I enjoy poor health." Out of health.

Finger in the pie. Concerned. "He wants to have a finger in the pie." Wants to meddle, be interested.

Gadding. A careless running about or going about from place to place.

Go it sal. Go ahead.

Go to grass. Be off.

Knock you into the middle of next week, or month. To hit one severely.

Make no bones of it. Make light work of it.

Mind your P's & Q's. Look out sharp.

[Mother knows (one is) out.] "Does your mother know you are out?" A rebuke.

No-go. Not successful.

Nothing else. Of course.

Obstriperous. Bad, obstinate.

[Settles the hash.] "That settles the hash." Finishes.

[Shines.] "Cut shines." Cut capers.

Slantingdicular. Obliquely.

Sneeze at. "Not to be sneezed at." Not to be despised.

Spoon. "That's a great spoon." Good, promising.

Swallowed a yard stick. "He looks as if he had swallowed a yard stick." Stiff, reserved.

Transmogrify. To change.

Want tu know. Du tell. Cape Cod phrases.

Without ifs or ans. Without why or wherefore.

[Wrong pig by the ear.] "He's got the wrong pig by the ear." Caught the wrong person.

Colloquial similes formed another class of expressions that Mitchell included, as follows:

Dark as patch. Very dark.

Dust as high as a cat's back. Quite a row.

Go like a lamplighter. Go quickly.

Like a cat in a strange garrett. Amazed.

Like all possessed. Furiously.

Like a singed cat, better than she looks. Better than appearance indicates.

Poor as God's off ox. Very poor.

Poor as poverty's back door. Extremely poor.

Prim [as] a mustard pot. Neat, prim.

Smiling as a basket of chips. Smiling.

It is disadvantageous to the student of language to have a region capitalize its quaintness, as some promoters of Nantucket would have it do; yet in the case of Nantucket certain geographical and historical factors have assured that its speech would have distinctive characteristics. James Mitchell's glossary of 1848 gives at least a partial record of one stage in the island's speech history.

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Mr. Shaw Gives Further Report On New York Show.

A few more rambling notes and observations are perhaps in order as a result of the report given last week in these columns about the New York Sportsmen's and Vacation Show.

First of all, the show we participated in IS a Vacation Show as well as a Sportsmen's Show. I should say from observation the show was about 60% sports and 40% vacation in its appeal.

Ths Massachusetts booth was certainly all vacation appeal. The people who manned that area were people from the various towns who live there or vacationed there and loved their own particular spot. As a result the information given out was heartfelt and correct.

The Massachusetts booth was cer- "Come to Massachusetts to vacation. Here you will find a place, whether mountain or sea, which will satisfy your long felt longing for the perfect spot to spend your vacation—you and all your family, six to sixty."

Critically observing the Massachusetts message I couldn't help but feel that Nantucket was a leader in the type of people who represented us and attracted the most favorable attention. Among those who gave their time and services to help sell Nantucket were: Jackie Killen, Bert Howland, Bob Tyrer, Bob Hardy, Ted Kania, Lawrence Miller, Mrs. John Shaw, Miss Ida Amrein, Paul Kingelfuss, Bassett Jones, Anne Coffin, Frank Rink, Mr. and Mrs. Burt Whitehall, Sidney Thurston, Jr., Jack Gardner, 3rd, Mr. Bruyere and Frances Faeth. Our section was "Nantucket in New York" that week.

All around Nantucket were "live" exhibits. Pilgrims from Plymouth, an artist from Gloucester, an Indian from the Mohawk Trail; but we had our Little Gray Lady in the person of Jackie Killen. It took a little running around to costumers and getting a photographer, but we did it.

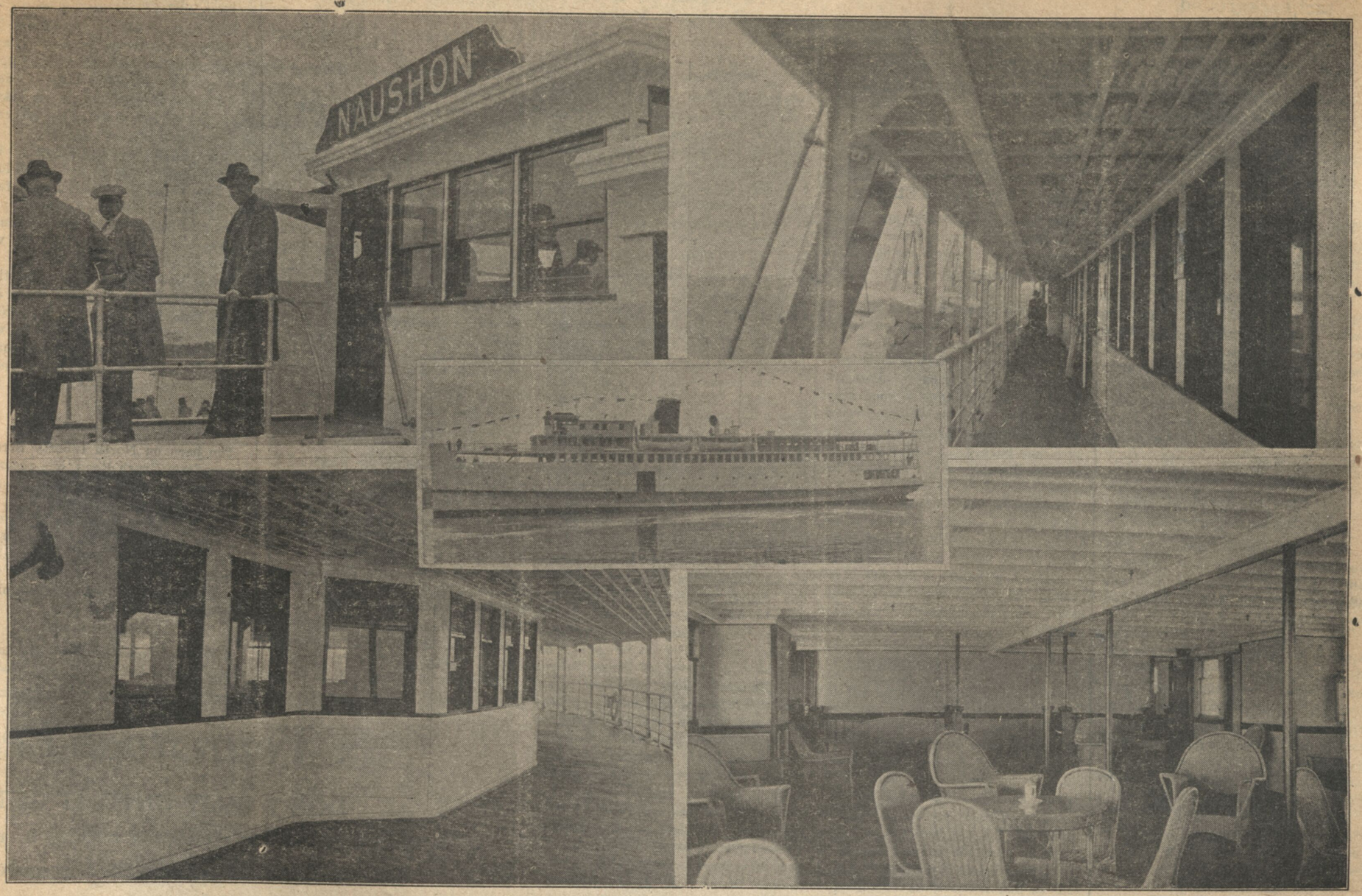
Salem and Marblehead had movies, but Nantucket had sound movies and an a capella choir tape recording. Nantucket certainly did not take a back seat. And, we corrected a few erroneous ideas.

We had to tell a few people who had read about our whaling and who had long wanted to visit Nantucket that (1) they really couldn't drive here in spite of the road signs appearing on Routes 28 and 3, and (2) that we really did belong to Massachusetts and not Rhode Island, and (3) that we were not an island adjacent to Block Island, nor were we in Boston Harbor. However, having been a teacher for so many years I'm not surprised at the amount of erroneous information that even college graduates can assemble.

The show now being two weeks behind me I am sure that Nantucket by its representation in New York has infected many a desirable person with the will to come and enjoy our Island with us, not only in the summer but in the fall and spring.

1953 John F. Shaw.

The Naushon - Largest and Newest Vessel to Serve Nantucket - Now a Memory. 1955



Our purpose in printing this picture at the present time is not to make comparisons between the "Naushon", admittedly the "queen of the fleet", and the proposed vessel to be built by the Steamship Authority, pictured above. Rather, it is to remind our readers of the age of the vessels now serving the islands, and also of the service which was once offered by the steamship line.

The steamer "Nantucket", christened the "Nobska", was launched in 1925, and the "Martha's Vineyard", christened the "Islander", was put into service two years before, in 1923. Three years after the "Nantucket", the "New Bedford" was launched, going into service in the summer of 1928.

These three steamers were all built from the same model, although the "New Bedford" differed slightly in her interior arrangements from the others. They were 210 feet, 10 inches long, with a 50-foot beam.

The "Naushon", launched May 7, 1929, was far larger than her three sisters, and much more commodious in her accommodations for passengers as well as having a greater freight capacity. The three-decked vessel had a 250 foot overall length, with a 60-foot beam.

In 1942 the "Naushon" and "New Bedford" were taken over by the government, in July and August, and after being refitted were sent across the Atlantic. The "Naushon" became a hospital ship, while the "New Bedford" was used for transportation of freight. The last trip of the "Naushon" to Nantucket was made on July 9, 1942, and the "New Bedford" made her last appearance at Nantucket on August 4.

The line was run by the New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket Steamship Company at the time the four vessels mentioned above were constructed and placed in service. The holdings of this company were taken over by the Massachusetts Steamship Company, Inc., on March 1, 1946. In April of this year the ferry "Hackensack", renamed the "Islander", was purchased by the company and placed in service between Woods Hole and Martha's Vineyard. This alleviated the pressure caused by summer traffic on the two remaining steamers, and the "Islander" remained in service until 1949, when it was replaced by a modern ferry built by the Steamship Authority hearing the same name.

In 1947 the L. S. M. "Gay Head", a converted landing craft, was placed in service by the Massachusetts Steamship Company between Nantucket and the mainland. This vessel was not practical for the run, and was sold the following year.

Thus it can be seen that with the exception of the "Gay Head", which was not a new vessel by any means, there has not been a new vessel constructed for service to Nantucket since 1929. As the "Nantucket" and "Martha's Vineyard" are the only vessels of the original four left, the newest vessel on this run at the present time is thirty years old this month.

"Nantucket in Print"—New Book by Everett U. Crosby.

Everett U. Crosby, well-known resident of Nantucket, has added another to the list of his books on island history, with the publication this week of "Nantucket in Print," a volume which is an important contribution to the bookshelves of Nantucket lore.

"Nantucket in Print" is in reality three volumes in one. It contains, in condensed form, what is known about the dates of earliest discovery of the island, as ascertained from records; it contains reprints of the earliest descriptive writings of the island, of which the majority are not readily accessible to the layman. Further, it contains a bibliography of Nantucket which the author has been preparing over a period of years.

After reference to the Indian legends and the early explorers, the book makes mention of the various missionaries and preachers who came here. Part 1 then goes on to give the reader a complete facsimile copy of Peter Folger's "A Looking Glass For The Times," printed in 1676, of which only one printed copy is known to exist; the complete references to Nantucket as found in Crevecoeur's "Letters From An American Farmer," of the 1772 and 1787 editions; extracts from the writtings of Benjamin Franklin, Josiah Quincy, Walter Folger, Zaccheus Macy, and others.

Part 2 contains a check-list of books, pamphlets and articles on Nantucket, by authors and titles, as well as a list of maps.

"Nantucket in Print," therefore, is of more than passing interest to the many devotees of Nantucket. It makes available those early accounts of the island and its people which are unique in their importance, and it provides a collection which is valuable and instructive. Mr. Crosby's comments as to the early discoverers and remarks on Nantucket writings are to the point and make interesting additions to the text.

The book's illustrations are the maps from de Crevecoeur's "Letters" and Benjamin Folger's article on the "Gulf Stream" (from Capt. Timothy Folger's account), and the view of the town from the harbor in Joseph Sansom's article in the Port Folio of 1811. The jacket of the book also has de Crevecoeur's map.

The property at No. 17 Mill Street has been sold by William D. Beers, of Boston, to Mr. and Mrs. William O. Swensk, of New Britain, Conn. The sale was made through Elias J. Lyon & Co.

Mr. Swensk enlisted in the U. S. Army and was stationed in the Philippines in early 1941. On the declaration of war, Mr. Swensk was sent on an ammunition boat to New Guinea and later to Australia. After four years in the Pacific, he was discharged in early 1945.

In May of this year, Mr. Swensk married Miss Elizabeth C. Hancock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Tyson Hancock, of New Britain, Conn. Mr. Swensk intends to make his future home in Nantucket and will be engaged in the wholesale and retail antique business. His shop is now located at 27 Prospect street, and is fully equipped to handle all furniture repairs and refinishing. Along with his regular business, Mr. Swensk is making miniature reproductions of old Nantucket pieces which are available now in limited quantities.

8/10/46

Should Have Seen Nantucket's Whaling Museum.

From the Brockton Enterprise

While the whaling industry no longer concerns New Bedford, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and other American seaports that years ago sent their staunch little ships into distant seas to pursue and capture the leviathans of the deep, some lands abroad have gone into whale hunting on a large scale and find it profitable. The mammoths are shot with bomb harpoons from motor craft, then towed to a mother ship where the blubber is boiled for its oil and the oil stored in tanks. While the oil is no longer in demand as an illuminant it is used largely in making soap.

Richard Schirrmann of Germany, world head of an international movement to encourage travel on foot and on bicycle by boys and girls in lands other than their own, was in New Bedford recently and was particularly interested in a visit to the Bourne Whaling Museum. While there he disclosed that the German government is planning a whaling fleet to "bring home the bacon", so to speak. As butter is scarce in the Fatherland, high in price and issued to customers only in quarter-pound rations, much cocoanut oil is now being imported to use as margarine. A possibility is seen for converting whale oil and fat into a commodity palatable to Germans, who learned to accept substitute food during the World War.

American whalemen used to find the crisp whale scraps relishable as a change from ship rations when they had been a long time from land and fresh meat, and doughnuts fried in the oil tickled their palates. But they never dreamed a time might come when a whale would serve as a sea cow in producing a substitute for butter.

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NANTUCKET, THE FAR-OFF PLACE, IS THE VINEYARD'S NEIGHBOR *(continued)*

When the boats that run from Woods Hole to Martha's Vineyard (*see pages 34-37*) leave the Vineyard, they go 28 miles out to sea to reach Nantucket. In July, a steamship strike cut both islands off from the mainland and newspapers revived the old chestnut about Nantucket's seceding from the U.S. The spurious secession movement was gaily hailed as an example of rugged Nantucket spirit but Nantucket did not appreciate the compliment. The story scared away many summer visitors who are the island's main source of income. Usually some 12,000 summer folk swell Nantucket's native population of 3,600.

Once Nantucket was great and rich. That was about 1800, when the island was whaling centre of the U. S. But New Bedford passed Nantucket. Then Civil War and Pennsylvania oil killed New England whaling. The island settled back and began to attract summer visitors. They live in the town of Nantucket or in Siasconset to the east. When the northwest wind blows, the salty island fairly sparkles. When the fog rolls in, it settles gray and quiet over Nantucket's lovely, empty moors. Sentimental whalers used to call Nantucket "Little Grey Lady of the Sea". The Indian name, Nantucket, means "Far-Off Island."

First steamer to reach Nantucket after the July strike (*above*) carried disappointingly few visitors. Three boats normally visit the island daily, tie up at the dock shown in centre of the view of Nantucket harbor (*below*). This is the heart of Nantucket Town. The sprawling white building across the water (*upper left*) is the famed White Elephant Hotel.

Antique shops are just about as numerous on Nantucket as they are in any New England summer town. At least half of them are owned by "off-islanders" (nonresidents) who come only for the summer, bringing most of their antiques with them. The shops all feature whaling articles, usually charge higher prices in Nantucket than they do in Siasconset.

Paper: Fiesta

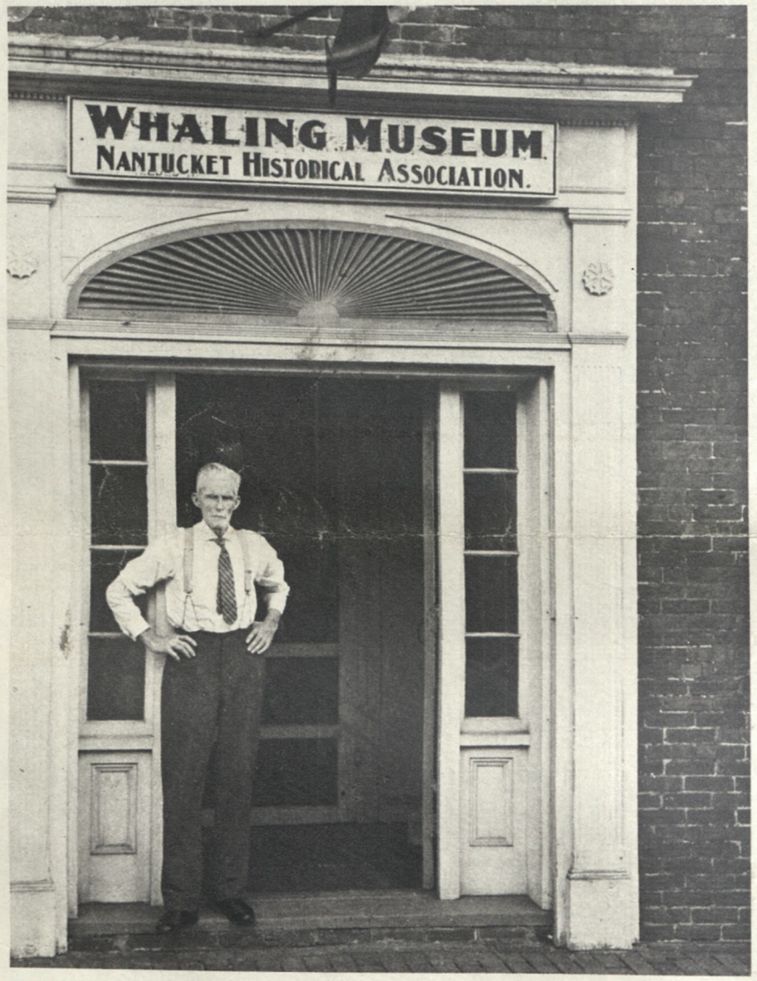
Lettering: Rivoli

← PRICES ON PAGE 68

NANTUCKET *(continued)*

The poorhouse on Nantucket is a large edifice which has been given the genteel name "Our Island Home." Built to hold 50 people, it has only six inmates today. They have as good accommodations as most Nantucket hotels offer. Proud islanders would rather be known as "hedge-clippers" (i.e., odd-job men) than accept charity, but last winter 1,100 were on relief.

The jail is the most useless place on the island. There hasn't been anyone in it since 1932 when a Nantucket Negro was jailed one day, escaped the next. He has just been caught in California and is being returned to Nantucket for trial. The jailer's children are using the ground floor of the wing above, which was built in 1711, as a playroom.



The golden glory of the whaling era is echoed by the Whaling Museum, filled with harpoons and scrimshaw—gadgets carved from whalebone by bored seamen. Curator is Capt. George Grant (*above*), a grounded whaler, who can spout whaling lore by the hour to visitors but prefers to swap yarns with retired sea captains at the Pacific Club down by the wharves.

The three-deck house is typical of Nantucket. The railed platform on the roof is called a "widow's walk" by off-islanders who believe that whalers' wives used to stand there, anxiously watching for their husbands' ships. Islanders call it a "walk," knowing it was built just to give occupants a vantage point to watch anything that went on in town or harbor.

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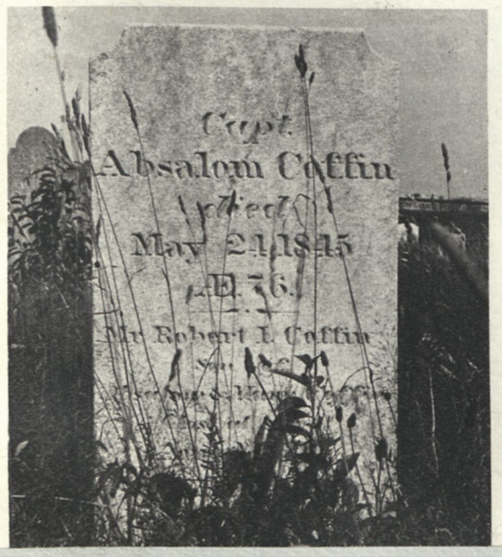
The founding families are those whose graves are here, plus the Starbucks. Coffins are still numerous on Nantucket.



The Macys were the first settlers. Roland H. went to New York, opened in 1858 what is now the world's biggest store.

The Folgers were the first intellectuals on the island. Benjamin Franklin's mother was Abiah Folger of Nantucket.

← PRICES ON PAGE 70

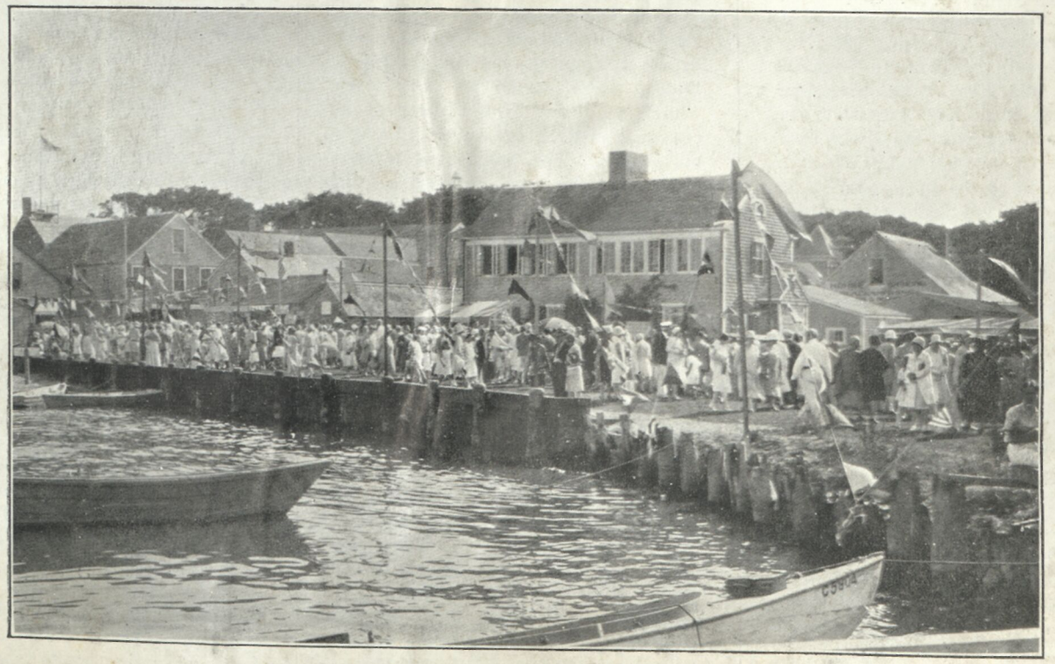
72

The Inquirer and Mirror

Souvenir Number - Hospital Fete, 1929

Nantucket Island, Mass. Supplement Saturday, August 17, 1929

Old North Wharf presented a festive scene as the crowd enjoyed the pleasures of "Frolic Lane".



Along East Street the latter part of the afternoon. Years ago Easy Street held the track of the little railroad train.

L

Paper No. M 24

YOU MAY C

Mrs. Allen, Austin Strong, Everett U. Crosby, Governor Allen and one of the Governor's aides.

"Toyland" had a lot of special features to offer with "Ezra" and "Samantha" standing guard.

Governor Allen and Col. James M. Andrews were swapping stories in front of the flower booth.

Mrs. Allen and Austin Strong standing at the rear of Easy Street Gallery. Mrs. Allen is holding the Nantucket lightship basket.

An interesting group. From left to right—Mrs. Joseph Morschauser, Judge Morschauser, Jerome (wearing the "American Express cap") and John Clancy.

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 10, 1934

SCENES OF TWENTY YEARS AGO

THIS MONTH --- IN FEBRUARY, 1914

John W. Cook (now nearing his 100th birthday) was in 1914 messenger of the Pacific National Bank and kept the snow shovel working.

Looking up Main Street the morning after the heavy snowfall of February 16th, 1914. Note the "automobiles excluded" sign on the tree at the right.

A portion of the quahaug fleet frozen in the ice at Steamboat wharf.

Main Street during the sleighing carnival of February 25th, when the town suspended business for the afternoon.

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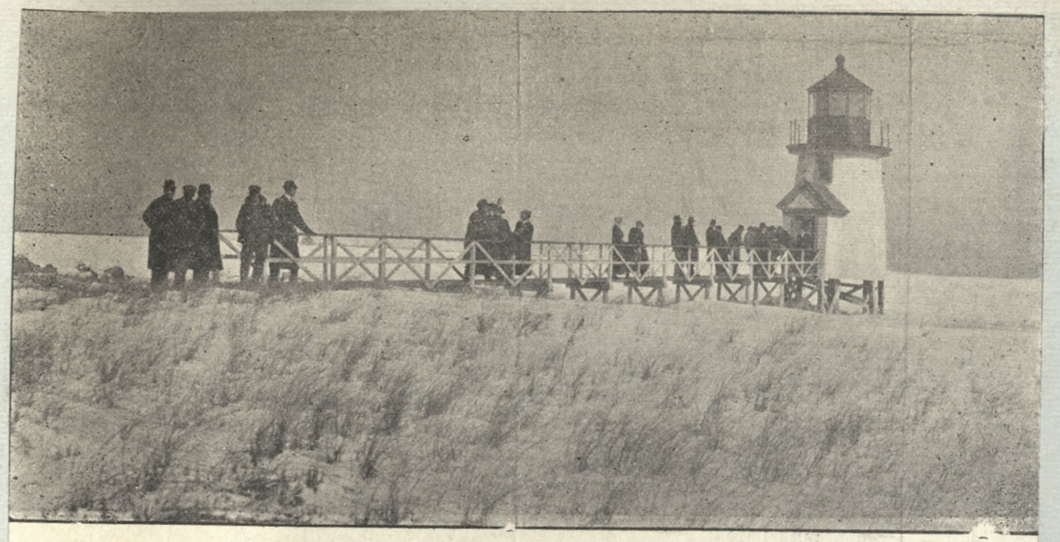
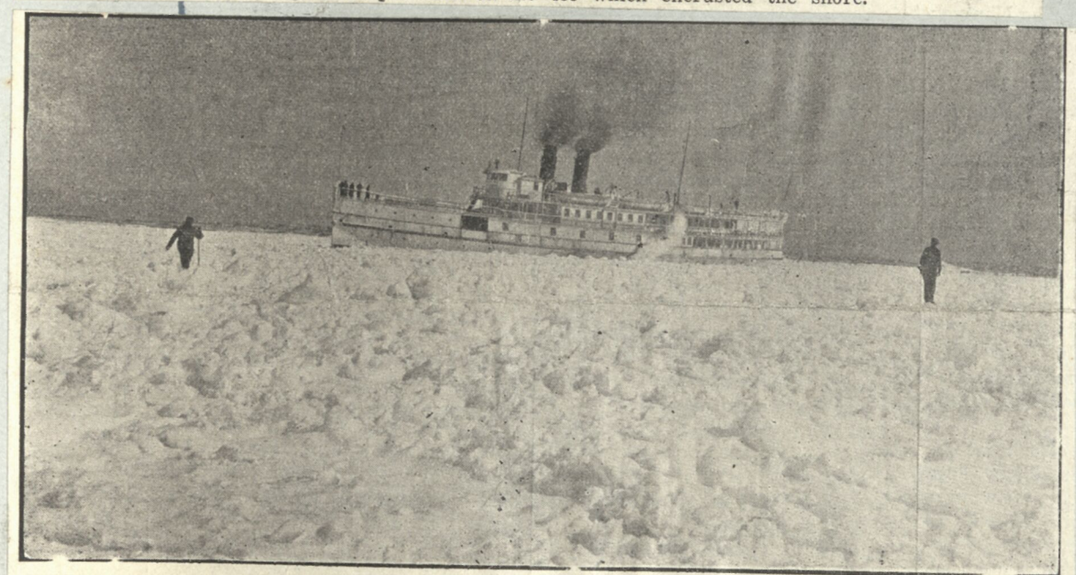


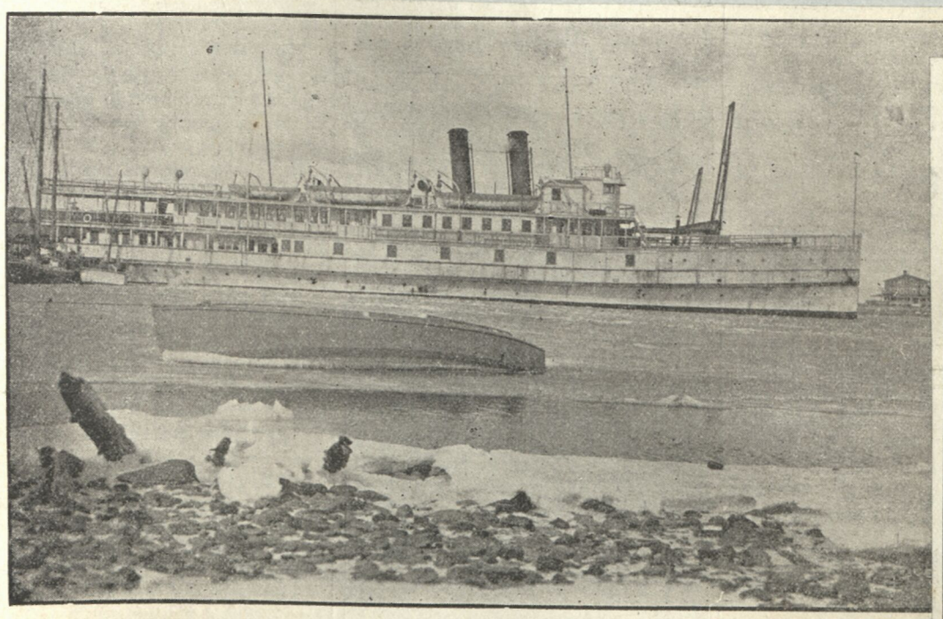
Watching the Sankaty as she battled with the ice at Brant Point. This group found it warme standing on the pier than on the ice which encrusted the shore.



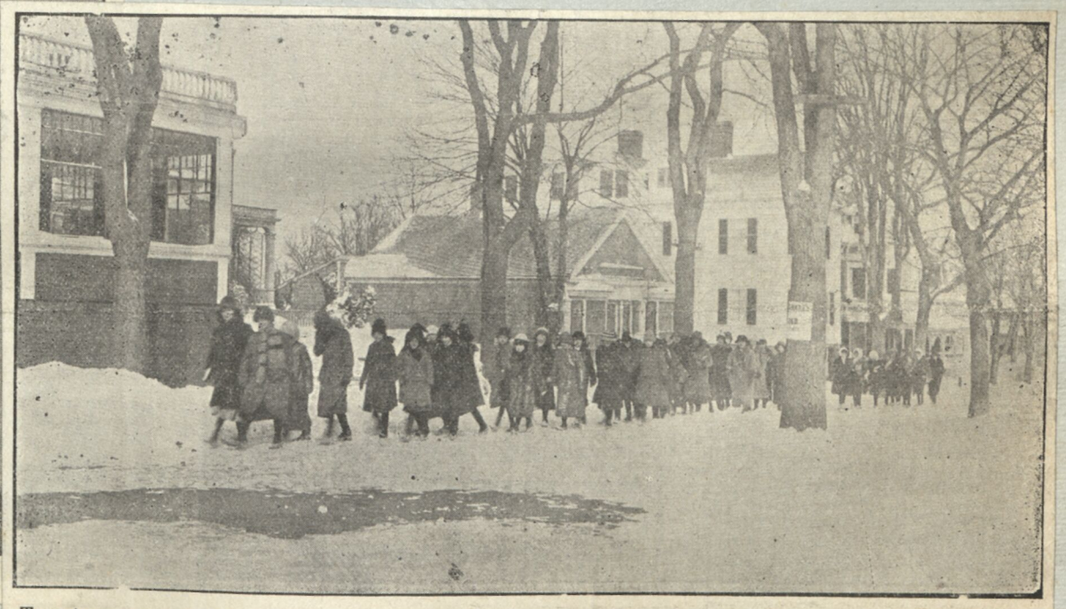
Steamer Sankaty battling into the heavy ice at Bra nt Point. The ice was 8 feet thick in some places.

cutter Achusnet landing passengers and mail on the end of Brant Point, prior to breaking her way into the dock to release the Sankaty.

The crowd on Steamboat wharf welcoming the Coast Guard cutter. Note the corner of the old coal shed at the left of the picture.



Steamer Sankaty imprisoned at her berth where she was released by the cutter Acushnet



Twenty years ago Nantucket had a gymnasium. This picture shows a group of the boys and girls of 1914 marching back to school after a period of exercise at the gymnasium (now the Yacht Club building). Were you in this group?

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Lettering: C

← PRICES ON PAGE 74

Former Museum Curator Says He Went On Whaling Trip And Came Back With Bananas

1955

He went out for whales and he came back with bananas.

That's how William H. Tripp, retired curator of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society and custodian of the New Bedford Whaling Museum, concluded an account of his only whaling trip out of New Bedford on May 2, 1925 aboard a schooner under a Portuguese skipper, Captain John R. Manter, in a talk to the Rotary Club at its Wednesday luncheon meeting.

Mr. Tripp who retired from his curator post only a few days ago after 25 years service said the New Bedford whaleship killed seven whales in six wheeks off the Virginia capes. He and a writer, Don Waters, who also went on the whale hunt, then transferred to a British banana freighter which the whaler hailed and came home.

Mr. Tripp's successor as curator is a former assistant, Philip Purrington. Mr. Tripp had succeeded Frank Wood, then 80, as curator in 1933 on the latter's death.

Mr. Tripp described his first day as curator as the most memorable one during which he helped identify a 45-year-old museum woman visitor's grandfather, Francis J. Allen, as master of the Whaleship Niger who died at sea. The information he had was so meager, he said, it was like "looking for a needle in the haystack." Noting the captain's birth as 1830, Mr. Tripp established through historical records that he was the same Captain Allen of the Niger who died at sea. The inquirer's father also had died at sea.

Mr. Tripp said his research led to a monument in a New Bedford cemetery, commemorating his inquirer's forbears.

The former curator said that a fireproof vault for the New Bedford Museum which houses the famed Lagoda, safeguards 25 whaleship logbooks and is worth $30,000. He said the replacement value of the building which cost $100,000 in 1915 is $600,00 today.

In the course of his curatorship, Mr. Tripp estimated that the Museum has been visited by 500,000 at the rate of about 20,000 a year. His visitors have included many famous personages, among them German World War I U-boat Commander Count Von Luckner and Arctic Explorer Donald MacMillan.

On the humorous side, Mr. Tripp said visitors often ask absurd questions which require diplomacy in answering.

Mr. Tripp said he had compared notes with Curator Archibald Cartwright at the Nantucket Whaling Museum and found that the latter also had unusual questions put to him. Curator Cartwright had a woman who wanted to "see the whale that sank the Whaleship Essex." The Nantucketer politely informed the visitor that the incident happened over a century ago and that the whale was at the bottom of the sea. Another visitor wanted to know from the Nantucket curator if whales "throw up" ambergris, found in sick sperm whales and used in the manufacture of perfume, Mr. Tripp related.

The "Rules of The Road" at Sea.

A vessel is "under way" when not at anchor.

A power boat gives way to a sailing vessel.

Power boats, meeting head on, pass port to port.

Any vessel overtaking another shall give it right of way.

A vessel having right of way shall keep to starboard in narrow channels.

A power boat crossing another to starboard gives way to the other.

A vessel "giving way" to another shall avoid crossing ahead of the other.

The danger zone is from dead ahead to two points abaft the starboard beam.

A sail boat running free gives way to one close hauled.

A sail boat running free with wind on the port, gives way to one running free with wind on the starbuck.

A sailboat close hauled with wind on the port, gives way to one close hauled with wind to the starboard.

When two sail boats are running alike, the one to windward gives way.

Do not overtake or pass in narrow channels.

Lights.

From sunset to sunrise when under way a red light must be carried on your port side; a green on your starboard side, a white forward.

When at anchor show a white light visible around the horizon.

Whistle Signals.

One blast: I am directing my course to starboard.

Two blasts: I am directing my course to port.

Three blasts: My engines are full speed astern.

Four blasts: Your signals are not understood.

Always answer with the same signal.

When approaching bend sound one long blast.

Whistle signals are never given to or by a sail boat.

A vessel's rights are not altered by "which whistles first".

* * * * *

George A. Grant, custodian of the Whaling Museum, adds to the above with the following rhyme:

If both lights you see ahead,
Port your helm and show your red;
Green to green and red to red,
Perfect safety—go ahead.

If to starboard red appear,
It is your duty to keep clear;
To act as judgment says is proper,
To port or starboard, back, or stop her.

But when upon your port is seen
A steamer's starboard light of green,
There's not so much for you to do,
For green to port keeps clear of you.

Both in safety and in doubt,
Always keep a good look-out;
In danger, with no room to turn,
Ease her! Stop her! Go astern.

A Series of Interesting Articles on "Old Nantucket."

[Continued from First Page]

Province of New York, issued the following order:

"That in regard that the town upon the island of Nantucket is not known by any peculiar or particular name, it shall from henceforth be called and distinguished in all deeds, records and writings, by the name of the town of Sherborne, upon the Island of Nantucket." The order was dated April 18, 1673. This name was continued until 1795, when it was changed to the same name as the island. Thus the town had no appellation for 13 years; it was known as Sherborne (or Sherburne) 122 years; and has been Nantucket 119 years.

During the first decade the new settlers were of course engaged in primitive farming and fishing, and in settling their ideas on what was soon to prove their permanent industry for two centuries—whaling.

In 1672 the first step was taken toward establishing the whaling business on a methodical basis, by engaging James Loper to lead the work and set the pace. Presumably he was already an experienced whaleman. This occupation seems to have been seriously intended for them by their able friend—Old Ocean. A dead whale would sometimes be cast upon the beach, and small ones would at times venture into the harbor, and the ocean nearby was known to be the resort of many. So, uniting what information and skill could be obtained from the Indians with the leadership of Loper, they commenced a career which was constantly improved and enlarged, until they were foremost in their profession and leaders of the world!

During the two centuries in which they were always working forward with intelligent success they met and overcame many serious obstacles, one of which—the Revolutionary War—occurred during the first century of the business, when they were reaching upward to a climax. The severe perplexities of this war were experienced by those who remained at home, as well as by those who manned the ships.

In 1812-14, in the second century of the business, occurred the last war with England, with its impressment of our seamen and risks from privateersmen.

In 1837 occurred a great financial panic; in 1846 the "Great Fire" with much loss to this industry; and soon after the "forties" came in—that is, from about 1845 and onward—there was a scarcity of sperm whales and consequent smaller catches and unremunerative voyages. Then, in 1849 was the exodus of many unemployed, vigorous men to the California gold fields.

In about 1850 occurred the discovery of mineral oil and the beginning of its enormous use. This was the final blow. This—quickly followed by the financial disturbance of 1857, and finally by the war of the Rebellion—gave the "coup-de-grace" to the whaling industry.

Thus, in 1870, two centuries from the colonial beginning of this great industry, not a ship was owned in the town. Could anyone wonder at this? What determined energy and pluck was manifested, which could hold out so long under such tremendous opposition! This arduous business was on the increase for more than a century, and the next century was far advanced before it entered upon its decline. It reached its climax with the advent of the Revolutionary war, although it must have had another period of increase when sperm whaling had become well established, say about 1835 to 1845.

Such then, was the first period of the evolution of Nantucket, which, with its initial establishment (occupying two full decades) comprises two centuries of arduous and unexampled pursuit of whaling—a world record which can never be impeached!

This closes what may be regarded as the evolution period of the past. As to the future—as from a principle of philosophy it can be estimated what the amount of rebound shall be after pressure—so, transferring this principle to biology, it may be safely predicted that a people which has accomplished so much under pressure in the past, has vigorous resiliency and power to accomplish much in the future. This may not be so concentrated on the island as in the past; and to estimate it fully it will be required to gather its units of light and power scattered wherever its sons and daughters have migrated.

Note—Mr. Coffin's next article will be on "Shipping and Throngs of Workers."

NANTUCKET'S WHALING MUSEUM WAS DEDICATED

JULY 26, 1930

WITH APPROPRIATE CEREMONY THIS WEEK

GOODWIN & BLACK
Manufacturing Furriers

TELEPHONE 2-1214

118 LIVINSTONE ST
HARTFORD

STYLE: 801

HANCOCK 6-2111

HAROLD W. DONALDSON

GILLETTE TOOL WORKS
HUBS & DIES

622 DEVONSHIR
BOSTON

STYLE: 802

UNion 1-6282

The Electronic Corporation
RADIO AND TELEVISION

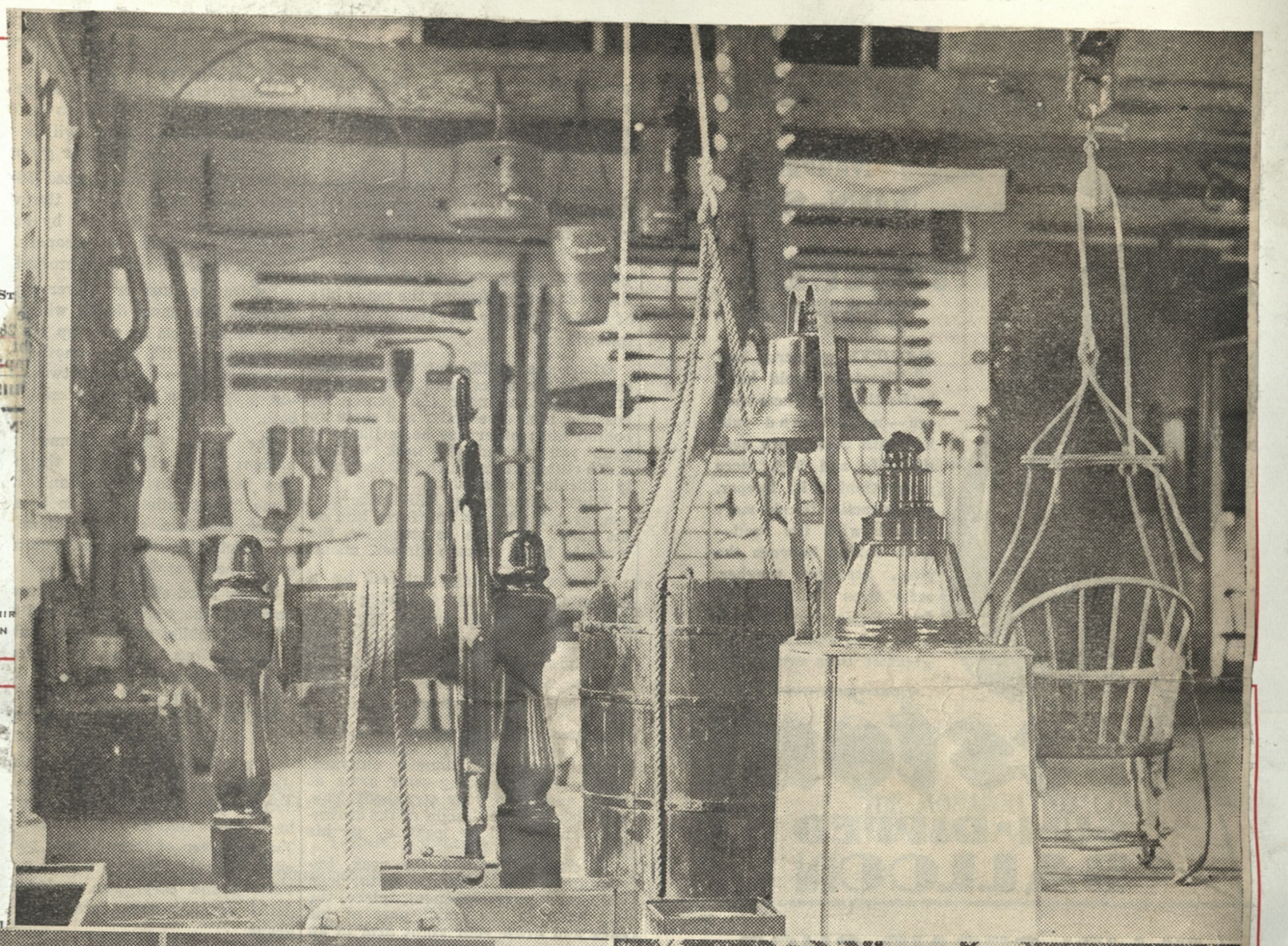
ARTHUR

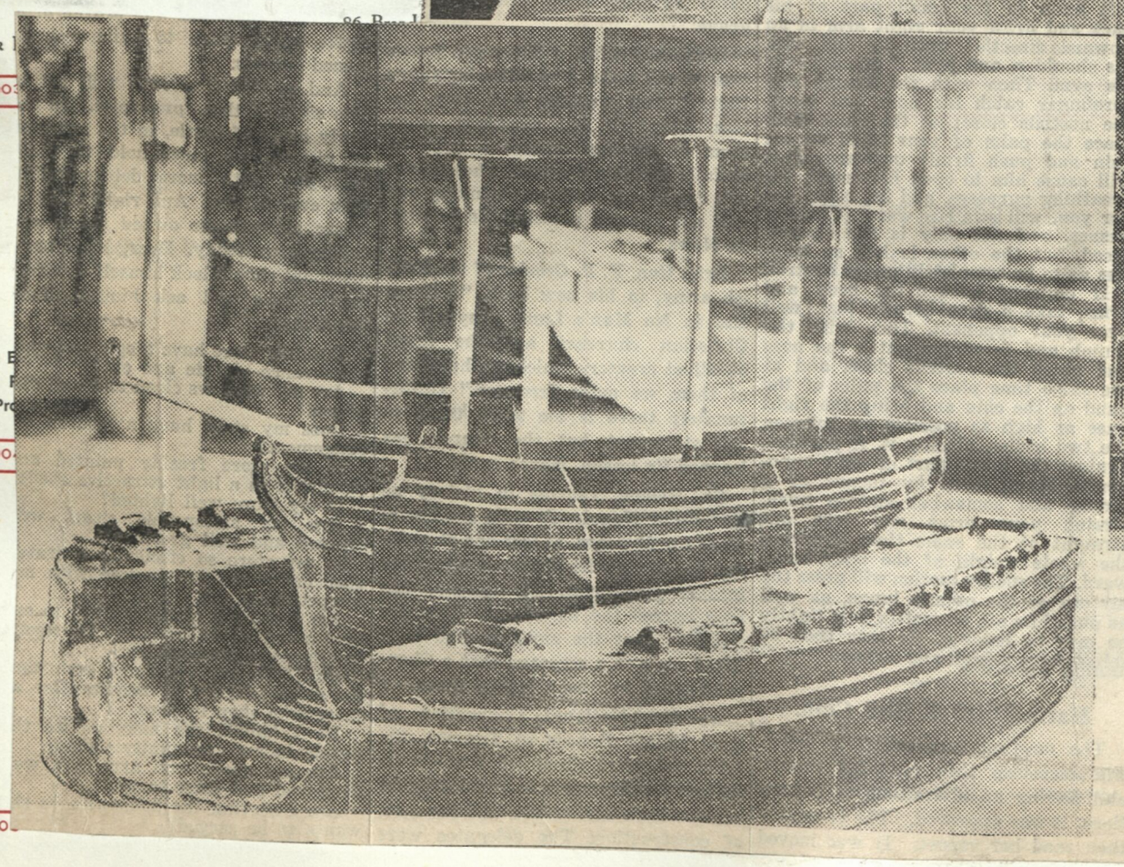
STYLE: 80

Roswell E
26
Pr

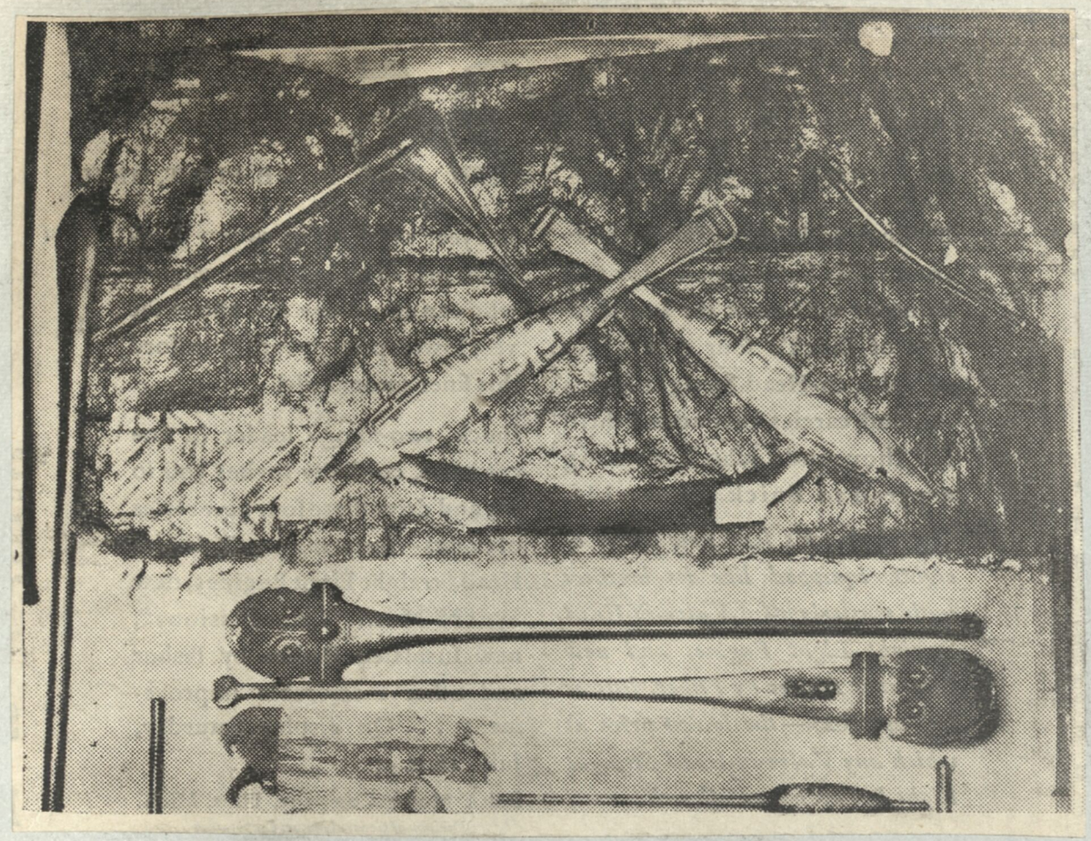
STYLE: 80

STYLE: 80





Reminders of the days when Nantucket's name ranked high in the whaling industry abound in the whaling museum which was officially dedicated by the Nantucket Historical Association July 24. At the upper left is a reproduction of the try works typical of those built on whaleships to try out the oil from the blubber. A barrel and try pot can be seen at the extreme left. The upper right view shows a corner of the main room of the museum, with ship's bell, chair used in lifting the captain's wife aboard, whale's jaw, harpoons and sundry articles peculiar to the industry. At the lower left are some of the war weapons and tools used by natives of the South Sea islands, to the display of which a whole room is devoted. The picture in the lower center is of a model of the floating dry dock or "camels" used for repairing whale boats at sea. An exterior view of the brick museum is shown at the lower right.



NANTUCKET ISLAND
A Webbed-Foot Sketch

Lifting, gliding gulls, busy with their airy housekeeping, do not count acres of land—only acres of clams and oysters. Vacationists, also rarely realize that only 30,000 acres of hill and heath, beach and cliff, hold securely their Summer fun. Yet within an area 14 miles long and 3½ miles wide, a scrap of an Island 30 miles at sea contains all they need for two weeks or two months of health and happiness.

In 1602 Bartholomew Gosnold, on a voyage of discovery, sighted the Island but little is recorded of the event. During the next 39 years the English Court became aware of Nantucket for in 1641 it was deeded to Thomas Mayhew and his son by James Forrett, agent of William, the Earl of Sterling. Mayhew puchased "sachem rights" from the Indians in 1659—and the first stirring in the minds of free-thinking, Englishmen about inhabiting the Island was noticeable.

Ten families from Salisbury courageously settled here in approximately 1660 under the control of men who at that time owned the Island. Three years later Peter Folger and his wife and children joined the colony which had assumed township characteristics under the name of Sherburne. Peter's daughter, Abiah, born in the Folger homestead on the Madaket Road, became the wife of Josiah Franklin and the mother of Benjamin. In 1795 the name of the settlement was changed to Nantucket.

That such a small chunk of sand, moor and salt marsh should within 50 years dominate the world's whaling industry is a concrete tribute to the Islanders who survived wars, tragedies and hardship. When the greatest blow of all—the discovery of illuminating gas in 1847—hit the whale oil market, the Nantucketers reluctantly admitted defeat. They turned with sober reality to the quest of Summer visitors and the development of the Island as a resort for city-dwellers.

The present influx of about 15,000 visitors during each Summer season to Nantucket is a complete substantiation of the hard-headness of old-timers, 100 years back. Today the only place in America that is one county and one Island—all with the same name—the qualities which persuaded the whaling families to a resort trade are still present. Charm, tradition and modern comfort plus the relaxed willingness of our guests to enjoy themselves continue to make the Island an outstanding holiday land.

WHALING MUSEUM

OF THE

NANTUCKET
HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

IN THE OLD CANDLE HOUSE

At the Head of Steamboat Wharf

ESTABLISHED 1930.

LOST TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

The Cross Rip lightship, which was lost twenty years ago with all on board. Neither sail nor steam nor wireless—just a boat without means to help herself.

2/5/1938

TWENTY YEARS AGO last Tuesday (on February 1, 1918) the little lightship moored at Cross Rip in Nantucket Sound broke from her anchorage and was carried by the ice-fields out around Great Point to her doom. The Sound was at the time packed solid with ice, steamboat communication was impossible, and the worst cold wave in a century had its clutches on Nantucket.

For four days the plight of the lightship was noticed, but owing to the extent of the ice-field nothing could reach her. Gradually the field moved to the eastward and on the morning of the 5th the keeper of Great Point lighthouse saw the little vessel slowly being carried out by the island with her flag flying the signal of distress, and the six men who were on board the ill-fated craft watched the island pass from their view, as the ice-field moved inch by inch and foot by foot out towards the dreaded shoals east of the island. They realized that help could not reach them.

What those men went through in those four days no one ever lived to tell. Of the struggles, the vain hope against hope, the realization that they were beyond human aid, and gradually but steadily being carried to their doom, can only be imagined.

The Cross Rip lightship of 1918 was absolutely helpless even when moored on her station. She had a single mast, but no sails, no steam, no propellor, no wireless—nothing with which she could aid herself when the emergency came. How the lighthouse department happened to place such a craft in service was a mystery. It was known that she was helpless and unable to battle wind, sea or ice; yet when the clutches of the ice-fields came, help could not reach her, although for four days she remained within sight of land.

Nothing was ever seen or heard of her after she passed from sight beyond Great Point that morning of February 5, with the light keeper ashore seeing her mute signal for help flying at mast-head but unable to send the aid the six men aboard the vessel were imploring. There the story ended.

The Cross Rip lightship was never heard from, although for several weeks the lighthouse tenders *Azalea* and *Anemone* searched the waters and shoals to the eastward of Nantucket. A small piece of wreckage was found at one time, which it was thought was the stern of one of the Cross Rip's small boats, but nothing more. Finally it was decided that the little vessel, fast in the grasp of the powerful ice-field, had been carried onto Bass Rip, or Rose and Crown shoal, where she touched bottom and was forced under by the ice, never to be seen again. No one will ever know what actually happened, of course, but that the lightship struck bottom and was swept under by the ice seemed to be the logical solution.

* * * * *

Went to 6.2 Below Zero—Stranding of Steamer "Ruby."

The first day of February, 1918, came in with the temperature down close to the zero point, after several weeks of frigidity. And the following day was not much warmer. The next day it lowered again and on the morning of the 5th the official record was 6 degrees *below* zero—the lowest ever recorded by the local weather bureau station.

The heavy ice-field had Nantucket in its clutches. Steamer *Ruby* went ashore at the west end of the island, laden with supplies for the army overseas. That there was something radically wrong aboard the *Ruby* was evident when the Maddequet Coast Guards saw her headed for the island, flashed the Coston warning signal, but found that no attention was paid thereto.

When daylight came the Coast Guards endeavored to communicate with the steamer by the "wig-wag," but soon learned that no attention was paid to them. The *Ruby's* captain must have been a queer individual. *He was*, but no one to this day (outside of the government officials who were directly connected with the event) can say who he was or what became of him. The exploit of the *Ruby* will always remain a mystery to the layman. News dispatches and messages of all kinds were at that time censored and the people on the mainland knew little, if anything, regarding the mishap.

A fleet of government craft from Newport soon surrounded the stranded craft, including one of the lighthouse tenders, and mysterious movements aroused the suspicion of the islanders—but that was all.

Many persons either drove or walked out to the west end of the island to see the big steamer lying there in the ice, not far from the cable-house, broadside on to the shore, with the government tugs and patrol boats hovering about her. It was a cold trip that day, with the temperature around the zero point all day long. The island was buried with heavy snow and all the roads and highways were covered with a thick mantle of white. We recall making the trip out with "Dewey" Sandsbury, and there we found the Coast Guards huddled on the shore opposite the steamer in an improvised shelter made by digging a hole in the beach-sand and erecting a canvas over it in which they tried to keep warm over a wood fire.

The Reservists from town had reached there before this and were doing their bit. And during the days which followed the boys worked hard in the bitter cold, unloading the big barrels of lubricating oil from the *Ruby* onto the ice and bringing them ashore. All the islanders themselves knew about the *Ruby* was that 1700 barrels of oil were brought down from the west end of the island during the subsequent week, to be later transported to the mainland.

The *Ruby* herself was floated and taken away in tow of the government tugs, but little was said about it. There was something about the whole affair that caused great secrecy. The public had its own opinions of what it was all about, but it was at a time when the public mouth had to remain closed, when nothing could be said in the way of criticism.

* * * * *

A Very Active Winter on Nantucket Twenty Years Ago.

The winter of 1918 was one of the worst in the history of Nantucket. The island was held firmly in the grasp of the ice embargo for several weeks and steamer *Sankaty* was held a prisoner in the harbor from January 29 to February 13. Government tugs at times forced their way into the harbor with provisions. The trip of the mine-sweeper *Comber* was quite a thrilling event, for it took the powerful craft thirty-four hours to reach Nantucket after leaving Woods Hole.

It was Saturday night when she ran in towards Coskata station and there took aboard Captain Topham to serve as pilot in the attempt to break into Nantucket harbor. All night long the *Comber* battled away, gaining foot by foot, but at times bringing up against a solid ice barrier as though it were a stone wall. By taking advantage of the tidal conditions, however, Captain Topham managed to bring her through and docked her at Steamboat wharf around 8:00 o'clock Sunday evening.

There was excellent skating on the surface of the harbor that winter. Steamer *Sankaty* landed her passengers over the ice at Brant point. Quahaugs were bringing $15 a barrel. There were 300 Reservists stationed here. And, aside from the troubles brought by the ice embargo, there was plenty of activity around Nantucket that winter.

The shelter which the Coast Guards put up on the beach while the *Ruby* was stranded at the west end.

"A Journal on Board Light Boat South Shoals"—a Rare Gift

As an example of the wealth of historic material which remains more or less hidden in private collections on Nantucket, the log-book of the first light ship placed on South Shoals is soon to be presented to the Nantucket Historical Association by the Hon. Breckinridge Long, who recognizes in it a bit of American marine history which deserves to be housed with the valuable collection at the Whaling Museum.

The log, in excellent condition, was kept by Captain Samuel Bunker, of Nantucket, a whaling master who had made two very successful voyages as master of the *Alexander*, out of this port. The first lightship, or "light-boat," as it was then called, was a whaleship which the government had purchased from Fairhaven. The dangerous shoals southeast of this island had become more and more a menace to both trans-Atlantic and coast-wise shipping, and the officials in Washington decided that they would attempt establishing a lightship station in the exposed location, some sixteen miles south-southeast of the island, in a position now known as "Old South Shoal."

Captain Bunker's journal opens with the notation:

"June 10th, 1854. Commences with light airs from the westward. Got under way from at noon; calm, came to anchor off fair haven. So ends."

The ship was taken through Quick's Hole, up Vineyard Sound and into Nantucket Sound, and was off Great Point the latter part of Sunday, June 11. The next day she anchored off Sankaty Head, the lighthouse bearing west by south, one mile distant.

In heading out for her station on South Shoal, the ship ran into a calm and the schooner *George Steers*, one of the government's tenders, took her in tow. On the 14th of June the lightship anchored in 10 fathoms of water, becoming the first guardian of the dangerous shoals—assuming the most exposed position of any lightship on the coast.

It may be rightfully assumed that Captain Bunker had been selected for the difficult task of master because of his reputation as a seaman. He notes in his journal: "Gave her 35 fathoms of chane:" and, the next day, "Took up our anchor and steered after the Pilot Boat. At 9 p. m. came to anchor in 15 fathoms. Gave her 45 fathoms chane. Latter part thick fog."

It was not until two days later that the position for putting down the big anchor was chosen. The middle part of the shoal they were to guard was then 2 1-2 miles north by east. The pilot boat *George Seers* then hoisted sail and left, and the lightship bent on her large chain.

On Friday, June 16th, the notation states: "At 7:38 p. m., lit the lanterns and hoisted them up. Gentle breezes and a thick fog. Herd a bell a number of times. Latter part foggy. Stored the small chane in the lour hole and cleared the deck."

Several ships were sighted during the next two days, but the first vessel heaving to long enough to speak with the lightship was described as "an English brig from Providence bound to Ireland." This was on Sunday, the 18th of June.

Subsequent entries in the journal reveal interesting bits of the lonely life aboard the ship. For instance, on June 19 Captain Bunker wrote, "Saw ship's buoy for the first time." And on the next day, "Saw two Brigs bound to the W. ward one a Duchman loaded with pasingers. Fne weather."

The ship's buoy, which was fastened to the anchor chain, was evidently an interesting object for the lightship's crew, because it is mentioned many times. Its behavior during a heavy swell was duly noted, and the fact that it was most of the time under water evidently worried the skipper. An attempt was made to shift the buoy, but they were unable to get it into the boat.

Sunday, June 25th, was the first clear day since the lightboat anchored. Seven ships, ten brigs and six schooners were sighted. That this first lightship was in direct contrast to the modern craft which now anchors 28 miles further out to sea, is evidenced by the notation "hoisted the sails and aired them." This first lightship had three masts, complete with sails, and the two lanterns were hoisted to the heads of the main and mizzenmasts.

The first ship spoken which is named in the journal was noted on the 26th of June. The entry read:

"Spoke ship *Rising Sun*, from Hamburg to New York with Emmagrants. Saw four schooner. Saw the Ships buoy. At 7:40 p. m. hoisted the Lanturns at 9 p. m. saw Sankaty Light bearing north. Middle part at 12 m. trimed the lights. Latter part fine weather. Varnished the quarter deck and four castle. 3 sail in sight. Calm and very warm. So ends."

Nantucket was sighted, bearing north by west, some fourteen miles distant. The 2nd mate and two men arrived from the island on July 2nd, and the next day Captain Bunker and two men left on shore leave.

The ship was making good weather of the storms and behaved so well that it was duly noted in the journal. A succession of squalls and fogs, intermingled with good weather and the sighting of passing ships comprised the entries for several days.

A surveying steamer paid a visit during August, and the crews exchanged inspections. A Philadelphia schooner bound for Halifax hove to for a short gam, also.

The first out-of-the ordinary incident occurred on August 10th, when 2nd Officer Bunker fell from the lantern house, and, according to the log, "hurt him badly." Nothing further was noted on his condition, but on August 20, a boat from the fishing smack *Perry*, Captain Patterson, came alongside and the injured 2nd officer was sent aboard the smack—evidently for a passage to this port for medical attention.

A significant notation was made on August 25th: "We spoke a bark we called English which came very near getting aboard of us. Latter part thick with heavy swell."

Eighty years later, the Nantucket lightship which succeeded to the position as guardian of South Shoals was rammed and sunk by an English liner, the *Olympic*, during a heavy fog.

Sankaty Light must have been a welcome beacon for the lightship's lonely mariners, for on every occasion when it was sighted it was carefully and, no doubt, gladly entered in the log.

As the days became weeks, entries were pretty much the same, although one or two illuminating sentences did creep into the journal. For instance: "Thick fog...I never saw it thicker." "Saw plenty of Mackeril and one swordfish." "Dirty, rainy weather.. two men sick."

On September 1st, 1854, the following important entry was made:

"First part blowing strong from SW with a bad sea running. At 6 p m saw a large ship standing in very handy to the South Shoal. Rung the bell and when (she) discovered us she tacked ship off. I believe she would have struck if we did not have bin here. Middle part strong breezes. At 3 a m wind shifted to N E blowing strong. Latter part strong breezes and a bad sea on; took in larboard boat. So ends."

"From 11 a m to p m it blew a huracane but boat behaved like a lady—a perfect sea boat."

Various incidents helped break the monotony. For three days the crew had a great time picking up lumber—mute evidence that some lumber-laden craft had met her doom near-by. The journal records, "Got over 1-2 thousand boards."

A southeast gale on October 4th brought the "worst swell since we came here," but fortunately not for long, the wind shifting to northwest.

The bad gales of October and November were succeeded by the snow-squalls of early December. A revealing entry was made on December 6th, as follows:

"First part strong gale from the W. with a bad sea. Snow and ice. Saw a schooner standing to the S'ward under short sail. Strong gales. Both Lantons went out the oil was as hard as tallow. Set two Signal Lantons. Smart squalls of snow and very cold. Wind west."

And the next day: "Leaking hard in a bad sea. Our Lamps froze up, had to set the Signal Lantons. Decks ful of snow."

Two days later: "Commenced with cold weather. Could not make our Lamps burn in the Lanterns. Sat Signal Lanterns. Latter part saw a schooner standing W'ward.....At 10 a m the *George Sears* came alongside with our Meat and Provisions. Could not stay alongside, dropped her astern and Boated our Provisions on Board. At 2 p. m. boat left, two rugged to get our water on Board. So ends."

Storm and gales were the order of the weather during December, and the crew had a difficult time with the oil freezing and the lamps refusing to burn.

The first day of January brought a bit of ill-luck that might have been a portent, fortelling the coming misfortune. The log reported:

"January 1st. First part strong gales from the north with a bad sea on. At 7 p. m. saw Sankaty Light. Have to trim our Lights every two hours. Middle part clear. Wind northwest. At sunrize in louring the forward Lantorn broke the cog wheel and one of the braks."

Battered by the almost continuous gales, the lanterns broken and provisions running short, the lightship was making heavy weather of it when February of the New Year rolled around. No better account of their plight can be given than that contained in the entry of February 5th, 1855, as follows:

" First part strong gales from the West with a Snowstorm. A bad sea on. Middle Part the same. Latter Part, at 8 a m found our chane parted. Sounded and got 22 fathoms of water. Tryed all we could to get in the chane but being short-handed we could not, had to unShackle and let go. It did not appear as if there was much chance (of it) hanging to the bows. Saw a Bark, made sail for him, he bucked for a while then made sail and went off. Hawled to the W'ward. On Jan. 13, being short of water, (we had) thought it advizable to send the mate and four men on shore to know why they had not supplyed us with water, coal, Oil, & Wicks.. We have not heard from them since. Got our Cedge anchor on the bow and bent on the chane, and rove our chanes from our forward Lantern and stored them below. Wind NNW, laid west, reefed sail. Latter part a thick snowstorm. Wind North, laid West."

The storm-bound lightship was now at the mercy of the gale, not having hands enough to man the ropes. A brig was sighted and the distress signal was set, and cannon fired, but the ship paid no regard.

The entry for Wednesday, February 7th, tells how the first lightship met her doom:

"First part thick snowstorm .Blowing strong. At 5 p m sounded got 35 fathoms. At 1-2 1 sounded with 20 fathoms of line, got no bottom. At 5 a m brought up on Montauk, 1 1-2 miles from the Light house on a reef of rocks. Came near drounding, stove our boat all to pieces, froze our fingers. The Boat is near high and dry."

All of the men reached shore safely and during the next few days were able to get all the provisions out of the ship but four barrels of meat. The ship was stripped of her spars and rigging, and then abandoned.

Thus ended the career of the first ship to serve as a sentinel on Nantucket Shoals—"the graveyard of the North Atlantic." That other ships arrived to take her place, and that the location of the lightship's station to "New South Shoal," is all a matter was afterwards shifted further to sea, of history.

PRICES ON PAGE 80

1911

The Maria Mitchell House—Nantucket

By R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, M.D., LL. D.

Of the illustrious women scientists who distinguished themselves during the nineteenth century, few stand higher than Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, a native of the serene and beautiful island of Nantucket.

This sketch in outline, however, concerns primarily a description of the house in which she was born, instead of biographical details, or an estimate of her life, character and work, beyond the meagre summary compiled from her biography, which forms the conclusion of this paper.*

* An interesting biographical notice of Maria Mitchell will be found in the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Vol. XXV.

Vestal street is situated between Main and Milk street in the southwestern district of the town of Nantucket, and at No. 1 stands the house in which the noted astronomer was born. The house was built by Hezekiah Swain and his brother, in 1790, and subsequently became the property of Simeon Gardner, by whom it was afterwards sold to Aaron Mitchell, on September 17th, 1816.

William Mitchell, the father of Maria, purchased the house from Aaron Mitchell on January 16th, 1818, and on August 1, of that year, Maria Mitchell was born in it.

It is a wooden-framed house covered with wooden shingles externally and, like those generally built about the end of the eighteenth century, is neat and unpretentious in appearance and consists of two stories and an attic. It has a double sloping roof, with one chimney-stack projecting, about midway, from the roof ridge.

There are seven good-sized windows in the facade, four under the eaves in the second story, and three on the ground floor, the front door occupying the space representing the second window in the series above. Above the hall door is a small window with five panes. At each end of the house are four windows communicating respectively with the first, second and third stories—one for each of the upper stories, and two for each end on ground floor.

The house is flush with the street and in front is protected by a neat wooden fence, within which is a well-kept hedge, and there are steps leading up to the door. It is surrounded on three sides by a spacious garden and lawn—the garden being on the right and rear, and the lawn principally on the left side, where the observatory has been erected. The basement and ends of the house are mantled in English ivy.

On entering the front door one passes into a small hall, remarkable as having had the floor painted in imitation of carpet, which is still discernible. Immediately facing the front door there is a passage-way which leads to the living room; on the left of this passage is the staircase; and on the right, as one enters, there is a door leading into the library. The hall also contains a bust of Maria Mitchell. Out of the library a small passage leads into the bedroom in which she was born, and this room also communicates with the living-room. There is an L behind the living-room which contains the kitchen, pantry, scullery and offices, which, for the most part, were added in 1825.

Mounting the stairway to the second story, we traverse a passage communicating with the bedrooms on the left. At the end of the passage, on the right, is a small closet one yard square, and running up to the ceiling. It contains three shelves, and has for one side, one of the windows on the second story. A chair is placed in this closet, which barely allows the closet door to close, and this formed the astronomer's study, wherein she passed many studious hours—the lower shelf being utilized as a kind of desk.

The bedrooms on this story offer nothing of special interest, but the boards constituting the floor are about 22 inches broad.

The attic rooms on the third floor were formerly used by Miss Mitchell and her father for storing diagrams, telescopes, sextants, chronometers, and all the paraphernalia commonly used by astronomers. Amongst these there were numerous balls of hardwood, serving to illustrate the axes, poles, etc., of the different worlds; these varied from 6 inches to a foot in diameter and of these a good story is told: Some of the children of the second generation of Mitchells were once sent up to the attic to play, on a Saturday afternoon, and, resolving to make a sail-boat out of the sundry and manifold collections which they found to their hand, they at length succeeded in carrying out their enterprise to their satisfaction, and when night overtook them they made up their minds to spend a quiet day in the attic next day, which was Sunday. The thoughtful mother of the children provided them with books, and, in order to ensure their being quiet, told them to leave the garret door ajar, she herself leaving the stairway door of the next lower flight wide open into the living-room.* The children were peaceful for a time, until a draught of air moved one of he diagrams made of canvas (used in the construction of the sailboat) the braid "taken from the Earth's orbit gave way and sent Mars, which had lost the protruding part of its axis, down the garret stairway, striking Jupiter as it went and Saturn flew after Jupiter. The asteroids, little pitchers with great ears, struck by the scene, rushed after the others to see what the hue and cry meant, and the earth brought up the rear.

* This stairway, which formerly entered the living-room, through what is now a long closet, was removed by Mr. Mitchell. The original staircase was so placed that any thing falling down the attic stairs would naturally descend the stairs leading from the second story, and hence into the living-room.

The garret-door, ajar, was forced widely open, and in some strange way Jupiter received a blow which threw him with tremendous velocity down the next flight of stairs. Bump, bump! Whack, whack! came Saturn tumbling after, whose rings seemed so many shrieking fiddles, while popping and hopping, like toy marbles, flew the little Vesta, Pallas, Juno and Ceres, distractedly aiming everywhere. All finally met at the feet of the father—he taking his Sunday nap!" The sequel may be better imagined than described!*

* From "The Astronomical Garret," by Anne Mitchell Macy.

But to return. In each of the six finished rooms was an open fire-place, and the six flues were conducted through one chimney.

On the back of the front door is a long latch of mahogany and a pin wedge made from part of the cargo of the wrecked ship "Queen," in 1813.

All the locks, bolts, and hinges in the house are strong and old-fashioned, some of them being made of polished brass, and a late Colonial mantle-piece in the library was erected by Mr. Mitchell

In this house Maria Mitchell lived with her father and mother until 1837—a period of nineteen years—when Mr. Mitchell, on relinquishing teaching, was appointed cashier of the Pacific Bank, in Main street, where the family afterward resided.

After William Mitchell's departure, the house passed to Peleg Mitchell, subsequently to his widow, and, ultimately it was sold to the "Nantucket Maria Mitchell Association," to whose enterprise and administrative ability all credit is due for the organization of a well-equipped establishment for scientific inquiry and culture in an appropriate and well-garnished home.

The genial curator and librarian of the Association, Mrs. Albertson, is a daughter of Peleg Mitchell, and therefore a cousin of the distinguished astronomer, and while discharging the duties of her appointment much to the satisfaction of the many visitors to the house, she is no less gratified herself to see her illustrious old home used for such a good purpose.

There is an excellent reference library, a Research Fellowship, and General Science Committee, in addition to an Observatory Committee and numerous managerial committees, while the various rooms are devoted to various branches of Natural Science and contain numerous specimens and illustrations connected with each.

In the room set apart for Astronomical Science is the 3-inch Dolland telescope, with which Miss Mitchell, in 1847, discovered the comet which was named for her.

A few words as to the memorial fire-proof observatory standing on the lawn at the left side of the house, built by subscription, at a cost of about $4,200, and which was dedicated, with interesting exercises, on the afternoon of July 15th, 1908.

It is a square mosque-like building of brick, with a revolving dome on the top, which, by means of appropriate machinery, can be opened at any angle for astronomical purposes. The interior contains a convenient gallery, Miss Mitchell's own scientific library, and the telescope (5-inch lens) which was presented to Miss Mitchell by Miss Peabody in behalf of the women of America, in 1860, with all the requisite accessories. A former small observatory was used by Miss Mitchell previously, in Nantucket, and afterwards in Lynn, and the presentation telescope was also used by her after 1860, when she resided at Lynn.

The following brief abstract of her life, compiled from her biography, may be appropriately introduced here.

Miss Maria Mitchell was the third child of William and Lydia Mitchell, her mother's maiden name having been Coleman. They were birth-right members of the Society of Friends. Her youth was mainly spent in assisting her mother in the discharge of domestic duties, and in giving her father, a mathematician and astronomer, what help she could in his scientific studies. While still little more than a school-girl she became the librarian of the Nantucket Atheneum, a position which she efficiently held for twenty years. During her spare time she devoted herself to study, and supplemented her income by making calculations for the United States Nautical Almanac—the joint work of her father and herself for a long period of years.

On October 1, 1847, Miss Mitchell discovered, with the aid of the 3-inch Dolland telescope, the comet—nearly vertical above Polaris about 5 degrees—on which her name has been bestowed, and for which King Frederick VI, of Denmark, awarded her a gold medal. She thus became known as an expert in astronomy, and the savants of the world gladly hailed her as one of themselves, while the positions held by her father as one of the Board of Trustees of Harvard College, and a member of Governor Briggs' Council, had already constituted her a persona grata among the highest literary and scientific circles of New England.

In the following year she was elected a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences—an honor which she was the first of her sex to receive.

In 1857, she resigned her appointment as librarian of the Nantucket Atheneum, and visited Europe for the first time. Here her many letters of introduction enabled her to become known and to commend herself to many persons of distinction in science and art, the majority of whom became her warm and stedfast friends.

Mr. Mitchell and his accomplished daughter, a few months after her mother's death, went to live in Lynn, Mass. She brought the original Nantucket observatory with her, also the telescope which had been presented to her by the women of America.

In 1861, she was appointed Professor of Astronomy and Director of the Observatory at Vassar College—received her first degree of LL. D from Hanover, in 1853, and her last from Columbia, in 1887.

In 1888, she resigned her appointment, after 23 years' valuable and much appreciated work, and the trustees unanimously elected her Professor Emerita. They also offered her a home for life in the observatory, an honor which, however, she declined, as, after her long and successful labor, she longed for peace and rest amongst her relatives at Lynn.

In 1889, Miss Mitchell passed peacefully away, at Lynn, full of honors, beloved and respected by all who had known her.

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Correspondence of The Inquirer and Mirror.

From Sherburne to Nantucket.

Why and How the Name was Changed.

Mr. Editor:

The author of Miriam Coffin, in 1834 says, "by what process or for what reason the name of the ancient town of Sherburne has given place to the unromantic title of the Island we are unable to declare." The next year, in his history of Nantucket, Macy says, "the name Sherburne being attended with some inconvenience, was changed to that of Nantucket." As he omitted fully to explain the reason, and as no other person has attempted to account for the change, I will now explain the "reason" and the "process."

I.—*The Reason.*—The need of a change of name will be readily appreciated when it is stated that, beginning with the year 1692, Massachusetts had two towns of the same name. Sherburne on the Island of Nantucket was established a town as part of New York Colony in 1673. Sherburne, in Middlesex County, was constituted a town as part of Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1674. By an act of Parliament, 1692, the Island of Nantucket was severed from New York and united to Massachusetts, so that the Province of Massachusetts started with two towns by the name of Sherburne. This irregular condition continued with inevitable perplexity and confusion, until in the spring of 1795 the people of the Nantucket Sherburne decided to request the Legislature to change the name of their town. Perhaps some prominent Nantucketers, on their return home from Boston, were disgusted at being transported to the Middlesex Town. Letters may have been delayed by being carried to the wrong Sherburne. Another reason that made the change desirable was that the Town and Island comprise the same territory, and there was no likelihood, as at the Vineyard, of there being more than one town on the Island. So that the islanders asked that the name of their town be changed to Nantucket.

II.—*How it was Done.*—The inhabitants of Nantucket held a meeting April 16, 1795, and voted that application be made to the General Court, requesting the name of the Town of Sherburne to be changed to that of Nantucket.

At another meeting, held May 6, 1795, Micajah Coffin was chosen to be Representative to the General Court. The following petition was presented to the General Court:

"The petition of Micajah Coffin in behalf of the Town of Sherburne in the County of Nantucket

Shews,

That the inhabitants of the said town, at a legal town meeting on the 16th day of April last passed, voted that application be made to the General Court, requesting that the name of the said town be changed and called Nantucket.

Your petitioner therefore prays that leave may be given to bring in a bill for that purpose.

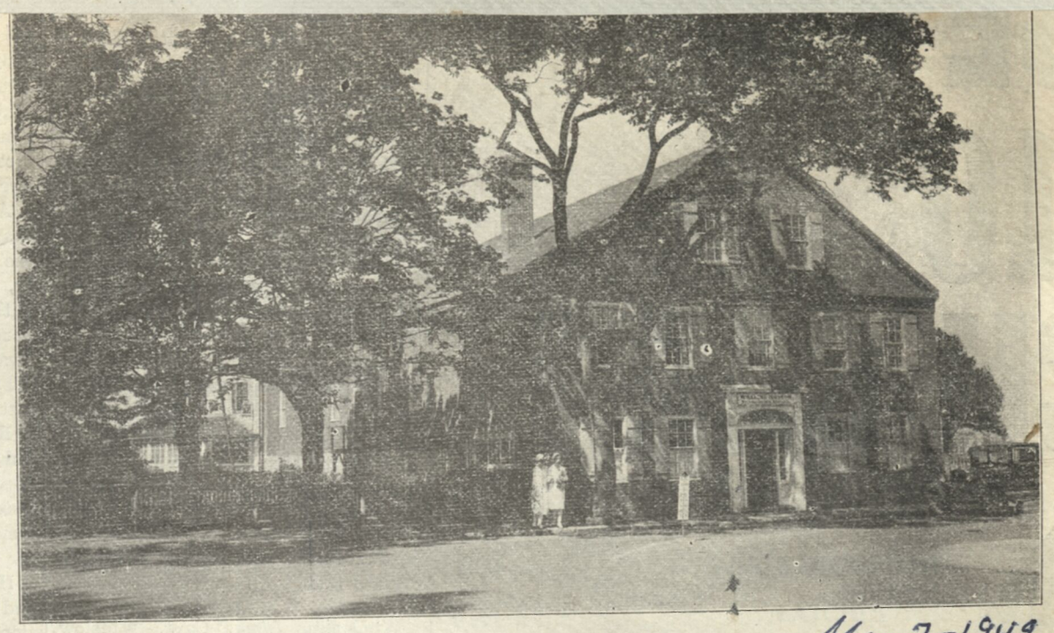
MICAJAH COFFIN.

The original petition is in the State House in Boston. There seemed to be no opposition, and June 5, 1795, both branches of the General Court passed the following act:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, that the Town of Sherburne, in the County of Nantucket, from and after passing this act shall be called and known by the name of Nantucket, and the inhabitants of said Town of Nantucket shall be bound to perform all duties and also shall enjoy all the rights, privileges and immunities which they would have been held to perform or might have enjoyed had not the name of said town been changed from the name of Sherburne. And all officers in the said town shall hold and exercise their offices respectively in the same manner they would have done had not the name of the said town been altered.

The bill was engrossed and signed by the Governor June 8, 1795, and the change of name was then complete.

H. B. WORTH.



NANTUCKET'S FAMOUS WHALING MUSEUM. May 7-1949

The Whaling Museum—A Great Community Asset.

The Nantucket Historical Association's Whaling Museum will soon begin another season—its twentieth. It was in 1930 that the Museum was first opened to the public, and during the past two decades an average of 7,000 visitors have each year visited it and enjoyed the rare collections on display therein.

The banner season was last year—1948—when more than 13,000 people were registered. Many of these were regular visitors to the island, others summer residents bringing in their guests, but the large percentage were people who were visiting the island for the first time.

* * * * *

The idea of a Nantucket Whaling Museum (which seems such a logical idea for this island) was not easy in its inception. A quarter of a century ago, the late William F. Macy, who had succeeded the renowned historian Alexander Starbuck, of Waltham, as President of the Nantucket Historical Association, decided to launch such a museum. Edward F. Sanderson, a summer resident who was deeply interested in whaling, had purchased the old Hadwen & Barney warehouse at the head of Steamboat wharf, and had also made an extensive collection of whaling implements and materials—both in this country and in England. Mr. Macy broached the idea to the Association's Council of purchasing this building and collection, and launching a Whaling Musuem.

In the last century, there had been an exhibition of whaling items in the upper floor of the Atheneum, and the exhibit had proved popular. President Macy decided to follow this idea on an elaborate scale, and immediately gave all his energy to the raising of the necessary funds.

It was a difficult task—but with the aid of the Carnegie Foundation the money was finally raised. In securing the building (now in its 103rd year) the Association was able to have a perfect home for the various exhibits. The old brick structure lends itself admirably to the purpose, and its atmosphere is redolent of the island's past.

* * * * *

Extensive repairs are now being made to the building, at a considerable cost. The old slate roof—over a century weathered—has had to be repaired several times; large sections of the floor have been replaced, joists and boards; window casements and doors made shipshape. The entire northwest section of the main wall has had to be re-built, and the dormer on the east side of the main roof has had to have much attention.

One of the main beams supporting the walls was found to have rotted out on the end, and an excellent piece of splicing was accomplished by Lester Harris and his men.

At present the second-floor area on the Broad street side is being renovated. This includes the former room used as the Library. The entire width of the building will now become the main library of the Association, with glass doors leading in at a center entrance, so that the librarian's desk commands a view of the main corridor and the center portion of Sanderson Hall.

The former library section will remain practically as at present, and will become the "research alcove," providing an excellent retreat for students and professional men who find the book collection of considerable value.

The outstanding collection of log-books will now have a more suitable display cabinet, and the book shelves will be advantageously placed along the available wall space.

The valuable exhibit of engravings, paintings and other items from the collection of Admiral William Mayhew Folger, will now show to much better advantage, and one corner of the room will have the famous page of the *Topaz* log (reproduced through photostat) telling the discovery of the surviving *Bounty* mutineer, and the descendants of the other mutineers on Pitcairn Island in 1808, together with the famous engraving showing Capt. Bligh being set adrift with his men in the open boat at the stern of the *Bounty*.

* * * * *

Dr. William E. Gardner is the efficient Chairman of the Whaling Museum, and it was through his efforts that the attic area in the building has been converted into a storage space called "The Archives." This has had a new floor installed during the past week, and will be utilized as a working room for the planning and arrangement of special exhibits.

The Whaling Museum's custodian is Wallace Long, who has had a background of sailoring in schooners, and has a considerable knowledge of sea lore as well. A librarian and receptionist complete the staff.

* * * * *

The Whaling Museum has become nationally famed since its opening in 1930. It priceless collection of whaling equipment, portraits, log-books, South Sea island implements, etc., represents an outstanding memorial to that vanished race of sea-kings—those sturdy whalemen of Nantucket, who made their Island home famous in all the seas of the world, and who left this old town as their heritage.

Historical Association President Speaks at Final Lecture.

"A Nantucket Whaleman and His Family" is the intriguing title of the next, and final, lecture, of the series given this summer by the Nantucket Historical Association in celebrating its 60th anniversary. The subject becomes more alluring when one knows that the speaker will be none other than the President of the Historical Association, Mrs. Walton H. Adams, but better known to her host of friends and admirers as "Nancy Adams".

Granddaughter of Captain Charles Grant, who spent 56 years on whale ships and who has been acknowledged Nantucket's most successful whaling captain, and daughter of George Grant, a whaler in his own right who first set up the Historical Association's Whaling Museum exhibits, and was its first custodian, Mrs. Adams has inherited a wealth of factual data which, when presented by her, spiced with many a salty yarn, keeps her hearers fascinated.

James Grant, her great-grandfather, who hailed from Tomintoul, Scotland, was shipwrecked and cast ashore on Nantucket in 1801. Cared for until restored to health but being destitute he was "bound out" to the Appleton Farm then located on what is now Hummock Pond Road. There he met and married Elizabeth Ellis, whose mother was a Coffin and a direct descendant of Tristram Coffin.

Added to this historical family background, is Mrs. Adams' knowledge, in her own right, of Nantucket gained through active work in the Atheneum, Daughters of the American Revolution, Town, and County positions and particularly the Historical Association. For over 30 years she has been active in the latter, serving as Curator, Librarian, Vice-President, and as a member for many years of the Whaling Museum, Historical Museum and Friends Meeting House committees, until today she is President, Chairman of the Council, Custodian of Collections, Chairman of Friends Meeting House, the Historical Museum, the Membership Committee, and a member of the Publicity Committee. In addition, she is a Director of the Bay State Historical League and a Director at Large of the newly formed Council of Cape and Island Historical Societies. So it is little wonder that when asked a question about Nantucket history, whaling or otherwise, she is able to give promptly either the answer or tell where the answer may be found.

For some years Mrs. Adams has been writing the history of her family and, while she is most reticent to disclose the contents or even the theme of the manuscript until it is completed, those who will be fortunate enough to hear her lecture may be sure that they will be privileged to enjoy what might be called a preview of an authentic and fascinating story of a true Nantucket Whaleman's family. The lecture will be held Tuesday afternoon at 3 p.m., August 31st, at the Friends Meeting House, Fair Street.

Members and the public are cordially invited to attend. There will be no admission charge. 8/28/1954

DECEMBER 25, 1948.

"Modern Nantucket" as Seen by A Visitor in 1885.

In a letter from Edward J. Joy, of Portland, Ore., a subscriber of many years' standing, is an interesting page from a "Nantucket Scrapbook," which was kept a half-century ago by Mr. Joy's mother, Harriett A. Joy. Mr. Joy writes:

"A schoolmate once said to me, 'Looking backward is a sure sign you are getting old.' But I think that it is no so. I am 85, and while I am sure that I get a lot of pleasure in 'looking back' I do not feel that it is strictly because I am an old man—no, indeed. My daughter, Mildred, lives next door to me, and my son Edward F. Joy lives at 132 Chilton St., Belmont, Mass., being in the U. S. Forestry work."

The clipping from the old scrapbook of Mr. Joy's mother reads as follows:

"*Modern Nantucket* (1885:) The time was when, in point of wealth, Nantucket stood third in the State of Massachusetts. In those days many a whaler left the port, and its wharves were burdened with hundreds and thousands of barrels of sperm oil, the result of prosperous voyages. The earth has since opened its secrets in oil. The whaling business became a thing of the past. Nantucket's wealth failed. Her glory departed. Her sons departed with it. But the memory of affluence was left to cheer the faithful who remained, from which could come only consolation. Not a very sustaining reward.

"Many of the old skippers lived out their remaining years despondent over the prospect, happy only in reflecting over the bright days that were. Some now remain to tell of those days, and the children are taught to sing of them.

"They keep in good temper now and the future looks brighter. The modern element is coming in. The place becomes a summer resort. Hotels are being built, old homes painted, lots advance in price, building going on.

"Cheerfulness is lighting up the place of gloom. Summer brings to it not hundreds but thousands of visitors, to enjoy the benefits of pure ocean air upon the easternmost land on our coast. And the popularity of the island grows with each year.

* * * * *

"It is now called *Woman's Pardise*, there being four hundred per cent. more there than men. Can it be paradise to those Eves without the indispensable Adams? However, they seem to enjoy it, and delight in boasting of a place where, if the ballot were permitted, they could say: 'Ah, we've got 'em at last!'

At the Congregational church, the pastor, or pastoress, is a woman, the Rev. Miss Baker, an annual appointment, not a summer charge. And unless guilty of some 'offensive partisanship' in the church she is likely to remain.

"Some of the venerable sisters of abolition still live. 'Twas under their influence that our Frederick Douglass made his first speech forty years ago, and under the patronage was given a reception two weeks ago, a company in which his color was conspicuous by it absence.

* * * * *

"The primitivenes of 'Sconset is broken. The ocean cliffs that have known naught of habitations for nearly two hundred years but tiny fishers' huts are now spreading out with hotels and modern cottages and summer homes. Here, in an antique little box named "Bonnie Castle," William Ballantyne spent the past four summers. And in a dear little home called 'Heart's Ease' (over the door of which on an oar is a bunch of that flower painted as a coat-of-arms) for a number of seasons has resided J. Ormond Wilson and family. He can forget his cares and recuperate from the years of toil devoted to the school interests in Washington.

"Like the rest of humanity here, Mr. Wilson is as free as the air that blows, and in flannel shirt, canvas shoes, pants and straw hat, enjoys every moment of the spot without conventionality. So devoted to it is Mr. Ballantyne that, far up on the cliff, looking across the water to the town of Oporto, Portugal, he is erecting a spacious cottage.

"A narrow-gauge railroad skirts the shore from Nantucket to 'Sconset. The run of ten miles is made in an hour. It could be made in better time but for stops, the engineer often having to go back to see if the sleepers or the track are disturbed by the passage of the train over it. They make it a point to examine the track behind the train and not in front.

* * * * *

"The old mill, built in 1746, still stands, and grinds as well to-day, so says the Portuguese who owns it. He knows, of course. A nickle is the 'open sesame,' and one is allowed to see works within, and the 'wheels go round.' About twenty-five hundred visitors this season shows the delight of the old foreigner as his bonanza. He bought it for a song some years ago, when wind mills were down and 'sound of the grindiing was low'."

Sale of the Swain Homestead on Main Street. 7/19/49

The homestead of the late Capt. William T. Swain, at 76 Main street, has been sold by Mrs. Sarah Swain Phillips to Adam Mastai, it was announced this week. The sale was transacted by Augustus L. B. Fisher, exclusive agent for the property, and a life-long friend of the family.

Built in 1887 for his family by Captain William T. Swain, the white mansion, on its little eminence, has been associated with the Swain family for over sixty years. Mrs. Phillips' sister, the late Miss Florence Swain, was the last of her family to reside at the homestead.

Capt. W. T. Swain, the builder, was one of the youngest whaling masters out of this port, and made several voyages to Desolation and Hurd's islands after sea elephant oil and seals. Upon his retirement from the sea, he built what is now the Nesbitt House, and then built his Main street homestead. He launched a coal, wood and ice business on Old South Wharf, which was conducted for several years following his death by his son, the late Rep. William T. Swain. The wharf and business was sold to the Island Service Co. in 1917.

Death of C. Warren Austin.

Charles Warren Austin, who died at the Nantucket Hospital on Thursday, Mar. 10, where he had been rushed after sustaining a fall at his home, was one of Nantucket's business men of the old school. Before his retirement from active business two decades ago, Mr. Austin carried on the trade of a tinsmith and maintained a shop on Main street, the site of which is now occupied by the brick store next east of the Eagle Barber Shop.

The shop was erected immediately after the fire of 1846, and was supposed to be a "temporary structure"—yet continued as a business establishment for over 80 years. Mr. Austin took the business over from his father. An enthusiastic cyclist, Mr. Austin sold bicycles, and, with the advent of the motor-bike, held the first license to operate a motorcyle used on the island.

In his 81st year at his passing, Mr. Austin was the son of Charles G. and Mary Codd Austin, and the grandson of Isaac Austin. He served on the Board of Selectmen in 1913.

The deceased is survived by his widow, Mrs. Ethel (Coffin) Austin, of Nantucket, a sister, Mrs. William A. Smith, New Bedford, a son David W. Austin, of Nantucket, and two grandchildren.

Services were held from his late residence at 48 Orange street on Sunday afternoon. Interment was in the family lot in Prospect Hill cemetery.

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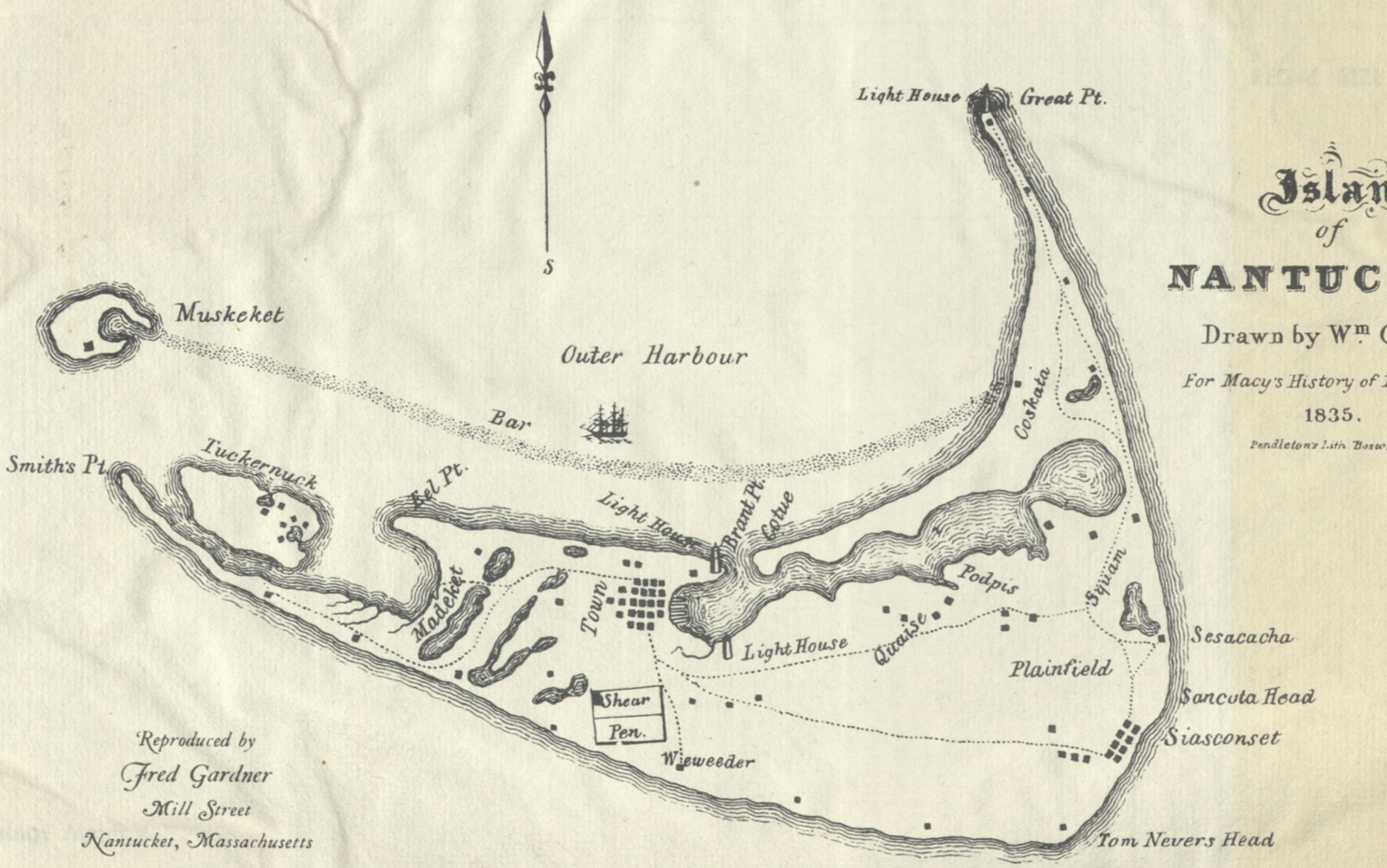

Island of NANTUCKET.

Drawn by Wm Coffin

For Macy's History of Nantucket.

1835.

Pendleton's Lith. Boston.

Reproduced by
Fred Gardner
Mill Street
Nantucket, Massachusetts
1954

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PASTEL PINK

LETTERING: Wedding Text

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